

Three Coins In The Fountain

Connie Francis

When the horses come to drag me away
I won't fuss and fight I won't plead or beg
and wherever they dump me
I'll lay my head

I'll sleep it off, I'll sleep alone
Until the longing burrows a hole
Straight through my sternum
To make its home

I have this way of carrying on
These fruitless passions fallen from the vine
And the sweetest nectar
Turns to bitter wine

But still we drink we drip the bottle dry
We smash it apart and lick the sides
Recycled lovers
Expiring the night

So when the horses come I won't scream or cry
I've been dying for them to take my life
And I'll sing of a new birth
A past unscratched

So don't be sad, we should both rejoice
To the sound of those hooves
Down that dark highway in opposite directions
Wherever they dump us we'll stay
Recycled lovers gets so carried away
Gets so carried away, so carried away