

Foo Fighters, Statues

You and I were two old and tortured souls
Repaired by our love of broken things
In a life, just some bodies growing old
No fear of the end, of anything

We're just ordinary people, you and me
Time will turn us into statues, eventually

We got by, though we never needed much
A sliver of hope, no diamond rings
We got high, it was heaven, it was hell
Fly over them with broken wings

We're just ordinary people, you and me
Time will turn us into statues, eventually
Ohhh, ohh...

Just two ordinary people, you and me
Time will turn us into statues, eventually

Our bones forever in stone
A monumental life
To dust, as everything must
We'll fade away in time
Ohhh ohh ohh ohh...

We're just ordinary people, you and me
Time will turn us into statues, eventually
Ohhh, ohh...

Just two ordinary people, you and me
Ohhh, ohh...
Time will turn us into statues, eventually.