# Dinner At Eight

## Keane @ 4UOnly.biz

No matter how strong
I'm going to take you down with one little stone
I'm going to break you down and see what you're worth
What you're really worth to meDinner at eight was o.k. before the toasts full of gleams
It was great until those old magazines
Got us started up again
Actually it was probably me again
But why is it so
That I've always been the one who must go
That I've always been the one told to flee
When in fact you were the one
Long ago, actually in the drifting white snow
Who left me?So put up your fists and I'll put up mine
No running away from the scene of the crime
God's chosen a place
Somewhere near the end of the world
Somewhere near the end of our lives
But till then no daddy don't be surprised
If I want to see the tears in your eyes
Then I know it had to be
Long ago, actually in the drifting white snow
You loved me

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