

## **Lords Of The New Church "Murder Style"**

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(Bator/James/Tregunna)

Hot love and cold steel/Struttin' like Pink Panther  
Ain't got no plans/I ain't a boy and I ain't no man  
Hanging on the corner/Just waiting for some action  
There's cops in squad cars/Looking at me like I'm Bily  
The Kid

Chorus

Live for the nighttime  
Sleeping all day  
Nighttime is the right time  
Murder style...its the way I talk/walk  
Leather and black lace/Boys all wearing make-up  
If looks could kill/It gives the girls such a thrill  
Spiked heels on cold stone/Footsteps echo in the  
darkness  
I wanna-I wanna-I wanna-/I want it right now  
Chorus

The Lipstick killers of London Town  
The street-beat cool of New York City  
The cat walks in Gay Paree'  
Struttin'through towns without pity  
Nighstalkers/We are the streetwalkers  
Just you and me/A menace to society  
We're lady killers/I'm a hard core thriller  
I whisper "I loves ya"/The words are empty as her  
stolen purse

Chorus

..I gotta' get outta' this place  
I got murder style with feline grace

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