

# Deborah Carne

## White Rose Movement

Deborah Carne

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Eyes are smoke on wheels  
Four sick of sin  
Deborah Carne had always  
Played the perfect queen  
Taking her time they tell us  
I wasn't there  
Hollinshead, last only  
Wood and Bauer share

Ooooooooooh  
Deborah Carne  
I can't touch  
The heat's too much  
I'm fighting flames with flares

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(This is how it goes)  
Cries cause it's real  
To make her the fool  
Driving her to a layby  
Bathes the girl in fuel  
Keeps her on the phone  
She won't see it come

Passer by don't catch her eye  
Just leave her on her own

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