

Love Junkyard

Laura Zakian

Dented bodies, broken souls
Wilted roses, hearts grow cold
Unhappy endings and shattered dreams
Take us all to [Incomprehensible]Where's the candlelight, where's the smiles
Man this place goes on for miles
There's heaps and heaps of wedding rings
Equal space for tramps and kingsThere's no Dobermans though or security guards
At the love junkyard
Open twenty four hours, come as you are
Yeah to the love junkyardTanks of teardrops shed in vain
Mix it with the pouring rain
Promises go up in smoke
Freight cars full of abandoned hopeThere's no Dobermans though or security guards
At the love junkyard
Open twenty four hours, come as you are
Yeah to the love junkyardTiny trysts and grand affairs
Theres no more need for teddy bears
The time for pretty words has past
So fly the flag of love half mast
At the loveThere's no Dobermans though or security guards
At the love junkyard
Open twenty four hours, come as you are
Yeah to the love junkyard, to the loveTo the love junkyard
Is that you, is that you, is that you baby, is that you, yeah
It's all broken in two, look what I've done for you
Love, love, love

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