

Evans Blue, The Tease

Hold your hands into the sky
Pray for mercy, instead of time
Big cities' action of my big city girl
Think she builds her own heaven
Cause she finds it's a lonesome world
Filled with dirty street cars and dirty signs
I hope there comes a time when
I get to see your dirty mind

Hold your hands into the sky
Pray for mercy, instead of time
Low budget movies, change our low budget lives
Theres something to corsets and horror that joins our lonesome minds
And these bloody faces with their bloody knives
Say if we ever make it
We'll be so bloody tired (of these times)

Hold your hands into the sky
Pray for mercy, instead of time
You are the massacre, the masochist, the tease
And you're captivating , standing in front of me

Is the reason, I'm still wondering why everyone we loved has broke away

Hold your hands into the sky
Pray for mercy, instead of time
You are the massacre, the masochist, the tease
And you're captivating, standing in front of me
Hold your hand into the sky
Pray for mercy, instead of time

So be my massacre, be my masochist, be my tease
Cause you captivate me when you stand in front of me