

# Vanna, We Ate The Horse You Rode In On

This is not  
At all what it seems  
There is no sorrow or regret  
For the choices that we make  
You'll be gone like them tomorrow  
Goddamn I'm no killer  
They'll be looking  
They'll be searching for days  
To find a trace of your body  
I remember those confessions you made  
When you drove to my house  
Were you looking for trouble  
I know all those houses look the same  
We'll keep on moving  
With the wind at our backs  
I don't want to see you fall apart  
When they come to get you  
I know we can have at this head start  
And I'm sure we'll pull through  
Tell me that we'll make it out alive  
I know this desert has got its ghosts  
So know it's just a matter  
A matter of time before they find us  
Oh my my oh hell yes  
You're being buried in your party dress  
I'll hide my face from the sun  
And the fire won't stop  
Fire won't stop me  
We'll keep on moving with the wind at our backs  
Oh my my oh hell yes  
You're being buried in your party dress  
You're not my usual  
My usual  
You're not my usual victim  
You're safe and sound  
I'll keep you hidden with me