

Paper Chase, The

"One Day He Went Out For Milk And Never Came Home"

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I laid my black heart on the table
It may just make itself at home
Cut short your cord length on the phone
Your smoke alarms and barred windows
Can't save your house god burn your soul

Is my dinner in the oven?
Lovebird, you haven't touched your bread
Revenge served cold, breakfast in (death)bed
I'll never touch a hair on your pretty head
I want your heart, I want your head

Sweetheart, I'd send you up to heaven
But you'd eat them out of house and home
My tender jewel my precious pearl
My ruby red my diamond girl
String up my kitten by her curls

So how does it feel to know that this is all you'll ever be
my darling?
A slight grease fire, accident-prone at home
Say we won't lie to ourselves like those bastards you
swear
Say it to me we make this bond
You and me or you and me

Do you want to go to heaven?
Come to the light hang on to this arm
My good boys good girls and good gods
The sinking ship the grand applause
You owe it to me make me this bond
You and me, you and me

Do you want to go to heaven?
Oh dear, oh dear and if I show you her dark side
Should you meet your malcontent or maybe meet with
an accident
Good daddies won't let you die
Oh do you want to go to heaven?
I will never let you die

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