

The Story of the Eggs

Wheatus

From our rooftop I can see
where the silver city turns to green
and I hear the blues that we'll be singing when we leave
and this return to you and me and the sunshine state of early d
reams
it might bring all the fascination that we seek
when they sell this place they're gonna talk about us
this is a story of you and me and a little glory
this is a tale about a love that's not for sale. Not to anybody

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From the dark heart I did hear a distant crash in gotham loud a
nd clear.

The party's over in our city soon I fear.

And happy days will not return until the war machine begins to
burn

all of the lessons that the baby boom can't learn

When they teach this class they're gonna read about us

This is a story of you and me and a little glory.

This is a tale about a love that's not for sale.

I'm gonna trade in this pigs eye for a prince town

when I first saw you glittering in the eyes of the uptown

put on your white gloves and join me my love for a night at the
cloud club

we're gonna paint a scene whilst we swim in the stream of pink
champagne

City of you and me will make the dream reality

And I'll write the story

I know its time to go but I'm gonna stay and have another with
Earnest.

Things we must discuss but never you mind what and there's a ca
b downstairs my love.

Why should all your life be work when you know you and I can al
ways borrow.

I know theres something going on with you and that big phoney y
ou two faires.

Come now lets not have another one of your scenes.

Do you really need to end our relationship again.

Do you remember how we were back when we were young?

From a million miles away I am not the boy you met that day.

This is a story, of you and me and a little glory.

This is a tale about a love that's not for sale.

This is a story of you and me and a little glory

This is a tale of a love that's not for sale.