

Meteors, The

"Five For Her, Three For Him"

Visit "[Five For Her, Three For Him](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

the rain is beating on my face
my bikes still hot as a pistol
running like I'm in race
some kind of suicidal missile
they're in some motel somewhere
my baby done me low
thought I'd never be there
but now they're both gonna know

I been a long time gone
been real close to hell
I kept my mouth tight shut
thought they wouldn't like prison too well
they took the money and run
left me with a smoking gun
said she'd always wait for me
but what she left me was misery

I can't feel no colder
outside or in
cut down mosburg in my bag
five shells for her and three for him
they gone and broke my heart
supposed to be my friend
this should keep them apart
hell all things come to an end

hey boy just tell me the number
point me to their room
if you want you can call the law
while I play around with doom
when it's over I'm gone
this tigers running just fine
I'm gonna kiss my baby goodnight
just one last time.

Visit [Meteors, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.