Tumbling Down

The Chords

Gee, but it's hard
When one lowers one's guard to the vulturesNow, me I regard it
A torturous hardship that smoldersLike a peppermint eaten away
Will I fight? Will I swagger, or sway?Tee hee, milady
She cries like a baby
Scold usSee her tumbling downHeil to the monkey
We're having a funky reunionWasted and sunk
He can only have Sunday communionHe's got nicotine stains in his eyes
He's got nothing to protect but his prideOh smothered a kiss
Or be drowned in blissful confusionSee her tumbling down

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