

Royal Chant "Coughing Fits"

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Not running away so much as being run on.
And we're not afraid as much as we are lost.
Beautiful and lonely.
Beautiful and lonely.

We're tired of being kicked out and asked where we've
been.
You're thin as a rail my love, but we're thicker than
thieves.
Beautiful and lonely.
Beautiful and lonely.

Makeup shops and morphine shots.
Everyone wants to feel pretty.
My escorts got her way.
Can you say the same thing?
Can you say the same thing?

Not running away so much as being run off.
And we're not afraid of anything or anyone.
Success never tastes so sweet as when we're out of
luck and out of beer.
You're thin as a rail, and tougher than nails, and we're
thicker than thieves.
Beautiful and lonely.
Beautiful and lonely.

Coughing fits and raucus lips.
I never said the end would be pretty.
My escorts got her wings.
Can you say the same thing?
Can you say the same thing?

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