

Damaged Goods

Yeastayer

Her eyes are waiting in loose calls
Turned panels are stained brown
Everyone's tiring
Sit side by side in queue corrals with a serious slope
We're in it together but no one talksAs soon as the circus disappears
Damaged goods, damaged goods
The saints only preach when the coast is clear
Damaged goods, damaged goods
The lines in your palms shouldn't give you grief
Damaged goods, damaged goods
And quickly the bloom on the rose does leave
Damaged goods, damaged goodsNo matter what he thought she was
No matter what he thought she was before
Professional, a working stiff, it's over now
Damaged goodsAs soon as the circus disappears
Damaged goods, damaged goods
The saints only preach when the coast is clear
Damaged goods, damaged goods
The lines in your palms shouldn't give you grief
Damaged goods, damaged goods
And quickly the bloom on the rose does leave
Damaged goods, damaged goodsNo doubts, no doubts
What's done is done
No doubts, no doubts
What's done is done
No doubts, no doubts
What's done is done

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