

Lost Weekend

Lloyd Cole

It took a lost weekend in a hotel in amsterdam
And double pneumonia in a single room
And the sickest joke was the price of the medicine
Are you laughing at me now may I please laugh along with you

This morning I woke up from a deep unquiet sleep
With ashtray clothes and miss lonelyheart's pen
With which I wrote for you a lovesong in tatoo
Upon my palm 'twas stolen from me when jesus took my hand

You see I I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it
Drop me and I'll fall to pieces too easily

I was a king bee with a head full of attitude
Wore my heart on my sleeve like a stained
My aim was to taboo you
Could we meet in the marketplace
Did I ever hey please did you wound my knees

You see I I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it
Drop me and I'll fall to pieces

Yes it's too easy and there's nobody else to blame
Will I hang my head in a crying shame
There is nobody else to blame nobody else except my sweet self

Again it took a lost weekend in a hotel in amsterdam
Twenty four gone years to conclude in tears
That the sickest joke was the price of the medicine
Are you laughing at me now
May I please laugh along

I was a king bee with a head full of attitude
And ashtray heart on my sleeve wounded knees
And my one love song was a tatoo upon my palm
You wrote upon me when you took my hand

You see I I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it
Drop me and I'll fall to pieces too easily