

Minus

"Broken China"

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My last kiss
Held my hand
Just smoked a little touching me
And now you're walkin' out the door
No broken china
On the floor by the couch
No hollow tic to tac
To put you on the out
You're simply leaving me
Not dressed to be alone
We brought forth see this coming on

Pull out your magic ride
For the next man
Put on a pretty face
You'll always win

I see you
Up on broadway
On and on with some bright young man
You keep walking
In a different direction
And I would wish you well if I had the chance

Pull out your magic ride
For the next man
Put on a pretty face
You'll always win

Now do we find
Back on the starting line
For once in my life
I feel that I would be rested

I dial you in on the telephone
Just to hear that ring beat
Put on my coat
And walk out that door
Went down a different street

So pull out your magic ride

For the next man
Put on a pretty face
You'll always win

Pull out your magic ride
For the next man
Put on a pretty face
You'll always win

Now do we find
Back on the starting line
For once in my life
I feel that I would be rested

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