

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