

Neva Dinova, Cold Calls

You tried to call
You tried to fall down too
The news was right
There's a fire inside you

Unclean deserter
I dream of murder and you
And you

The train rolls past
Wish I was on it too
The lights go black
I'm blind but honest
You should have wanted the truth
The truth

House to house, festering
With one burning question
Was it you? Was it you?

Town on the hill
And I got sixty-five shells
I'm back to track to you down
And kill you myself
Myself

Sixty-five shells
And nothing else to sell
Someone betrayed me
Now I'm out making
Cold calls designed to kill
Cold calls designed to kill