

# 39 Down

Lloyd Cole

Cole  
I was laughing and crying  
My eyes were sore  
39 down  
One lucky strike more  
And I didn't have a care  
I had eleven thousand words  
I could roll them off just like dice  
There were movers and shakers  
on Wannermaker Place  
I was holding my own  
Between the dives and the steakhouses  
and furthest from my mind  
Was the thought of my refection  
Coming back from the machine  
which said  
Everything is gone  
No more carry on  
I was bound to fall  
I had it all  
I half way through the song  
And not a stone unturned  
True life revelations  
for the at least concerned  
And I said to my wife  
Do you think I've said too much?  
She said  
Well, isn't that what your job is?  
Then when I got into furniture  
It was curtains for me  
But I can blame it on Upper Street  
and my Ambrose Heal  
and still, furthest from my mind  
Was the thought of my refection  
Coming back from the machine  
which said  
Everything is gone  
No more carry on  
I was bound to fall

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One lucky strike more  
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I had eleven thousand words  
I could roll them off just like dice  
Just like dice

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

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