

Ain't It a Shame

The B-52's

Flying saucers could land
And it wouldn't make much difference to my man
I could walk aboard and thank the Lord
And leave this damn town in seconds flat
Check my bags and never come back

Oh, our love is
Like a fuse that's burned out
Oh, our love is
Like a fuse that's burned out

Oh, I've been unkind
Not like you
Ain't I ashamed
Being misused

Oh, our love is
Like a fuse that's burned out
Oh, our love is
Like a fuse that's burned out

I liked your Chevy Duster
I liked your brand new trailer
I liked your colour TV
But you looked at that colour TV
More than me
More than me

Oh, our love is
Like a fuse that's burned out
Oh, our love is
Like a fuse that's burned out