

The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart "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 wrong
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 good bye

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