

Pete Townshend, Melancholia

My cup is cold
My paper's old
My heart is sold
To melancholia
My clothes are torn
My shoes are worn
My heart is borne to melancholia

A strange surprise
What I despised
In other guys
Is here is me
They lose their girl
They lose their world
Then they cry for all to see

I've never felt so bad
The virus drives me mad

The sheets are gray
That fits the day
She went away

I lost all power
The dust is thick
The dog is sick
The kids have picked most all the flowers

The sun is shining
But not for me!
The sun is shining
But not for me!

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The virus drives me mad

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That fits the day
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The kids have picked most all the flowers