

# Franz Ferdinand, Evil And A Heathen

Words fall from my mouth  
Like plates from shaking hands  
Smash upon the silence  
Of the smooth naked canal

I'm evil and a heathen  
I'm evil and a heathen  
I'm a heathen and evil like you  
There's not a lot  
Not a lot I couldn't do

I like how you pretend  
That the end will be the end  
So fill your thirst  
Drink a curse  
To the death of death instead

I'm evil and a heathen  
I'm evil and a heathen  
I'm a heathen and evil like you  
There's not a lot  
Not a lot I wouldn't do

Utrecht led me to the Sacre Coeur  
Where the smoke curled round  
Now the ice blows off Lake Michigan  
When the ice blows  
The ice flows knocks you down

Your teeth are black with wine  
As you place those lips on mine  
And the moon hangs heavy and forbidden high  
On the night of our lives

I'm evil and a heathen  
I'm evil and a heathen  
I'm a heathen and evil like you  
There's not a lot  
Not a lot we couldn't do