

No More Losing The War

Half Moon Run

Somebody stop her
The lifter
The runner
The girl with the gold in her mouth
They caught her at London
Waterloo station
Strung up on a Ferris wheel
She used to lose pageants
"pick of the litter"
The newspapers screamed from their racks
Pictures at seven, nine-teen eighty-something
The waltz on her father's shoes
No more losing the war, Karen
No more losing the war, Karen
But I really knew her
In an after-pub-closing way
Falling down, crawling drunk
Laughing like children with sugared up gullets
I rue this day
No more losing the war, Karen
Oh Karen
No more losing the war
You got me all frustrated
In an old fashioned way
Easy does it rider
I've had a long, long day
No more losing the war, Karen
No more losing the war, Karen

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