

The 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 said "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, I'm just so 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
Had it made it was for
Hope then strife.

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