

Blackmail

"Club '45"

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She dropped the bomb
And held the score
A leather fiction
That has left her bored
Another seed
I stuck into you
You get the toxic with a broken clue
You feel the heat
Content again
A drug that speeds you till you hit the band
Prepared for more
You scrubbed the floor
Till you had enough and then you locked the door

All my senses are collected in my hand
And I think that it was nothing I have planned

Another scene
On a busy street
I know I'm there to get up my feet
A rip-off fare
Of a leather sign
I feel like something that was on your mind
Intend the kiss
That let me in
Into a secret that was made in sin
And stuck too deep
And what has left is just a fuckin'creep

All my senses are collected in my hand
And I think that it was nothing I have planned
All my senses are collected in my hand
And you are banned.

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