

Someone's Gonna Break Your Heart

Fountains Of Wayne

Staring at the sun
With no pants on
How round and rosy
She thinks she knows me
Fighting off a cold
Murdering a campfire song

Spitting in the wind
From out a fast train
Or on a causeway
Trying to catch a bus
Swear I gotta move
Suffering the radio crime

Whistle in the sweet pine trees
The imaginary airport breeze
It flickers and flows
Fans fires in the road
And all we wanna do is go home
Someone's gonna break your heart
One cold gray morning
She sings
Oh whoa oh
Should we take this town
Do we want to
Tear the whole thing down

Paint the rubble all tangerine
Shimmer in the gas main fires

We don't promise and we tell no lies
Learn to paddle when the waters rise
Melancholy comes
Like a robin at your window

So whistle in the sweet pine trees
The imaginary airport breeze
It flickers and flows
Fans fires in the road
And all we wanna do is go home

Someone's gonna break your heart
One cold gray morning
The kids sing
Oh whoa oh
And the traffic goes round and round
Swallowing the road and spitting out clouds
And the spirit she hides
On a damp path of moss and stone
From a fear we are born with and never outgrow
And what else you can keep
Your American cash and smile
And the suits sing
Oh whoa oh

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