

Shrug "Flame Fatale"

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lost sheep on fifth street peculiar and pained
i look her up when i can
twelve o'clock witching hou mercedes-benz
bobbing for pumpkins again

and i offer nothing but the shirt off my back
and the heart on my sleeve and the moon
and it's not a question of sin or suggestion
i just want one warm afternoon

not enough hours in one single day
for all of her fantastic schemes
as saviors and bad boys of butterflyed strange
rush through her wild-eyed dreams
and i offer nothing but the shirt off my back
and the heart on my sleeve and the moon

she's falling she's falling
she's falling again
call out the crash crews and crash mannequins
my sweet flame fatale
she is falling again
around me inside me where nobody's ever been
nobody's ever been here

hypnosis in her soft-focus parade
helpless but i can't complain
can't move a muscle i won't even try
thirty-five bucks down the drain
hypnosis in her soft focus parade
helpless but she can't complain
drawn here by gravity she has no choice
burns up in friction and flame

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