Lazlo Bane, Scene Of The Crime

Just got another call from down at the station They found lucky victim number seven Citizen of the City of Angels Without a heaven Temptation is running wild High up in the hills surrounded by stars Her latest masterpiece she met at a bar Citizen of the City of Angels In the trunk of her car Oh no temptation's runnin' wild But I know that someday you'll be mine When you return to the scene of the crime Satan took her mind and held it for ransom Doubt was sure to catch but brutally handsome Then she discovered that killing was her passion But oh no temptation's runnin' wild But I know that someday you'll be mine When you return to the scene of the crime We've traced a call from her to Mexico She says she wants to meet your wife and kids oh no They're away on holiday in San Filipe Mexico Woah woah woah Oh no temptation's reconciled There she goes she's taken her own life Now I know she's left us with a smile When she returned to the scene of the crime