

Sloan, Cheap Champagne

Ba ba da
Ba ba da
Ba ba da
Ba ba da

She kept her feet on the ground
Her hair was a cloud that the sun
Illuminated cheap champagne all around
The jukebox predicted her song

See how she moves through the city streets
V is for victory
But have you seen the company she keeps
Now what I've learned to come to expect
Well it's hard, but in some respects
That when I look into her eyes
You know it never meant that much to me, ooh

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Her hair was a cloud that the sun
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Ba ba da
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Ooh
We said you've changed
She said, you've not
And that's when I realized
I should have connected all the dots
How much of this world do we accept
And just how much do we reject
But when I look into her eyes
The question vanishes in front of me, ooh

She kept her feet on the ground
Her hair was a cloud that the sun
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Blew in, then gone again
The photograph wouldn't fit into the frame
Well, where or when
A destiny to fan the final flame

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