

# The Raveonettes, Lust

I fell out of heaven  
to be with you in hell  
my sin's not quite seven  
nothing much to tell  
lust I haven't craved  
a sainted boy I'm not  
I take it to my grave  
a side cursed on rot  
I ride these ropes alone  
beneath the sulfur sky  
everywhere I roam  
life is one big lie  
when the fireball goes down  
out by LA waste  
I come into town  
but only for a day  
if starving in bed means  
I pray for you to understand  
the man sure is sleek  
but lost was my hand  
I struggle and I cry  
I pounce with no revenge  
at least I never lied  
or took the truth to rail