

B 52, Ain't it a shame

Flying saucers could land
ANd it wouldn't make much difference to my man
I could walk aboard and thank the Lord
And leave this damn town in seconds flat
Check my bags and never come back

CHORUS

Oh, our love is
Like a fuse that's burned out
Oh, our love is
Like a fuse that's burned out
Oh, I've been unkind
Not like you
Ain't I ashamed
Being misused

CHORUS

I liked your Chevy Duster
I liked your brand new trailer
I liked your color TV
But you looked at that color TV
More than me
More than me
CHORUS