

The The, It's All Over

I could hold your beautiful hands
And kiss your beautiful eyelids
Throw open your beautiful doors
And phone your beautiful friends
But it's all over
It's all over
It's all over
It's all over

I could bind your beautiful wrists
And shut your beautiful eyes
(With the drugs, with the drugs, with the drugs)

And kick your beautiful doors in
I'll shame on your beautiful friends
Cause it's all over
It's all over
It's all over
It's all over
It's all over
It's all over
It's all over
It's all over
It's all over