

## **Peter Hammill**

### **"(On Tuesdays She Used To Do) Yoga"**

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On Tuesday she used to do yoga,  
while I'd sit and watch the box  
in a vegetable way  
but always ready to say  
to myself that I was an artist  
implying that she was not.  
It's funny the way that self-pity  
can take over from self-esteem -  
well, I was the prince of pride,  
and though I'd cheat I never lied,  
as if that were enough to make her happy,  
as if that could satisfy her dreams.  
Too late now to say that I'm so sorry,  
too late to say that I can change and mend  
the things that hurt... she didn't need to worry,  
she always knew I'd get there in the end.  
Now I'm tying myself up in contortions,  
don't know if yoha will do me any good.  
It's about time I tried, though I'd rather be inside  
from the cold, studing tantra -  
still, I never did that when I could.  
I never did the things that really mattered,  
there seemes to be some key I couldn't find  
to unlock myself;  
I could have done it with her help,  
but I was to busy scabbling for each moment -  
now I don't know what I did with all the time.  
Sometimes I'd play the wild rover  
sometimes I'd just get smashed all day...  
on Tuesday she used to do yoga,  
on Tuesday she went away

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