

Figurines, Debate Because It's Over

The eight ball looked like a death star
And then the beats grooved from your car
We drove along the fallen pine trees
And I'll never forget what I saw

They all want favours but then you creep along, you date her
They all want favours but then you creep along, you date her
Leaving home
Walking home

Brave men I'm amazed I know you only failed in final attempt
The eight ball looked like death star
And when you moved she saw the door

They all want favours but then you creep along, you date her
They all want favours but then you creep along, you date her
Leaving home
Walking home
Leaving home
Walking home

Tonight we debate because it's over
We sit down with the weight on our shoulders
I hope I'll be the last to discover
That you sit in the dark with another

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