

## **Hine Rupert**

### **"Psycho Surrender"**

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She stroked the telephone  
She touched the radio  
She felt the magazine  
She couldn't even scream  
The cinema was far too far  
Women sick of slimming  
Eat the pills of living  
Boredom, boredom, boredom  
Psycho surrender  
Boredom, boredom, boredom  
Boredom, boredom, boredom  
Psycho surrender  
Boredom, boredom, boredom  
And nothing seems important  
In the corner with the wardens  
Nothing happens and nothing shines  
And no one minds  
He locked another room  
He threw away the key  
No one would ever know  
A siren in the crowd

Drowned every sound for miles and miles

Big men from the bottom

In a trap that's rotten

Boredom... (etc)

You've got a room

And nowhere else to go

A trouble maker then

But looking at her now

No one would ever know

An understanding once

Fast and easy

Turned out just the same

To slow and crazy

Boredom (etc)

(SOLO)

Boredom (etc)

No winters

No windows

No winners

No view

No you to

Remind me of

Things I should do

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