

## Everly "Scheming Stars"

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Love, what metal are you made of  
You must be from some scheming star  
Love, you're wicked and heavenly  
You set me free then you lock the door  
I can't go back and I can't go forward  
You got me wrapped around your finger  
Tie a rope around me  
Ready, aim, and pull the trigger  
Love, you push me and say I've fallen  
It's your fault really if I'm a fool  
This train don't stop and it don't go nowhere  
You got me wrapped around your finger  
You wrote the song and you made me the singer

Love, tell me what metal are you made  
Well you must be from some scheming star

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