

Too Tough

Christiane F.

Queen Anne, you're lying in the wasteland
You wanted just a taste, then
you couldn't quite replace him
Lost son, we never knew you all wrong
You never got to die young,
still swaying in the cold sun
You're too tough to say that it's all too much,

so say it's enough
His hands are beautiful but so damned
He's talking like a new man,
but you've been here before, Anne
This night could hardly be the last night
He's looking for a good fight,
you're looking for a good bye

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