Tin Foil Phoenix "Neopolitan"

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When the waitress walked by- She must have caught his eye

And at that moment he was mine

A little slight of hand and I had poisoned his bowl of Neopolitan

What else can I say man? Enjoy your ice-cream

Murder is such an ugly word I'll use another if you so prefer

Me? I like to call it art and art is its own reward Just ask Burt Ward, years of living in the shadow of the bat

But we'll come back to that

Right now let's roll this little memo out to the big boss for the next time you think I'm going soft Send some punk to try to knock me off Here's a reminder you fucking hind-grinder With a cherry on top

That I never lost a step Message to Marcel, message to Marcel That I never lost a step Message to Marcel, message to Marcel

In my paraphsychology

The ghosts they only visit me

Mother it's no bother

there's a demon on the shoulder and an angel upon the other

The tie always goes to the runner (ten quatlooms on the newcomer)

They always seem to remember the art is its own reward

Yeah just ask Burt Ward

Tell me he never felt like capping anybody

Half a lifetime spent living in the shadow of the bat

Like that has got to take its toll on you

Take control of you

Until one day all you have left to show

Is the only thing for sure you've ever known

The art of an obedient carefully connected roque

That I never lost a step
Message to Marcel, message to Marcel
And I never rubbed the bat
Message to Marcel, message to Marcel

En Guarde

That I never lost a step
Message to Marcel, message to Marcel
And I never rubbed the bat
Message to Marcel, message to Marcel
Message to Marcel, message to Marcel

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