

Lloyd Cole, Lost Weekend

it took a lost weekend in a hotel in amsterdam
and double pneumonia in a single room
and the sickest joke was the price of the medicine
are you laughing at me now may i please laugh along with you
this morning i woke up from a deep unquiet sleep
with ashtray clothes and miss lonelyheart`s pen
with which i wrote for you a lovesong in tatoo
upon my palm `twas stolen from me when jesus took my hand
you see i i wouldn't say it if i didn't mean it
drop me and i'll fall to pieces too easily
i was a king bee with a head full of attitude
wore my heart on my sleeve like a stained
my aim was to taboo you
could we meet in the marketplace
did i ever hey please did you wound my knees
you see i i wouldn't say it if i didn't mean it
drop me and i'll fall to pieces
yes it`s too easy and there's nobody else to blame
will i hang my head in a crying shame
there is nobody else to blame nobody else except my sweet self
again it took a lost weekend in a hotel in amsterdam
twenty four gone years to conclude in tears
that the sickest joke was the price of the medicine
are you laughing at me now
may i please laugh along
i was a king bee with a head full of attitude
and ashtray heart on my sleeve wounded knees
and my one love song was a tatoo upon my palm
you wrote upon me when you took my hand
you see i i wouldn't say it if i didn't mean it
drop me and i'll fall to pieces too easily