

One Dollar Short, Mayakovsky Had A Gun

It's two am , you must be sleeping
The sky is frosted silver
A tribute from the star's tonight
(silence sleeps tonight)
with regret I write this letter
these parting words are hard to say
come the morning light
I'll have bled my love for you away
I am nothing with out you
You are everything to me
So tonight I die, die, die my darling
Break a finger means she loves me
Break another means she loves me not
So kiss me now it's for the last time
(silence sleeps tonight)
with regret I write this letter
these parting words are hard to say
come the morning light
I'll have bled my love for you away
I am nothing with out you
You are everything to me
So tonight I die, die, die my darling