

You Burned Yourself Out

Rupert Holmes

When you were 15, my love,
You put your head through hell:
Your body was clean, sweet love,
But oh, your mind was far from being well.

When you were 16, my love,
You'd come to be quite wise:
So much had you seen, sweet love,
Your face went deathly pale with hollow eyes.

You burned yourself out, you burned yourself out,
You did yourself in, and then,
From all of the noise, the pills, and the boys,
You burned yourself out again.

And then you turned 17.
I took you, like a game.
But others had known you well.
And taught you every move that I could name.

So then you gave up on love
And lived off ups and downs.
The strangers would pick you up
And take you in the back to other towns.

You burned yourself out, you burned yourself out,
And wound up in Idaho.
You married a cop. The babies don't stop.
There's no further out to go.

You burned yourself out, you burned yourself out.
You did yourself in, and then,
From all that you blamed, you flared up and flamed,
And burned yourself out again.
You burned yourself out.