

# Placebo, Spite Malice

Revolution, dope, guns, fucking in the streets (x2)  
Aces take your time  
Queens are left for dead  
Jacks can stand in line  
And touch themselves instead  
Aces take your pity  
And keep it warm in bed  
Aces take your time  
Cut the deck  
The queens left for dead  
Soft and wet, scarf tied to the bed  
Jack is all tragic when he stands alone  
Feeling demonic harmonic in a no go zone  
You look well suited like you came to win  
Lust, spite and malice, your degrees of sin  
Cruising for pity and looking pretty as fuck  
Ace take your chances  
Queen wish you luck  
Aces take your time  
Draw your final breath  
Jacks are feeling fine  
They've clubbed themselves to death  
Aces take your pity  
You sleep with it instead  
Aces take your time  
You can play your card, I'll hold onto mine  
Tied up in the reasons, Ace take your time  
Looks turn to lovers, flames into fires  
Jack loves his tragedy, Queen her desires  
You look well suited like you came to win  
Lust, spite and malice, your degrees of sin  
Wrap me in your trauma and I may just give you mine  
Queen take your chances  
Ace take your time  
Dope, guns, fucking in the streets (Revolution)  
Everything will blow tonight  
Either friend or foe, tonight  
Cut the deck  
The queens left for dead  
Soft and wet, scarf tied to the bed  
Jack is all tragic when he stands alone  
Feeling demonic harmonic in a no go zone  
You look well suited like you came to win  
Lust, spite and malice, your degrees of sin  
Cruising for pity and looking pretty as fuck  
Ace take your chances  
Queen wish you luck  
Dope, guns, fucking in the streets (Revolution)  
Everything will blow tonight  
Either friend or foe, tonight