

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 this lonely hearts pen
With which I wrote for you a love song in tattoo, 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 so easily I was a king bee with a head full of attitude
Wore my heart on my sleeve like a stain
And my aim was to prove you
Could remain 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, yeah too easily There's nobody else to blame
I hang my head in a crying shame
There is nobody else to blame
Nobody else 'cept my sweet self It took a lost weekend in a hotel in Amsterdam
Twenty-four gone years to conclude in tears
And 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
An ashtray heart on my sleeve, wounded knees
And my one love song was a tattoo 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
Too easily, too easily

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