Beautiful Girls "Sir Your Fashion Has The Cold Heart Of A Killer"

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I miss you, you know, And I just want to come home. I scream into the night That same 'ol fear grippin me tight. Now I tried callin' But a man picked up the phone. He said that nobody was home And could I please leave him alone. Back in this ghost town And Im just tryin to get by. Tryin to escape these dreams That just will not stop chasin me. Now I look for you, Almost every night. See since youve gone away I dont have strength in me to stay

CHORUS:

Dear sir your fashion It has the cold heart Of a killer Of a killer, no Of a killer Of a killer, no no no oh oh

And all our reasons, They keep goin somewhere. The devil too inside of me Seems to believe in killin me. I'd hold you, But my arms have slipped bare. Let's hold on one more night And then we need to make it right. How would we both feel, If one of us soon were gone. See Im not sure the risk Is any longer really worth it. In the meantime, Let's just not use the phone. No more emergency cars Please no more sirens anymore

(CHORUS) (BACKROUND MUMBLING)

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(CHORUS)

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