

# Fatigue

## The Astronauts

Little girl trapped in the other world  
Never had a chance to see how the true men live  
She's got teenage games  
But her mind's lost in other names  
Never had a chance to see what she may have to give  
But there's going to be a shake up real soon  
And she runs to the window, 'cos there's death in the street  
Takes a snapshot, makes the image complete  
Pulls down the shutter and pauses to secrete her fear  
And it's fatigue  
Nothing but fatigue  
When you're tired of the world  
Tired of the plague. Tired of the people from Sweden  
Who came to see your film

And later on, after the guests have gone  
She pauses and fades away in her sedan chair  
She doesn't really know how things are going to go  
She just assumes her usual policy of laissez-faire  
But there's going to be trouble real soon  
And she runs to the window, a revolver in her hand  
The tune isn't familiar, so she shoots all the band  
In a desperate attempt to make some sort of stand in her dress  
And it's fatigue  
Nothing but fatigue  
When you're bore by the sun  
Bored by the moon  
And the children from the Welsh mining village  
Couldn't go away too soon

So remember times when your alarm clock chimes  
And thought and actuality sunbathe as one  
I really hope that you wake for you and your rich uncles sake  
Because if you don't wake pretty soon you'd better run  
Because they're going to come and chase you real soon  
And when the collapse comes as it certainly will  
And Frank's still in the office,  
June's still on the pill  
They'll all hold hands and wait for the killer to arrive  
And it's fatigue  
Nothing but fatigue  
When your life's on the line  
You can't assemble it right  
The shift seems much more than eight hours  
Your perspective is your plight  
When you're too scared to get up, you can't make it to the door  
And your adolescent paper boy is tired of posing on your floor  
When you're too bored to go out  
You're too rich to even think  
And the glass of wine's become vintage  
And the caviar, it stinks  
When Cinderella's gone home and Snow White's turned mean  
Rip van Winkle has split to find a livelier scene