

# 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 sugare  
d 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