

Curse of the Frontierland

Game Theory

Lost to your mascara, I used to like your eyes
Still got your looks I guess I'm tired of what it all implies
A year ago we called this a good time
Nightmares of love affairs, who cares why?
It's five A.M. and we've got everything we want
And I say don't look now
Taking it while we can Curse of the frontier land
It's no big secret, folks insist the sickness goes too far
German genius, Paris jet-set breaking down our door
They talk about us like we never tried
Old-moneyed ballroom corpses
Fuss and whine
I don't like quiet rooms but I just can't take that sound

Songwriters

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Other patents pending.

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