

# Going Down

## Jaga Jazzist

One lost his way in the fame  
The other one with his heart  
The last one wasn't that simple  
Yeah, You could tell right from the start  
    He had attitude like the Devil  
        Lips that speak the truth  
        He had the soul of an angel  
        He could see it in her, too  
        He could see it in her, too  
        Well, She ain't no Cinderella  
        And he ain't no flashy king  
        But if she keeps on treating him right  
        He's going to make that mockingbird sing  
        But if she treats him bad  
        He's going to send her on her way  
        Making her pay for all his troubles  
            'til her dying day  
            'til her dying day  
            She's going down  
            She's going down  
            She's going down  
        I'll send her on her way  
        She's going down  
  
        She's going down  
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        I'll send her on her way  
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