

Babyshambles

"The Lost Art Of Murder"

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Could roll a four
Could roll a nine
Find yourself washed up in paradise

But like before
You didn't mind
Someone else washed up in paradise

If i really did

What a nice day for a murder
You call yourself a killer but the only thing your killing is
your time
There's nothing absurder
A bird is just a burden
To your heart your soul your body, spirit and mind

Don't look at me like that
She won't take you back
You said to much
You been to unkind
Get up off your back
Stop smoking that
You could change your life
You just might change your mind

Could roll a four
Could roll a nine
Find yourself washed up in paradise

All the fours
And all the nines
I lost my phone in paradise

It's big as you go

What a nice day for a murder
Say you're a killer, the only thing your killing is time
It's nothing absurder
A bird is a burden
To your heart your soul your body, spirit and mind

Don't look at me like that
She won't take you back
You done to much
You been to unkind
Get up off your back
Stop smoking that
You could change your life
Do you think they'll change their minds

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