

The Hard Eight

Tokyo Rose

Thought I should let you know that we're all worried
About the way you choose to live your life
You always seem to be in such a big hurry
All work, no play leaves no time for delight
You're not a slave
But you seem to be tired down
You seek enlightenment in dead presidents
But there's nothing to be found
You tell everybody that you'r doing fine
But I know you better
And I know you'd never let them see you cry
Keep telling yourself that you don't need help
I wish you'd take it easier, friend
Because if life is the means
What's the end?
What's it going to take for you to learn your lesson?
You're on a wire
Skating on thin ice
The bookies and the doctors got you sweating
Was cheating death and cheating bets worth the price?
Why, then is your tired back breaking
Your poor heart still aching?
For money can't buy love or protect you from pain
So what gives?

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