

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-somethin
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