

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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