

## 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