

What A Pain In The Arse It Is

James Reyne

You say I rowed you up the river
And I clipped your wringing wings
You say I let you down a thousand ways
And a million other things
That dead non-affair's no sacred cow
It's just illusion to me now
You've covered up the cracks somehow
That busted fantasy to which you cling
I care not now or then
What a pain in the arse it is to run into you again

And I don't want to hear the story
About how we might have met
About a hundred thousand years ago
And how you made some bet
That I might not remember
And I sure don't give a damn
That your life has shattered all to splinters
And your stupid brother's sniveling in the slam
I care not where or when

What a pain in the arse it is to run into you again

And you still owe me money
And your jokes were never funny
Goodness knows you know you're no comedienne
And after all the years I drank
And had that tiger in my tank
And it was raining movie stars
How'd I get Rin Tin Tin?
Rin Tin Tin
Now, my brain's all jingle-jangled
And my heart has turned to stone
And if it was a-way back when
I'm sure you weren't alone
And if the ocean up and dries
And tries the canyons on for size
Maybe then you'll realize
You're just tired, tired of yourself
In the beginning was the end
What a pain in the arse it is to run into you again