Duncan Sheik, Hey Casanova

Hey Casanova You don't look too good But I know times are tough

You never found your paradise Like you said you would And it's all catching up

It may be that will never change You may never come to your promised land And it's a gray morning

With all you have Still you turn your back You're given every chance How can you ask for more than that? But still you have to ask

Hey tragic hero
Did you get passed by?
Well what do all those heathens know...

Have a seat, a cup of wine And have a good cry

And then it's time to go

'Cause you're living up to your own worst cases You're looking for hope in some pretty strange places And that's a grey mourning

With all you have Still you turn your back You're given every chance How can you ask for more than that? But still you have to ask I really need for you to ask

With all you have to ask Still you're turning Turning With all you have Still you're turning Turning

Hey you lone ranger, Is it cold tonight So far beneath the stars Maybe the desert will do you good