Fan Club

Bartone

Years ago, our love was told
Reminded those of love
Like in a storybook
Now we're fighting every day
This ain't love, This is hate
Get it straight
Take a break
Storybrook
Years ago our love was told
Reminisced and kissed
The fifties flame
So we've been told
Now we're fighting every day
This ain't love
This is hate
Get it straight
Take a break
Donnybrook
Pretty pictures of the queens themselves
You had my 8 by ten on your shelf
You sold me cheap

And I cried for help

You stayed with us through thick and thin
You sat and watched with quaaludes and gin
And clapped a lot
Were you there
When we were almost crucified and died
A thousand deaths?
No?
Well, thanks a lot
4 kings with an army strong
You knew the words to all our songs
You stayed with us all night long
Pretty pictures of the queens themselves
You had my 8 by ten on your shelf
You sold me cheap
And I cried for help

Well thanks a lot

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