

A cut-out picture of a sugar tart  
With olive skin, a purple heart,  
Concrete shoes, and it's just the start  
Of bigger things unseen.  
Heroes of our glory days  
Ride upon the hip-hoorays  
Of hometown girls who've been displayed  
In dirty magazines.

"And what am I supposed to do with you?"  
Just tell me everything I've heard before  
Like it was news

The miners strike, hold out for love  
We bust their heads, push and shove,  
By helmet light, we rise above  
And say, "look out below!"  
They're such a grim, romantic crew,  
Swear they won't forget but do,  
It leaves them free to cry anew  
At every song we know.

"And what am I supposed to do with you?"  
Just tell me everything I want to hear  
Like it was true

Sometimes I wish that I was king  
And held the end of every string,  
The fear, the prize, the mortal sting  
Of what will come of this.  
For now I'll let all chance unwind  
To keep our secret hearts entwined,  
And if I choose to see this as a sign  
It surely is.

"And what am I supposed to do with you?"  
Just tell me everything I've heard before  
Like it was news