

Kevin Ayers, I'm So Tired

I think I ought to go to bed
It's getting dark inside my head
I've been working now, all night long,
Trying to find that impossible song.
I think I ought to go to bed, and call it a day.

I've got my poet's license
So, I'm sending you this poesy;
But, don't expect no string quartet,
Or anything so cosy,

I'm so tired
Think I ought to go to bed;
I'm so tired
I'm losing contact with my head;
I'm so tired
I've been working now, all night long,

Trying to chase that impossible song
I think I ought to go to bed, and call it a day.

I've got my poet's license
So, I'm sending you this poesy;
But, don't expect no string quartet,
Or anything so cosy,

I'm so tired
Think I ought to go to bed;
I'm so tired
I'm losing contact with my head;
I'm so tired
I've been up here all night long,
Trying to find that impossible song
I think I ought to go to bed, and call it a day.