

# 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