

Lords Of The New Church, Murder Style

(Bator/James/Tregunna)

Hot love and cold steel/Struttin' like Pink Panther
Ain't got no plans/I ain't a boy and I ain't no man
Hanging on the corner/Just waiting for some action
There's cops in squad cars/Looking at me like I'm Bily The Kid

Chorus

Live for the nighttime
Sleeping all day
Nighttime is the right time
Murder style...its the way I talk/walk
Leather and black lace/Boys all wearing make-up
If looks could kill/It gives the girls such a thrill
Spiked heels on cold stone/Footsteps echo in the darkness
I wanna-I wanna-I wanna-/I want it right now

Chorus

The Lipstick killers of London Town
The street-beat cool of New York City
The cat walks in Gay Paree'
Struttin'through towns without pity
Nighstalkers/We are the streetwalkers
Just you and me/A menace to society
We're lady killers/I'm a hard core thriller
I whisper "I loves ya"/The words are empty as her stolen purse

Chorus

..I gotta' get outta' this place
I got murder style with feline grace