

West Indian Girl

"Six Chamber Romance"

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Just give me one last chance to believe in you
I beg you from the bottom of my dying heart
Your poison was bitter, sour like the barrel of this gun
If i take my life tonight, i want something to remember
you by
For all i have are those words i kept
But i know you never said
Till death do we part were the words that sealed these
hearts forever
I never thought it would come crashing down so soon
I'd rather die than ever be left speechless by your eyes
again
Please let this be the last movement my finger ever
makes
I'd rather die than ever be left speechless by your eyes
again
Please let this be the last movement my finger ever
makes
Please let this be the last...
Please let this be the last movement my finger ever
makes
Please let this be the last...

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