

A cut-out picture of a sugar tart
With olive skin, a purple heart,
Concrete shoes, and it's just the start
Of bigger things unseen.
Heroes of our glory days
Ride upon the hip-hoorays
Of hometown girls who've been displayed
In dirty magazines.

"And what am I supposed to do with you?"
Just tell me everything I've heard before
Like it was news

The miners strike, hold out for love
We bust their heads, push and shove,
By helmet light, we rise above
And say, "look out below!"
They're such a grim, romantic crew,
Swear they won't forget but do,
It leaves them free to cry anew
At every song we know.

"And what am I supposed to do with you?"
Just tell me everything I want to hear
Like it was true

Sometimes I wish that I was king
And held the end of every string,
The fear, the prize, the mortal sting
Of what will come of this.
For now I'll let all chance unwind
To keep our secret hearts entwined,
And if I choose to see this as a sign
It surely is.

"And what am I supposed to do with you?"
Just tell me everything I've heard before
Like it was news