

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
False name, the same game somebody's minding your business
You don't even care You think it's all some kind of circus ride
You think that someone's keeping score 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 Corina, what's this talk of glory
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