

## Dying Diva

### "Murder Avenue"

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I'm looking for a dirty job tonight,  
Bon Jovi is on the radio and I'm on fire.  
Sirens are tearing down the sky,  
As I drive my life is falling.

Now I lay half-dead,  
On the side of the road.  
When I see a cold breath coming out of the storm,  
Is it fake or real,  
When I touch your skin?  
Open up your heart and let me in.

I run away.  
Forget my name,  
It's just a memory.

I'm doing this for you.  
'Cause we share the same blood.  
Rust and fractures,  
On Murder Avenue.  
Correct me if I'm wrong,  
But your doubts are pretty strong.  
Why do I still bleed,  
On Murder Avenue?

I'm dealing with dangerous games tonight.  
I think about the bodies I'll have to hide.  
Remembering the days we use to smile,  
As I drive, that world is falling.

Now I'm digging the grave.  
The lake is watching.  
I'm gonna pray to my lord.  
They're after me.  
Is it fake or real,  
When I touch your skin?  
Open up your fuckin' mouth and let me in.

I run away.  
Forget my name,  
It's just a memory.

I'm doing this for you.  
'Cause we share the same blood.  
Rust and fractures,  
On Murder Avenue.  
Correct me if I'm wrong,  
But your doubts are pretty strong.  
Why do I still bleed,  
On Murder Avenue?

I'm doing this for you.  
'Cause we share the same blood.  
Rust and fractures,  
On Murder Avenue.  
Correct me if I'm wrong,  
But your doubts are pretty strong.  
Why do I still bleed,  
I still bleed...

... I'm doing this for you.  
'Cause we share the same blood.  
Rust and fractures,  
On Murder Avenue.  
Correct me if I'm wrong,  
But your doubts are pretty strong.  
Why do I still bleed,  
On Murder Avenue?

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