

# 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.