

Pretty Girls Make Graves, The New Romance

It started in our basement
It started in our bedroom
Got it in the basement
Got it in the bedroom
Got it in the garage
Got it in the on the rooftop
Burns a fire inside my head

It's revealing, fascinating
We got it, we set the motion
Now we have it in our hands
We're selfish with the new romance
What's our is ours, and ours is secret
There's no point in explanation
If you don't know, then you won't know

Got it in the basement
Got it in the bedroom
Got it in the garage
Got it in the on the rooftop
Burns a fire inside my head

Restless, fed up tough and clever
Wishing this would last forever
Is futile when you know it won't