

Pumpkins Smashing

"Disarm"

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Disarm you with a smile

And cut you like you want me to,

Cut that little child inside of me and such a part of you

The years burn

I used to be a little boy, so old in my shoes

And what I choose is my choice

What's a boy supposed to do?

The killer in me is the killer in you

My love

I'll send this smile over to you

Disarm you with a smile

And leave you like you left me here

To whither in denial

The bitterness of one who's left alone

The years burn

I used to be a little boy, so old in my shoes

And what I choose is my voice

What's a boy supposed to do?

The killer in me is the killer in you

My love

I'll send this smile over to you

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