

# Arsonists Get All The Girls "This Time You're Gonna Get It Dirty Shirley"

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You want it all the time  
So smooth to me  
With us all on the other line  
Powerhousing bills as well as  
Conspiracy's they write  
Of our time management  
Come now  
The board is clean  
For a new conspiracy  
I'll never love a demon child  
For the rest of my days  
The logic of a slut wearing a white dress  
Never made sense to me

So I  
Face the facts of time  
Oh it's so great  
She's so great  
(You'll never understand)  
These walls are closed  
(The logic of lust)  
This mind is expansive  
(You'll never understand)  
There is just time  
(The logic of lust)  
"be you me"  
Claims the Queen to the King

That  
This feud  
Was to last  
Until blood spilt  
Onto one or the others gowns  
Making me  
(Liar liar hypocrite)  
Count the days  
In my room  
With the mind  
Of drawing  
And the touch of craft  
That was so intent  
To demean my corridor

And unleash colours to all  
This is the taste of passing  
Same as the taste of  
Stressing over body placement

You walk down the streets so clean  
The red lights glimmer in your eyes  
I can never forgive the stains left  
Behind in a back alley hotel room

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