

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