

## Ed Harcourt

### "Lachrymosity"

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I need a brain lift since this heart sank  
So sick of morons who left to the bank  
Sometimes I'm guilty of losing all pity  
Of boys with guitars who milk every lachrymosity

Out on a Friday I prop up the bar  
I watch all the primates who never get far  
With every delusion they strut round the city  
They scratch in confusion overcome with lachrymosity

Why so sad, so sad, so sad?  
So sad, so sad, so sad,

I'm a recipe for disaster  
I'm a has been no good bastard  
You're much too good to me  
I'm wrapped in lachrymosity

I'm a recipe for disaster  
I'm a has been no good bastard  
You're much too good for me  
I'm wrapped in lachrymosity  
Wrapped in lachrymosity

Scars of the middle class as a puncheon for misery  
Nails in that sorrow is nigh on the riven tree  
Don't get me wrong it all sounds quite pretty  
Write some good songs and you'll have some  
lachrymosity  
You'll get some lachrymosity  
You'll have some lachrymosity, too

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