

SHE'S TIRED

On Sunday morning, she came from work
A life she would never have
Her son in bed, he was so used
He knew what'd be comin' ahead.
Well, she's tired, she's tired.

She excuses for the place she has
The strangers and being alone
The work she does and the son she raised
And why is everything so wrong?

She got an old car that she never drives
It makes herself so proud
There was nobody at her side so long
And nothin' to talk about.

'Cause she works all night in a heartless place
The days she would try to sleep
The debts wouldn't get any smaller
And the clouds wouldn't fade away.

She's tired from comin' home in the morning
And hardly seein' her son
Where can she start and when does it end
It doesn't matter anyhow.

The men she saw, they were kind of strange
And never wouldn't settle down
They would buy her drinks and make her swing
And then they would disappear.

She's tired from selling "love" at night
And hiding during the day
The dreams and hopes and plans she made
But nothing has never changed.

She used to be once such a pretty girl
Now it's the other way 'round
Is it anyone's fault or someone to blame
She wouldn't know not at all.

She's tired from screwin' around at night
Or sitting alone in the bar
The fools she met and goofs she had
It seems so strange and bizarre.