

Final Fantasy, The Arctic Circle

She drives a little white car to the seminar on Modern Romance
Possible possible ideas for a date include... a shooting range
And her chest is full to bursting with thoughts of an evening
Nobody nobody nobody will ever know her longing
She's got a heart that will never melt
She's got a heart that will never never melt

Shields up! Shields up! Bar the door, and keep your dukes up!
Tell lies, tell dirty lies, tell diggory lies, until you're lying in his bed

He has a tendency, a tendency to fall for shining eyes and baby fat
But the quarry don't share his taste for Anne McCaffrey
And he dresses alright but the conversation is wrong, all wrong
Nobody nobody nobody will ever know his longing
He's got a heart that will never melt
He's got a heart that will never never melt

Shields up! Shields up! Bar the door, and keep your dukes up!
Tell lies, tell diggory lies, tell chiggery lies, until you're lying in his bed

Now you can endure the fear now you can endure the hell
Now you can endure the lies now you can endure the fear