

Tired Of Here

Luka Bloom

I get a feeling this time of year
A little uneasy and tired of here.
A little feeling I need a rest
And it'd be nice to go out west.

Sick of the city you're pulling me down
Buses and taxis racing around.
Making me run when I want to go slow
Out to the country I've got to go.

Out in the air so fresh and free
No one to hurry or worry me
Feeding the chickens, making hay
Taking it easy, lazing away.

I get a feeling this time of year
A little uneasy and tired of here.
Sick of the sights I see around
Bringing me back to my place in town.

Sick of the country pulling me down
Everyone knows what you're doing around
Rivers and mountains and trees are nice
But I need an injection of love in my life.

I have an idea inside my head
That in the city I'll make my bed
Among the concrete sky-high
Somewhere there to lie.

Rockers and punks, students of words
Coppers and drunks, the ladies in furs
People around me to keep me alive,
People around me to keep me alive.