

Tokyo Blade

"Blackhearts And Jaded Spades"

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[Boulton/Wright]

In the subways the creatures crawl to the sound of
music
Of hunger and pain
Urban wasteland of human suffering
The new disease
Microchips in your brain

[Bridge]

You got the money
We got the muscle
You call it murder
Well it's just another hustle
Is this murder or some high street funky hustle

[Chorus]

Blackhearts and jaded spades
Street rats and jungle raids
Blackhearts and jaded spades
Hot shots in mirror shades

Run for cover my gypsy lover
Your fatal kiss burns like fire and flame
Called survival and you're my rival
No shotgun wedding will save you the shame

[Bridge]

[Chorus]

[Solo]

[Chorus]

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