

Trash Can Sinatras "Thrupenny Tears"

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That reminds me of the time I felt
It's time for sin and catholic guilt
Two years later to the day
I had reason to confess

With her hair a shining shade
Of bus-conductress blond
Tales of music and movement
Were told in grip and groan

But to put these thoughts in songs like theirs
Of the honest truth there'd be no trace
Just lying out loud

Meanwhile, I'm back here in wonderland
A sorry sight with flowers in hand
Pours his heart out till his thirst
For college girls is satisfied

Standing there with ego
Proudly on tiptoe
All the time I'm thinking
Well, well, here we go

Another perfect song of greed
Brings the house down to its knees
By dying out loud

One more awful dancer
Steptoe's son, a song and dance of love

When I think of soap operas
And what makes them so popular
The answer's posing
In front of my eyes

Here comes our hero
In 'Hand-me-downs'
And he's strutting to the strain
Of 'Send in the clowns'

And troops his true colors

When no one's around
And his desktop tales
Are the best around but

Putting pain to paper reads
Like a lunge at fame and greed
Just crying out loud, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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