

Go-Betweens

"Hope Then Strife"

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I think I'm getting it right this time
I can tell by the way she grins
She put the postcards up on the head of our bed
I can see Algiers

She says, "Don't the streets on Sunday look great
The way they open up their windows
And offer you things you know you'll never buy?"
Lord, I'm tired, I'm just so tired

Don't say that you agree
With the price you paid for your captivity
Sweet surrender and your poison pen
Are gonna take you and make you whole again

Never gonna be the one who said you were the one
Who liked the lonesome life
All the times you stayed and prayed and thought you
Had it made, it was for hope then strife

So I went and asked my friend, the doctor
"What is it I've got this time?"
He said, "Apart from that albatross around your neck
The tests are negative, you really are quite fine"

So I went out to the airport to play for my ticket
And someone comes up to me and says
"Hey man, they don't pay for that any more"
Lord, I'm tired, I'm just so tired

Don't say that you agree
With the price you paid for your honesty
Sweet surrender and your poison pen
Are gonna take you and make you whole again

Never gonna be the one who said you were the one
Who liked the lonesome life
All the times you stayed and prayed and thought you
Had it made, it was for hope then strife

Lord, I'm tired, just so tired
Lord, I'm tired, I should retire

Don't say that you agree
With the price at the end of hostility
Sweet surrender and your poison pen
Are gonna take you and make you whole again

Never gonna be the one who said you were the one
Who liked the lonesome life
All the times you stayed and prayed and thought you
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All the times you stayed and prayed and thought you
Had it made, it was for hope

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