

The Afghan Whigs, Mr. Superlove

(The Ass Ponys)

The storm was blowing from the South
The blood was running from your mouth
Glass was shattered on the floor
A hundred pieces maybe more
I remember you were crying
Just before you sent it flying
Silent sounding pounding on my floor

You may not believe me, baby, when I tell you that I am Mr. Superlove
You may not believe me, baby, when I tell you that I am Mr. Superlove
Falling out (falling out)
Falling out (falling out)
Falling out (falling out)
We had a falling-out

Clothes were lying on the chair
Your face was hidden by your hair
All that I could think of then was
What it must have felt like when you
Were lying naked headlong down the stairs

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