

Lonely Hearts, The "Death Of Me"

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Have you ever tried to talk and not make sense?

And do you ever want to drive away and not tell them
where you've been?

And do the skies seem too bright?

Do the southern winds seem to feel as sweet as sin?

And I've got no place to rest my head

And all my clever words have now been said

And I think this will turn out to be the death of me

The death of me, the death of me, the death of me

And do you see a stranger in every room?

Does it seem that you need to find an opinion you can
prove?

And are your feet shuffling towards the door?

And has it gotten to the point where you can't take it
any more?

And I've got no place to rest my head

And all my clever words have now been said

And I think this will turn out to be the death of me

The death of me, the death of me, the death of me

The death of me, oh Lord, the death of me

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