

Drop Dead, Gorgeous "They'll Never Get Me"

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Not again, not again, not again, not again.

Why did God make glass, to be shattered?
To hold, and to cut?
Your crooked cross covers your eyes.

Forgot my name
Forgot where I came from
I died getting here
Make me gold, I'm waiting.

Call me the Dark Angel.
Please don't scare.
(Don't touch me.
Don't trust me.
Please keep your hands away from,
Away from,
Away from,
Away from me.)

I'd like to have a word with you.
I'd like to have my way with you.
I'd like to have a word with you.
I'd like to have my way with you.

Call me the Dark Angel.
Please don't scare.
(Don't touch me.
Don't trust me.
Please keep your hands away from,
Away from,
Away from,
Away from me.)

Please don't scare.

I'd like to have a word with you.
I'd like to have my way with you.
I'd like to have a word with you.
I'd like to have my way with you.

I'd like to have my way with you.

I'd like to take my time with you.
I'd like to lose my mind with you.
I'd like to share my knife with you.

Don't scare, don't scare, don't.

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