

# Keane, Dinner At Eight

No matter how strong  
I'm gonna take you down  
With one little stone  
I'm gonna break you down  
And see what you're worth  
What you're really worth to me  
Dinner at eight was okay  
Before the toast full of blames  
It was great until those old magazines  
Got us started up again  
Actually it was probably me again  
Why is it so  
That I've always been the one who must go  
That I've always been the one told to flee  
When it fact you were the one long ago  
Actually in the drifting white snow  
You left me  
So put up your fists and I'll put up mine  
No running away from the scene of the crime  
God's chosen a place  
Somewhere near the end of the world  
Somewhere near the end of our lives  
But 'til then no, Daddy, don't be surprised  
If I wanna see the tears in your eyes  
Then I know it had to be long ago  
Actually in the drifting white snow  
You loved me  
No matter how strong  
I'm gonna take you down  
With one little stone  
I'm gonna break you down  
And see what you're worth  
What you're really worth to me