

Evaline, La De Da

Well, it was written there in your blood
That we were all forged out of them all
As you sat quietly in your antique chair, and stared
I gave it all I could, and I, I gave it hell
Well, oh, I guess I don't care

Step away from my lips
Step away from my throat
If you need me let me know
Step away from my lips
Step away from my throat
Oh, just let me know

Well, you were catalogue coming script of boyish tales
Of all his conquests of the damsels in distress, whoa oh
As he seeks inside your heart out and multiply
And the pain beneath your eyes gets,
gets captured and glossed.

Step away from my lips
Step away from my throat
If you need me let me know
Step away from my lips
Step away from my throat

So, step away from my lips
Step away from my throat
Oh, just let me know
Step away from my lips
Step away from my throat
Oh, just let me know

Step away from my lips
Step away from my throat
Whoa, oh
Step away from my lips
Step away from my throat
Whoa, oh
Step away from my, my, my, my
Step away from my throat
Whoa, oh
Step away from my, my, my, my
Step away from my throat
Whoa, oh just let me know