

## Placebo "Spite And Malice"

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Revolution, dope, guns, fucking in the streets  
Revolution, dope, guns, fucking in the streets

Aces take your time  
Queens are left for dead  
Jacks can stand in line  
And touch themselves instead

Aces take your pity  
And keep it warm in bed  
Aces take your time

Cut the deck, the queens left for dead  
Soft and wet, scarf tied to the bed  
Jack is all tragic when he stands alone  
Feeling demonic harmonic in a no go zone

You look well suited like you came to win  
Lust, spite and malice, your degrees of sin  
Cruising for pity and looking pretty as fuck  
Ace take your chances, queen wish you luck

Aces take your time  
Draw your final breath  
Jacks are feeling fine  
They've clubbed themselves to death

Aces take your pity  
You sleep with it instead  
Aces take your time

You can play your card, I'll hold onto mine  
Tied up in the reasons, ace take your time  
Looks turn to lovers, flames into fires  
Jack loves his tragedy, queen her desires

You look well suited like you came to win  
Lust, spite and malice, your degrees of sin  
Wrap me in your trauma and I may just give you mine  
Queen take your chances, ace take your time

Dope, guns, fucking in the streets, revolution

(Everything will blow tonight)  
Dope, guns, fucking in the streets, revolution  
Dope, guns, fucking in the streets, revolution  
(Either friend or foe, tonight)  
Dope, guns, fucking in the streets, revolution

Cut the deck, the queens left for dead  
Soft and wet, scarf tied to the bed  
Jack is all tragic when he stands alone  
Feeling demonic, harmonic in a no go zone

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Dope, guns, fucking in the streets

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