

## **Blood On The Dancefloor**

### **"Chloe"**

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There she was my soap box Derby queen  
The girl I loved was the girl from yesterday  
So I walked up to her and asked her what's your name?  
She smiled and turned I suppose it was my fame  
I want your body, I want your body Chloe  
I need your body  
I want your body, I want your body Chloe  
I need your body Chloe  
Chucked and died the all important cause  
That's when she started to see my flaws  
So she took my hand and we walked to Sydney parade  
Down an alleyway I met suburbia's grave  
There we stood in the pouring rain  
My eyes met hers  
She could see my pain

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