

Blonde And Blue

Headstones

She makes me crazy
Doesn't have a vicious bone in her body
Well, it ain't tasteful

She says she hates me
And later on, she says she's sorry
She's sorry

Thinking of these things, hold it down
Holding him down, pulling off his wings
Thinking of these things, hold it down
Holding him down and pulling off his wings

Blond and blue, troubled and misused
Living without you, my heart is yours
Nothing lasts forever, we'll always be together
But nothing lasts forever, my heart is yours

It's armor plated
You hooked up your heart
And amplified it

Now if you're hated
You do so much to override it
They override it

Thinking of these things, hold it down
Holding him down and pulling off his wings
Thinking of these things, hold it down
Holding me down and pulling off my wings

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My heart is yours, my heart is yours
My heart is yours, heart is yours