

Placebo "Splite And Malice"

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Revolution, dope, guns, fucking in the streets [x2]

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

Either friend or foe, tonight

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

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

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