

Asha Ali**"Tired"**

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These days I get up real early, I take a train
and then another train to get to work

I sit tired looking out of the window
as I'm on my way to work

I come home I..
I sit down and I just don't know

So I stair into a wall
and wonder and scwander the time

These days.. These days I'm tired
These days.. These days I'm tired

The idea of beeing someone
someone who was new but now just.. falls through

And as the first wave hits..
I just wanna go out and get laid

I wish I could split.. but I don't where I'd go

Ooh these days, these days, these days I'm tired
These days I'm just so, so tired

And it plays
It plays.
It plays.
It plays, it plays, it plays, it plays, it plays, it plays, it
plays out into a place where
someone says it's ok, love.
But what do they know?
What do they know?

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