

The Tease

Evans Blue

Hold your hands into the sky
Pray for mercy, instead of time
Big city lights shine on my big city girl
I think she builds her own heaven
Cause she finds this a lonesome world
Filled with dirty street cars
and dirty signs
I hope there comes a time when
I get to see your dirty mind

Hold your hands into the sky
Pray for mercy, instead of time
Low budget movies,
change our low budget lives
Theres something to corsets and horror
that joins our lonesome minds
And these bloody faces
with their bloody knives
Say if we ever make it
We'll be so bloody tired
(Of these times)

Hold your hands into the sky
Pray for mercy, instead of time
You are the massacre,
the massacist, the tease
And you're captivating,
standing in front of me

Is the reason,
Im still wondering
why everyone we loved has broke away

Hold your hands into the sky
Pray for mercy, instead of time
You are the massacre,
the massacist,
the tease
And you're captivating,
standing in front of me
Hold your hand into the sky
Pray for mercy, instead of time

So be my masscre, be my massacist, be my tease
Cause you captivate me when you stand in front of me