

The End Of Maiden Trip

The Sunday Drivers

Leave me to my fate,
fasten on your grave.
This is rotted through,
and it's too late for you.

Was a quiet lane
until guilt and shame.
Thrust me out of you,
now it's too late for you

Is this where it is,
the end of maiden trip?
I'll remember you,
Now it's too late for you

Now it's too late for you