

# XTC, The Disappointed

The disappointed  
All shuffle round in circles  
Their placards look the same  
With a picture and a name  
Of the ones who broke their hearts  
The disappointed  
All congregate at my house  
Their voices sob with grief  
That they want to be chief  
Of the tribe with broken hearts  
Once, I had no sympathy  
For those destroyed and thrown away by love  
Seems, your ring upon my finger  
Signifies that I've become the spokesman of...  
The disappointed  
Will bear me on their shoulders  
To a secret shadow land  
Where a sombre marching band  
Plays a tune for broken hearts  
And day grows darker now  
Everywhere, everywhere  
The disappointed  
Are coming in their millions  
They're spilling from the bus  
At a monument to us  
Made of bits of broken heart  
The disappointed  
Are growing every second  
They blot the sun to black  
At the bottom of the pack  
I'm the king of broken hearts