No Hard Shoulder To Cry On

Julian Cope

I'm driving and I can't even drive
I'm driving uninsured and my father says that it's wrong
But I lost my will, my will to survive
I gave it up for love and love is surely gone

It's years in my eyes
The tidal waves
And in my mind they come again
And again and again

All my seas convect into the clouds

And I can not pull over
Yes, there is no hard shoulder to cry on

Well I'm trying to be meek but I won't inherit a thing
While I'm so hung up on reason and denial
I love, I love, but it's getting me nowhere

Yeah, I need security but I hate safety

And this world does require again each day
And this world will not tolerate my feeling

And I can not pull over
Yes, there is no hard shoulder to cry on
And I can not pull over
Yes, there is no hard shoulder to cry on

To cry on
To cry on
To cry on
To cry on
(To cry) to cry on
(To cry) to cry on
(To cry) to cry on
(To cry) Ah, to cry on
(To cry) Ah, to cry on
(To cry) Ah, to cry on
(To cry) Ah, to cry on
(To cry) Ah, ahh!

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