

Broken China

Minus the Bear

Our last kiss
Held no hint
Just smoke and a little touch of mint
And now you're walking out the door
No broken China
On the floor by the couch
No hollow tipped attack
To put you on the out
You're simply leaving me
Not dressed to be alone
We brought forth see this coming on
Roll out your magic ride
For the next man
Put on a pretty face
You'll always win
I see you
Up on Broadway
Arm and arm with some bright young man
You keep walking
In a different direction
And I would wish you well if I had the chance
Roll out your magic ride
For the next man
Put on a pretty face
You'll always win
Now do we find
Back on the starting line
For once in my life
I feel that I would be rested
I dial you in on the telephone
Just to hear that ring beat
Put on my coat
And walk out that door
Went down a different street
Roll out your magic ride
For the next man
Put on a pretty face
You'll always win
Roll out your magic ride
For the next man
Put on a pretty face
You'll always win
Now do we find
Back on the starting line
For once in my life
I feel that I would be rested

Songwriters

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