

Drone

"Internet Killed The Video Star"

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Burn the instructions or plague the inventor?
Quick, easy, and painless
I'm a careless romantic
Wandering the streets
Luring strangers in the dark
If they follow in my footsteps
Then I'll love them all blind

If you want to make a scene
Then you've gotta make a scene
I'll put my hands on you
You put your hands on me
If you want to make a scene
Then you've gotta make a scene
I wasn't looking for trouble
But trouble found me

You fucked with the wrong son of a bitch(x4)

I caught you staring it's not your fault
I killed the lights 'cause I saw it all
I caught you staring it's not your fault
I kissed your lips but not for too long

Tick tock, tick tock;
The hour is up
Told to be anxious
You're a bit out of line
Sew it up like every other time
Un-amused at the table by the bedroom
They're all mine

If you want to make a scene
Then you've gotta make a scene
You fucked with the wrong son of a bitch
You put your hands on me
I'll put my hands on you
You fucked with the wrong son of a bitch
Sew it up like every other time
So in love like every other time
The needle and thread make me shiver

The red on your hands spells out a murder

(I caught you staring it's not your fault)

I killed the lights 'cause I saw it all

(I caught you staring it's not your fault)

I swear to God I watched you fall

(I caught you staring it's not your fault)

Your perfect picture left it's mark

(I caught you staring it's not your fault)

I kissed your lips but not for too long

(I caught you staring it's not your fault)

(I caught you staring)

I kissed your lips but not for too long

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