

# All the Tiredness

Peter Hammill

All the tiredness that you've held in waiting,  
In abeyance,  
Now comes rushing in.  
Floods the bloodstream, burrows in the brainstem,  
Grinds down bone-deep,  
The exhaustion's stored from way back when.

All the tiredness you've postponed forever,  
Buried treasure,  
The price you pay for simply keeping your hand in.

Hold the darkness back for a moment.  
Hold the darkness back for just as long as you can.

So, suddenly very slow,  
Suddenly can't outrun the undertow.  
No, suddenly I don't know  
Anything but this sense of letting go.  
Low, down to the ground I go,  
Beaten down by the years of body blows.  
Though I made it through the shows  
Something got left behind, a debt I owe....

All the tiredness  
Held in store  
Saved up from before  
My old friend  
Mounts up in the end  
Wears you down in the end  
Mounts up in the end.