

Furniture

Final Fantasy

Try, try, try to arrange me
But there's no romance in my blood
Try, try, you'll never persuade me
My only tears fall with the rain

My father had a dozen wives
And a child by every one
I am from about, umm, number five
So don't expect me to stay with anyone

Try, try, try to arrange me
But there's no romance in my blood
Try, try, you'll never persuade me
My only tears fall with the rain

My mother never takes a break
From her pining after furniture
Every moment on her feet is torture
And I share her love of wine and cake
And taking advantage of amateurs