

# 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 anything We're just ordinary people, you and me  
Time will turn us into statues, eventually We 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 wings We'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 Our bones forever in stone  
Monuments of life  
To dust as everything must  
We fade away in time, oh We'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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