

Pains of Being Pure at Heart, The "Too Tough"

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Queen Anne, you're lying in the wasteland
You wanted just a taste then
You couldn't quite replace him

Lost son, we never knew you all along
You never got to die young
Still swaying in the cold sun

You're too tough
To say that it's all too much
So say it's enough

His hands are beautiful but so damned
He's talking like a new man
But you've been here before Anne

This night could hardly be the last night
He's looking for a good fight
You're looking for a goodbye

You're too tough
To say that it's all too much
So say it's enough

It's enough

You're too tough
To say that it's all too much
So say it's enough

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