

## Blonde And Blue

Headstones

She makes me crazy  
Doesn't have a vicious bone in her body  
Well, it ain't tasteful

She says she hates me  
And later on, she says she's sorry  
She's sorry

Thinking of these things, hold it down  
Holding him down, pulling off his wings  
Thinking of these things, hold it down  
Holding him down and pulling off his wings

Blond and blue, troubled and misused  
Living without you, my heart is yours  
Nothing lasts forever, we'll always be together  
But nothing lasts forever, my heart is yours

It's armor plated  
You hooked up your heart  
And amplified it

Now if you're hated  
You do so much to override it  
They override it

Thinking of these things, hold it down  
Holding him down and pulling off his wings  
Thinking of these things, hold it down  
Holding me down and pulling off my wings

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My heart is yours, my heart is yours  
My heart is yours, heart is yours