

## The New Romance

### Pretty Girls Make Graves

It started in our basement  
It started in our bedroom  
Got it in the basement  
Got it in the bedroom

Got it in the garage  
Got it on the rooftop  
Burns the fire inside my head

It's revealing, fascinating  
We got it, we set the motion  
Now we have it in our hands

We're selfish with the new romance  
What's ours is ours and ours is secret  
There's no point in explanation  
If you don't know, then you won't know

Restless, fed up tough and clever  
Wishing this would last forever  
Is futile when you know it won't