

Anita Lipnicka

"Bones Of Love"

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She's sipping a cappuccino
Like a cat sipping out of a bowl
He's black espresso
To start his heart from going cold

He's thinking 'cognac'
But afraid his hands might shake
She's checking her make-up
Her smile's giving nothing away

You better kill me before I kill you
You look good in black
Who'll pay the bill and keep on walking
Will get a hole in their back

Two faded tourists
Their visas have long expired
Two forgotten journalists
Whose headlines have retired

What's that in his pocket?
They aint Chinese banknotes
What's that in her handbag?

That's no bar of gold

You better kill me before I kill you
You look good in black
Who'll pay the bill and keep on walking
Will get a hole in their back

Two suntanned lovers
Love didn't die, it just went dry
Fading into the sunset
Those bones of love passing by

You better kill me before I kill you
You look good in black
Who'll pay the bill and keep on walking
Will get a hole in their back

You better kill me before I kill you

You look good in black
Who'll pay the bill and keep on walking
Will get a hole in their back

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