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He says "I've wasted my life,
  All seventeen years of a life,
  On just one girl",
  He says "It's over. It's over."
  He's lying in the clover,
  And there's nothing left for him in this world
  Do you ever dream?
  Do you ever believe?
  But all the stupid people are frightened of the rain,
  Your mother hanging laundry up always looks the same
  She says "I've wasted my time,
  On boys with one thing on their mind,
  That is not love",
  She says "It's over. It's over."
  She tugs on her pullover,
  But no answer comes from the sky above
  Are you ever at home?
  Are you afraid to be alone?
  But all your so-
called friends have now got better things to do,
  You're feeling sort of scared about the things you thought yo
u knew
  And I can't wait to go home,
  To find that nobody bothered to phone,
  Nobody bothered to phone,
  Nobody bothered to phone
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