

Pretenders, The "Criminal"

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Look at me
High upon the hill
You could say
I'm on top of the world
Baby - I'm blue
All because of you
I can see this city
Crumble all around me
Press me to your chest
Block out the view
Oh, whoa whoa whoa

You made me
Some kind of criminal
You put me out-law
Because I loved you

In my time
One thing I've learned
If you play with fire
You get burned
Oh, baby, it's true
I got burned by you
I put everything I had
Into a bag
And trusted you to do
What you didn't do
Oh, whoa whoa whoa

You made me
Some kind of criminal
You put me out-law
Because I loved you

The first thing I think when I wake up
When can I see you?
The last thing I think when I'm drifting off
When will I see you?

Oh. look at me
I'm addicted still

At first I refused,
Now I just swallow the pill
Oh, baby, won't you
Fix me like you used to?
I could spend my time in hell
I might as well
Cause hell is where I'm bound to dwell
Without you
Oh, whoa whoa whoa

You made me
Some kind of criminal
You put me out-law
Because I loved you

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