

Lost Weekend

Lloyd Cole & The Commotions

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 heart's pen
With which I wrote for you a lovesong 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
Too 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 taboo, you
Could we meet 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 except 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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