

We Are The Fury, Hey Love

hey love,
where'd you get those bright blue shoes?
instead of love songs i see you like to dance the blues
you're a star in the lights in the middle of the night
all the boys are coming out

well now, the news has gotten around
with your see-through lace and your china doll face
you're the new talk of the town
the suits with their mills show their love in dollar bills
and they're glad to give it out

well, you shook down Cincinnati on your way from Milan
all the sharks down in Miami are still wondering where you've gone
when they ask a chance for romance and a place to call your home
you say a week's eight days too long

hey love,

see i've got my eye on you
i don't want your skin for money but i haven't got a clue why i can't keep my mind free of thinking you
i think it's best i get out now.

well, you shook down Cincinnati on your way from Milan
all the sharks down in Miami are still wondering where you've gone
when they ask a chance for romance and a place to call your home
you say a week's eight days too long

hey why don't you pour me up a drink of special love songs?
you know the kind that make you think about a harlot in the night drenched in black light
am i ever going to get out?

no one sees the way
you're an elegant minx not an average kink who would sell a cheap foreplay
you're my lady, you're my star, you're my shangrila di da
so i'm never coming out!