

# 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 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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