

## **Tokyo Rose**

### **"The Hard Eight"**

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Thought I should let you know that we're all worried  
About the way you choose to live your life  
You always seem to be in such a big hurry  
All work, no play leaves no time for delight  
You're not a slave  
But you seem to be tired down  
You seek enlightenment in dead presidents  
But there's nothing to be found  
You tell everybody that you'r doing fine  
But I know you better  
And I know you'd never let them see you cry  
Keep telling yourself that you don't need help  
I wish you'd take it easier, friend  
Because if life is the means  
What's the end?  
What's it going to take for you to learn your lesson?  
You're on a wire  
Skating on thin ice  
The bookies and the doctors got you sweating  
Was cheating death and cheating bets worth the price?  
Why, then is your tired back breaking  
Your poor heart still aching?  
For money can't buy love or protect you from pain  
So what gives?

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