Lalena

Papa Sprain

When the sun goes to bed
That's the time you raise your head,
That's your lot in life, LaleÃƒÂ±a
Can't blame ya, LaleÃƒÂ±a.
Arty tart, ladeda,
Can your part get much sadder?
That's your lot in life, LaleÃƒÂ±a.
Can't blame ya, LaleÃƒÂ±a.
Run your hand through your hair,
Paint your face with despair.
That's your lot in life, LaleÃƒÂ±a
Can't blame ya, LaleÃƒÂ±a.
When the sun goes to bed
That's the time you raise your head.
That's your lot in life, LaleÃƒÂ±a
I can't blame ya, LaleÃƒÂ±a.
Arty tart, oh so ladeda,
Can your part ever get, ever get much sadder?
That's your lot in life, LaleÃƒÂ±a.
I can't blame ya, LaleÃƒÂ±a, no, no, no, LaleÃƒÂ±a,
Oh, LaleÃƒÂ±a.

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