

Lloyd Cole & The Commotions

"Lost Weekend"

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it took a lost weekend in a hotel in amsterdam
and double pneumonia in a single room
and the sickest joke was the price of the medicine
are you laughing at me now may i please laugh along
with you

this morning i woke up from a deep unquiet sleep
with ashtray clothes and miss lonelyheart's pen
with which i wrote for you a lovesong in tatoo
upon my palm 'twas stolen from me when jesus took
my hand

you see i i wouldn't say it if i didn't mean it
drop me and i'll fall to pieces too easily

i was a king bee with a head full of attitude
wore my heart on my sleeve like a stained
my aim was to taboo you
could we meet in the marketplace
did i ever hey please did you wound my knees

you see i i wouldn't say it if i didn't mean it
drop me and i'll fall to pieces

yes it's too easy and there's nobody else to blame
will i hang my head in a crying shame
there is nobody else to blame nobody else except my
sweet self

again it took a lost weekend in a hotel in amsterdam
twenty four gone years to conclude in tears
that the sickest joke was the price of the medicine
are you laughing at me now
may i please laugh along

i was a king bee with a head full of attitude
and ashtray heart on my sleeve wounded knees
and my one love song was a tatoo upon my palm
you wrote upon me when you took my hand

you see i i wouldn't say it if i didn't mean it

drop me and i'll fall to pieces too easily
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