Statues

Foo Fighters

You and I were two old and tortured souls
Repaired by a love of broken things
In a life, just some bodies growing old
No fear of the end, of anythingWe're just ordinary people, you and me
Time will turn us into statues, eventuallyWe got by, though we never needed much
A sliver of hope, no diamond rings
We got high, it was heaven, it was hell
Flying over them with broken wingsWe're just ordinary people, you and me
Time will turn us into statues, eventually
Just two ordinary people, you and me
Time will turn us into statues, eventuallyOur bones forever in stone
Monuments of life
To dust as everything must
We fade away in time, ohWe're just ordinary people, you and me
Time will turn us into statues, eventually
Just two ordinary people, you and me
Time will turn us into statues, eventually

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