

Sundown On The Empire

Reverend and the Makers

It's like when Britney left the Disney Club
Cos she's a lioness and not a cub
At the end of an era, her future's no clearer
When the taxi comes to pick her up
It's like Angie leaving the Queen Vic
Trepidation, feeling a bit sick
We're at the end of an era
As Walter and Vera are coming up to wave her off

It's like when Ginger left the other four
There's a row when Brad and Jen got divorced
It won't be the same now
There's nothing to gain now
From staying round here no more

It's like the pub around closing time
Muhammad Ali in the Berbick fight
There int no pretending, she knows that it's ending
She's made her mind and booked the flight

This bird has flown, how it seems she's outgrown all she knows
It's the Sundown on the Empire
This bird has flown, how it seems she's outgrown all she knows
This bird, has flown

Like co-pilots on your final flight
As you were Morecambe, but she was wise
She got a ticket, as she couldn't stick it
She'll be in Faliraki by midnight

It's like when Britney left the Disney club
Cos she's a lioness and not a cub
At the end of an era, the future's no clearer
When the taxi comes to pick her up

This bird has flown, how it seems she's outgrown all she knows
It's the Sundown on the Empire
This bird has flown, how it seems she's outgrown all she knows
This bird, has flown