

Deborah Carne

White Rose Movement

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Eyes are smoke on wheels
Four sick of sin
Deborah Carne had always
Played the perfect queen
Taking her time they tell us
I wasn't there
Hollinshead, last only
Wood and Bauer share

Ooooooooooh
Deborah Carne
I can't touch
The heat's too much
I'm fighting flames with flares

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(This is how it goes)
Cries cause it's real
To make her the fool
Driving her to a layby
Bathes the girl in fuel
Keeps her on the phone
She won't see it come

Passer by don't catch her eye
Just leave her on her own

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