

Son Of A Plumber, Burned Out Heart

my love is like a jet black high speed train
going nowhere then coming back again
i wish i could, i'd love to touch
her perfect golden tan
got a burned out heart
but i deal with it the best i can

and where i come from you use small words
in quiet silence everything gets heard
oh man, i'd really like to scream out loud, he-hey
i know you'll understand
got a burned out heart
and i deal with it the best i can

floating in a dream
floating in a dream

i wish i could, i'd love to touch
her perfect golden tan
got a burned out heart
but i deal with it the best i can