

The Disappointed

XTC

The disappointed
All shuffle round in circles
Their placards look the same
With a picture and a name
Of the ones who broke their heartsThe disappointed
All congregate at my house
Their voices sob with grief
That they want me to be chief
Of the tribe with broken heartsOnce, I had no sympathy
For those destroyed and thrown away by love
Seems, your ring upon my finger
Signifies that I've become the spokesman ofThe disappointed
Will bear me on their shoulders
To a secret shadow land
Where a somber marching band
Plays a tune for broken heartsAnd day grows darker now
Everywhere, everywhereThe disappointed
Are coming in their millions
They're spilling from the bus
At a monument to us
Made of bits of broken heartOnce, I had no sympathy
For those destroyed and thrown away by love
Seems, your ring upon my finger
Signifies that I've become the spokesman ofThe disappointed
Are growing every second
They blot the sun to black
At the bottom of the pack
I'm the king of broken heartsThe disappointed
The disappointed
The disappointed
The disappointed
The disappointed

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