

They like to sing another round but I just bruised what bruised  
to me

And I seen my starlit lay here, she walked out with me  
But I take my feet and hold the rope  
One more right between the eyes and I'd be all she wants

We've got the world babe, it's painted on our face  
And all these working games, are quickly going vain  
If we don't take a king, we're gonna have to change

My team, my place, my eyes and all the same we got to blame  
Mary list lied for there was by for old king  
And we could take anyway to way  
But these problems better left to be bothered for another day

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