

Corina

Uriah Heep

You're too vain, you're insane
You think the world will stop turning
'Cause you ain't around
Blind eyes, cheap lines
You got the whole band playing
But you don't hear the sound
Your venom pen
Will never poison me
I won't be sticking round that long
Corina, what's this talk of glory
Between the sheets in halls of fame
Corina, just a hard luck story
Bratpack fever
Running through your brain
Your fast cars, rock stars
You were seen at the party
But you weren't even there

Songwriters

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Published by

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