Keane, Dinner At Eight

No matter how strong
I'm gonna take you down
With one little stone
I'm gonna break you down
And see what you're worth
What you're really worth to me
Dinner at eight was okay
Before the toast full of blames
It was great until those old magazines
Got us started up again
Actually it was probably me again
Why is it so
That I've always been the one who must go
That I've always been the one told to flee
When it fact you were the one long ago
Actually in the drifting white snow
You left me
So put up your fists and I'll put up mine
No running away from the scene of the crime
God's chosen a place
Somewhere near the end of the world
Somewhere near the end of our lives
But 'til then no, Daddy, don't be surprised
If I wanna see the tears in your eyes
Then I know it had to be long ago
Actually in the drifting white snow
You loved me
No matter how strong
I'm gonna take you down
With one little stone
I'm gonna break you down
And see what you're worth
What you're really worth to me