

It's Hard to Turn Me On

Quasi

You turn me on and it's hard to turn me on:
Mornings I tell you what I dreamed
Before we're swallowed by the work machine,
And spit out in the evening drained half dry.
And that is why you turn me on and it's hard to turn me
on.
We traveled many miles to no guarantee
Everything's a joke to you; it's not that way to me.
And Walt Disney cannot make me happy, cannot make me go
along
But you turn me on and it's hard to turn me on.