

The Kills, 103

Last days in LA you saved me baby from
Strange times
You catch me cooking in the kitchen, looking in
To the fire
Love [?] step with me
Under the last palm tree and
Sip a little water from the dirty fountain, this'll be
The sum of it all

Oh, oh
Keep me on my tippy toe
Oh, oh
It's 103 in the sun

You know what you got
Or what you want, but girl it's hotter
Seems to make you so damn low
You don't know what you want
Or how to stop [?]
What you seen in me before

But I, I
Blame it on the summer
Yeah I, I
Blame it on the summer

These nights we've been tearing are temporary, but
Spit shines
Surfing the current on an eighty proof serpent, your
Red eyes
Love [?] to the nights
Sitting on blocks and
Every elevator in the city says it's going up
When it's on the rocks and

Oh, oh
Keep me on my tippy toe
Oh, oh
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