

# Haircut 100, So Tired

Scent on a postcard  
A memory left behind  
Warm hand, cool look but no time...  
Winsome lose some  
Hung up on old flame  
My heart depends on fire  
So who am I to make demands on love?  
"...Relax and walk on by"  
So tired  
So tired  
Beaten like a drum  
So tired  
Living life alone  
So tired  
Beaten like a drum  
Kiss the right faces  
And tap the party line  
Short measure of cheap skate pleasure  
Easier said than done  
Sip the night water  
But not too drunk to say  
Well just who am I to ever hope to love you?  
I'd turn and shy away  
So tired  
So tired  
Beaten like a drum  
So tired  
Living life alone  
So tired  
Beaten like a drum  
Once upon a bed  
You said you loved me  
Once upon a bed  
Those eyes of blue  
Now what am I supposed to do?  
So tired -  
So tired  
Beaten like a drum  
So tired  
Live my life alone, so alone  
Once upon a bed  
You said you loved me  
Once upon a bed  
Those eyes of blue  
And what am I to rhyme with 'you'?  
  
Now I lie alone and so defenceless  
Dream of love in sunny daze with you  
So tired...