

The Kills

"Restaurant Blouse"

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Music, coat hand, thats good slamming
Slamming cries down up my head
Hockey sticks to my dead brother
Look man, I don't want another

Drop her a restuarant blouse
Into his hotel house
Feeling up the walls and then
Covering his head

Heard you tell him she was evil
Grew up in a army crew
Skeleton bad things and partners
On the blankets that never move?

The minute you would leave
Our ??? just got up
She was the loneliest baby
She was the coldest baby

Momma shakes on the highway
In her tight white driving gloves
Momma she was a demon
She got the devil moving

Her man on the pier said
My fucking car's in their
We could see her under water
We could in the rearview mirror

Music, coat hand, thats good slamming
Slamming cries down up my head
Hockey sticks to my dead brother
Look man, I don't want another

Drop her a restuarant blouse
Into his hotel house
Feeling up the walls and then
Covering his head

Caught a ride up to the desert

Draw his body in the sand
Boy had a pistol in his pocket
Got hungry and ate his pants

The birds know what that means
Wait high in the trees
They fly like helicopters
They want the body

Stretching, confused,
Deep, deep, down, we're in his veins
????
??? up in his brains

Taking ????
?????
Your voice can come in baby
Aint go no choices left

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