

Woe Is Me

Georgie Fame

The scent of roses
I suppose is summers way of telling me what I'll be missing
Now somebody else does your kissing
And like the willow tree so woe is me

The joys of springtime are the thing I'm dreading most
Reminding me what I'll be losing
Since you took to picking and choosing
I need you can't you see
How woe is me

Woe woe is me every morning
So woe is me every night
You left without any warning
And that's not right

The winter weather
Which together we ignore, is worse,
Now there's no central heating
Since me and my heart took a beating

And somebody else chairs the meeting
Of the board
I want you to know
That the hours go slow
And that woe is me