

Corina

Uriah Heep

You're too vain, you're insane
You think the world will stop turning
'Cause you ain't around

Blind eyes, cheap lines
You got the whole band playing
But you don't hear the sound
Your venom pen
Will never poison me
I won't be sticking round that long

Corina, what's this talk of glory
Between the sheets in halls of fame
Corina, just a hard luck story
Bratpack fever
Running through your brain

Your fast cars, rock stars
You were seen at the party
But you weren't even there

False name, the same game
Somebody's minding your business
You don't even care
You think it's all
Some kind of circus ride
You think that someone's
Keeping score