

Too Tough

The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

Queen Anne, you're lying in the wasteland
You wanted just a taste, then
you couldn't quite replace himLost son, we never knew you all wrong
You never got to die young,
still swaying in the cold sunYou're too tough to say that it's all too much,
so say it's enoughHis hands are beautiful but so damned
He's talking like a new man,
but you've been here before, Anne

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