

Her Words Kill, Sir, This Is A Cut Throat Fashion

We see you standing on the highway waiting for the attention you don't deserve.
Paint me a gun my love.
Pull the trigger on me, baby.
Blow me away.

Why didn't you take your photographs with you?
Look at everyone else you're killing with you.
She sidwawks through the rain.
There's a pulse but not even a murderous photograph.
Think about being the hero, think about being the legend.
Another one that went and forgot to return.
Dining at a table for two, forget the expenses.
Pack your tears in a suitcase and run away with my heart.
I don't ever want to wake up.
That bottle is no good anymore.
It's shattered.
Forgive me.
I'd like to fade away, wipe me from your diary.
I bet you felt so alive.
But the ghost of me, it needs to die.'
Well, I'm not trying to stop you sir.
It's just that we need everyone here accounted for.