

Dime Store Prophets "Hitler's Girlfriend"

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Someone left the window open,
cold air is slowly creeping in.
I'm sitting watching TV sitcoms
where everyone is happy in the end,
and I'm believe it,
some say we can get by
without the help of a friend,
and I'm lying here, I'm remotely controlled,
strapped to an engine stuck in idle,
don't feel 'cause I fear
don't love 'cause I lost...
don't know, don't want to know...
I'm not myself, til you are you,
(I want to bleed, bleed for you)
if I close my eyes, I'm killing you
I carry the weight of this safety net,
so I feel like Hitler's girlfriend,
I'm blind to this and numb to that.
I know a girl who draws happy faces
on everything she writes.
She doesn't fool me,

I've seen her bag of troubles-It's not light.
Don't you know I want to reach out, cry for her,
carry the weight,
but something won't let me leave the couch.
There's a scream and a crash,
there's a knife and a chain
and her head is full of spirits...
my foot is asleep.
I was sprawled out at the foot of my bed
with a rage of fire, going round in my head,
I said "Could this be the salt of the earth
in my tears?"
I am watching Miss Brown, some say she didn't know,
just took another Judas' kiss now,
well I'm not blaming you
was there something you could do?
My coffee is cold...

