

The Johnstones

"Trophy Wives"

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Shake, shake, shake
Loose that single gleam of hope left in your chest
Gone are the days of sunshine
The days of sunshine, I promise

Breath taking photographs
Of dreams long forgotten
Your ship has sank

Wrong place, wrong time
Squeal once more for papa
This is not about money, oh no
This is a sport

Hair that smells of fear and
Eyes that scream, solitude
Companionship is just another
Fucking curse

You can't buy friends like this
You can't buy friends like this
You can't buy friends like this

Bite and scratch all you like
Bite and scratch all you like
Trophies of black, blue and red

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