

## Tired Of Here

Luka Bloom

I get a feeling this time of year  
A little uneasy and tired of here.  
A little feeling I need a rest  
And it'd be nice to go out west.

Sick of the city you're pulling me down  
Buses and taxis racing around.  
Making me run when I want to go slow  
Out to the country I've got to go.

Out in the air so fresh and free  
No one to hurry or worry me  
Feeding the chickens, making hay  
Taking it easy, lazing away.

I get a feeling this time of year  
A little uneasy and tired of here.  
Sick of the sights I see around  
Bringing me back to my place in town.

Sick of the country pulling me down  
Everyone knows what you're doing around  
Rivers and mountains and trees are nice  
But I need an injection of love in my life.

I have an idea inside my head  
That in the city I'll make my bed  
Among the concrete sky-high  
Somewhere there to lie.

Rockers and punks, students of words  
Coppers and drunks, the ladies in furs  
People around me to keep me alive,  
People around me to keep me alive.