

# Damaged Goods

## Yeastayer

Her eyes are waiting in loose calls  
Turned panels are stained brown  
Everyone's tiring  
Sit side by side in queue corrals with a serious slope  
We're in it together but no one talksAs soon as the circus disappears  
Damaged goods, damaged goods  
The saints only preach when the coast is clear  
Damaged goods, damaged goods  
The lines in your palms shouldn't give you grief  
Damaged goods, damaged goods  
And quickly the bloom on the rose does leave  
Damaged goods, damaged goodsNo matter what he thought she was  
No matter what he thought she was before  
Professional, a working stiff, it's over now  
Damaged goodsAs soon as the circus disappears  
Damaged goods, damaged goods  
The saints only preach when the coast is clear  
Damaged goods, damaged goods  
The lines in your palms shouldn't give you grief  
Damaged goods, damaged goods  
And quickly the bloom on the rose does leave  
Damaged goods, damaged goodsNo doubts, no doubts  
What's done is done  
No doubts, no doubts  
What's done is done  
No doubts, no doubts  
What's done is done

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