

The Kills, Siberian Nights

I could whip you up like cream
I could drink your seven seas
Is that too close for comfort?

I could make you come in threes
I'm half way to my knees
Am I too close for comfort?

For the tyrants in a rut, I got a love
For the gutless dogs, I got a love
For the doomed youth, I got a love

Won't you tell me please
Why they got no love for me
Won't you tell me please
Why they show no love for me

I'll be charging through your dreams
Riding bare chest silver steed
Am I too close to the bone?

Shake a little hup two three
I'm Jesus, rip my jeans
Am I too close for comfort?

For the millionth time, I got a love
For the blue eyed boys, I got a love
For the cruel youth, I got a love

Won't you tell me please
Why they got no love for me
Won't you tell me please
Why they show no love for me

Won't you help me get through these Siberian nights?
Won't you help me get through these Siberian nights?
You know it's hard for me to be alone
Tomorrow we'll go back to our sides
But tonight I need some warmth