

The Kills, Jewel Thief

Jewel thief where do you get all those pretty neclaces
jewel thief where do you get all those silve pistols
jewel thief where do you get all those animal heads
with lovely posture u eat bread carefully chewing when they shot you dead
U look like a mannequin with your mouth full
don't worry baby i'll take care of you
you got a million horses at your door u got a feeling that ull
need a million more i got a million horses of my own
in the evening one by one they carry me home
i'll get your telephone i'll run a comb through your dead thief hair
tell them your not home i'll wear your pretty clothes
and shoot your stolen guns
jewel thief you and i are gonna be best friends