

The Raveonettes, Twilight

Honey don't kill that last cigarette
I got a long, long ways to go
I've been a-drinking and a-thinking all night long
Still got so much more to show
To you
Yeah

And when that hand comes searching
Between your thighs
You better play along to the tune
You got nothing to prove
You're a bad little girl
And you know your life is in ruins
So come on
Yeah

And when the sun retreats
And you got the chills
And your feet are aching to go
You better call on me
Cause I'm dog-gone horny
I'm not your friend but your foe
I've got so much time to please myself
I don't count you in at all
All right
Yeah

My heart is like a filling station
And it jumped with joy when you pulled in
And you later got caught for speedin'
And this drug-cop says you need him
But ain't no walls in the jailhouse safe enough
To hold you down tonight
I'll be right out here on the other side
Waiting for you by the red twilight
So when Friday comes and you got the chills
And your feet are aching to go
Don't have to call on me
Cause I'm already there
Come on little girl, let's go!