

Christina

Zombina and the Skeletones

If you had the real thing how would you tell
Liars can say it all just as well
Every single word you've heard in vain
Baubles of gold, stars in your hair
Reflections that told that they were not there
And the diamonds on your cheeks have turned to flames
And up in the air they would write your name there
But love would fall to pieces in the rain
Who would know better than you
A hundred love letters and none of them true
Christina, christina

It's a wondrous world of ridiculous things
With nothing so rare as the love that it brings
In the silence of a smile that understands
A piece of the action, pieces of gold
Everyone's paid well and does what they're told
For the simple daughter of a simple man
And up in the air they would write your name there
Their love will fall to pieces in the rain
Who would know better than you
A hundred love letters and none of them true
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