

Hepburn "Next Life"

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So High She Hits The Target Every Time
She Gets Away Everyday
Cold Hands She Reaches For The Cigarettes
To Warm The Day She can't Say
She Needs More Sympathy
She Needs More Of Everything
Another Kiss Another Pill
She Believes In A Bigger Thrill
She Might Just Kill Again Move On
To The Next Life

She Finds Too Much Interference On Her Radio
It's Nine Below
So Blind She Walks Into The Distance

And Fades Away Away Away Away
High Fiving Emptiness
She's Gone Too Far To Confess
Another Day Another Lie
Searching For That Perfect High
She Might Just Kill Again
Move On To The Next Life

She Might Just Kill Again
Move On Move On She Moves On
Move On Move On
To The Next Life

Bye Bye
Bye Bye
Cold Hands Reach For Cigarettes

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