

Eagles Of Death Metal, Eagles Goth

Look on the flip side
It coulda' gone real bad
The way I see this thing
It worked out all the better
The better best anyhow
And you know that you're so very precious to me
You know you're so high-class

Now I need to clear a few things up
I need to get my head clear
Need to clear the air

Should be clear I'm a cold, hard killer
Who's sophisticated with touch of high-class
A heart-breaker bringing death by sexy
A lady-killing mama in a rock n' roll band

Know I am a black-hearted devil, honey
I must admit you're really under my skin
But nothing's going on between us
If he thinks it is then I would feel so bad
But nothing's going on between us
If he thinks it is then I would feel so bad