

# The Who, Melancholia

My coffee's cold, my paper's old,  
My heart is sold to melancholia,  
My clothes are torn, my shoes are worn,  
My heart is born to melancholia.

A strange surprise, what I despise in other guys is here in me,  
They lose their girl, they lose their world,  
And then they cry for all to see,  
I've never felt so bad, the fires drive me mad.

The sheets are gray, left since the day she went away, I lost all power,  
The dust is thick, the dog is sick, the kids have picked most of the flowers.

The sun is shining, but not for me,  
The sun is shining, but not for me.  
I've never felt so bad, the fires drive me mad.

The sheets are gray, left since the day she went away, I lost all power,  
The dog is sick, the dust is thick, the kids have picked most of the flowers.