

Kills, The

"What New York Used To Be"

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Come on, come on drama

Come on draw, scratch and say it

Say it, make it to the bottom

Let it climb and drop an apple off the top

It's not I don't want to eat it

Need it, know it

Force and feed it, leave it, be it

Just keep it in this box

What easy used to be

What love used to be

What drugs used to be

What TV used to be

What music used to be

What luck used to be

What art used to be

What you used to be

Come on drama, come on, girl

You swing your mile longer

Love song surely tells the future

Then you stretched your mouth

And wonder

Water, shot of ecstasy
Secrets in the open bottle
You feed it, don't believe it
Just leave it in this box
What easy used to be
And what fun used to be
And what dreaming used to be
And what fame used to be
And what city used to be
And what fast used to be
And what low used to be
What New York used to be
Call me, come, come, come on
Tell me, come, come on
Tell me how much better
Whether you're gonna grasp that
Show me how it used to be

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