

## **White Rose Movement "Deborah Carne"**

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Deborah Carne

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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  
Wooud and Bauer share

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

Deborah Carne  
Deborah Carne

Deborah Carne  
Deborah Carne

(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

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

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