

## Beach Queen

## Suckers

You always walk away  
I always stay 'til I make a fool of myself  
Another debt to pay  
Another way to speak our minds without sound

Good God, it's getting on my nerves again  
Good God, it's getting on my nerves, that's all

That's the price you pay  
For the things you say  
You broke my heart in two  
And now it bleeds on you

You mix the sand with clay  
Build it up higher on the beach, Saturday  
Pretending you're a queen  
'Til the tides come and wash you and your world away

Good God, it's getting on my nerves again  
Good God, it's getting on my nerves, that's all

That's the card you play  
Cos it's guilt that way  
You broke my heart in two  
And now it bleeds on you

That's the price you pay  
For the things you say  
You broke my heart in two  
The blood is drowning you.