

## The Kills

### "What New York Used To Be"

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Coma coma drama come on  
Draw it scratch it say it  
Say it, make it to the bottom ladder climb it drop an  
apple  
Off the top it stop it  
I don't want to eat it  
Need it, know it  
Force it, feed it  
Leave it, be it  
Just keep it  
In its box

What easy used to be  
What love used to be  
What drugs used to be  
What TV used to be  
What music used to be  
What luck used to be  
What art used to be  
What you used to be

Coma coma drama, come on drawl your skin  
Your mile longer love song  
sure it tells the future  
fingers crushed and  
run em' under water  
Shark infested sea of secrets  
In the open fire  
Beat it, don't believe it  
Just leave it in its box

What easy used to be  
What fun used to be  
What dreaming used to be  
What fame used to be  
What the city used to be  
What fast used to be  
What low used to be  
What New York used to be  
What New York used to be  
What New York used to be

What New York used to be  
What New York used to be

Come, come, come on  
Come, come, come on

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