

Marc

Louis XIV

Well did you find out when it was over, kid
Well did you find out like your mother did
Did it fall apart
Before it all began
Before they could find out your name
Well you're tired of feelin' the same
Like a bubble stuck in your vein There's so much more for you to say
There's so many poor souls for you to claim
You're still stuck between the green grass
And forty million miles from the sun Was she driving too fast when the turn came in
Did you think about all that could have been
Did you realize
Or did it come too soon
Before they could find out your name
Like a white thorn stuck in your brain
Like a bubble stuck in your vein There's so much more for you to see
There's so much more for you to be
You're still stuck between the green grass
And forty million miles from the sun

Songwriters

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