

# Melancholia

Pete Townshend

My cup is cold, my paper's old  
My heart is sold to melancholia  
My clothes are torn, my shoes are worn  
My heart is borne to melancholia A strange surprise, what I despised  
In other guys is her, is me  
They lose their girl, they lose their world  
Then they cry for all to see I've never felt so bad  
The virus drives me mad The sheets are gray that fits the day  
She went away, I lost all power  
The dust is thick, the dog is sick  
The kids have picked most all the flowers The sun is shining but not for me  
The sun is shining but not for me I've never felt so bad  
The virus drives me mad The sheets are gray that fits the day  
She went away, I lost all power  
The dog is sick, the dust is thick  
The kids have picked most all the flowers

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