

Rupert Hine "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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