

The Afghan Whigs, Mr. Superlove

Afghan Whigs, The
What Jail Is Like (ep)
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 befoere 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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