

A Smile From The Trenches "Terror In The Girls Room"

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As beauty fades to black and autumn paints this town
Well I'm still golden like the sun with no fear of falling
down

Multiplying memories flicker across my mind
As blood stains my hands
You can't say that I didn't try (didn't try)

[Chorus x2]

With his face to the curb
I'm ready to dance (I'm ready to dance)
You're so pretty
You're so pretty

With one last touch I'll slice your chest
And this time I'll wear your heart on my sleeve as my
defense

So now I've had the taste of blood
And the stains are on my hands
No regrets of what I've done
Cause to me Baby your so worth it
We'll dig a hole
Where only half will fit
And then we'll break his back
Make him a contortionist (a contortionist)

[Chorus x2]

With his face to the curb
I'm ready to dance (I'm ready to dance)
You're so pretty
You're so pretty

With one last touch I'll slice your chest
And this time I'll wear your heart on my sleeve as my
defense

Let's forget everything (let's forget)
Let it paint the concrete red (concrete red)
We'll sit point and laugh
At how funny he looks dead

How funny you look dead! [x3]

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