CordÃ©lia

mortuas

Angst on the planks, spittin from a bridge
Just to see how far down it really is
Robbing a bank, jumping on a train
Old antiques a man alone can entertain

It takes all of your power
To prove that you don't care
I'm not Cordelia. I will not be there.

Tin can man, dragging from a car
Just to see how alive you really are
Marrying words, falling in your wake
Just to tell what you can't eliminate

Treading the boards, screaming out Macbeth
Just to see how much bad luck you really get
Jump in the ring with your hidden cape
The bull can't decide what it is that he really hates

Angst on the planks, spittin from a bridge
Just to see how far down it really is
Robbing a bank, jumping on a train
Old antiques a man alone can entertain

Thief lingers on, on his hands and knees
Must be one more thing her I really need
Die in your dreams, falling on your knife
A Thief blinded on the job has to steal for life

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by BAKER, ROBERT / DOWNIE, GORDON / FAY, JOHNNY / LANGLOIS, PAUL / SINCLAIR, GORDON
Lyrics Â© Peermusic Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/