

# Too Tough

## The Pains of Being Pure at Heart

Queen Anne, you're lying in the wasteland  
You wanted just a taste, then  
You couldn't quite replace him  
Lost son, we never knew you all wrong  
You never got to die young,  
Still swaying in the cold sun  
You're too tough to say that it's all too much,  
So say it's enough  
His hands are beautiful but so damned  
He's talking like a new man,  
But you've been here before, Anne

Songwriters

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