

# B 52, Ain't it a shame

Flying saucers could land  
ANd it wouldn't make much difference to my man  
I could walk aboard and thank the Lord  
And leave this damn town in seconds flat  
Check my bags and never come back

CHORUS

Oh, our love is  
Like a fuse that's burned out  
Oh, our love is  
Like a fuse that's burned out  
Oh, I've been unkind  
Not like you  
Ain't I ashamed  
Being misused

CHORUS

I liked your Chevy Duster  
I liked your brand new trailer  
I liked your color TV  
But you looked at that color TV  
More than me  
More than me  
CHORUS