

The Heart Attacks "Widowmaking"

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She's a killer, for love
And she can't get enough

Flying real high, get caught in the web
And the end result is a big ol' mess with her
A killer for love

See there's no wine that tastes that sweet
You'll be dead and gone on the floor at her feet
No blood... poison

It goes...
A real widowmaker with aim so true
Don't fall for her cos she's bound to take you, too

My my my, there's so much proof
Three souls depart for some afterlife unknown

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