

Sir Your Fashion Has The Cold Heart Of A Killer

The Beautiful Girls

i miss you, you know, and i just want to come home.
i scream into the night, that same old fear gripping me tight.
i tried calling but a man picked up the phone. he said that nobody was home and could i please leave him alone. back in this ghost town and i'm just trying to get by. trying to escape these dreams that just will not stop chasing me down. i look for you almost every night. see, since you've gone away i don't have strength in me to stay.

dear sir your fashion, it has the cold heart,
of a killer.

and all our reasons they keep going somewhere.
the devil to one side of me seems to believe in killing me.
i'd hold you but my arms have stripped bare.
let's make it through tonight and then we need to make it right.
. how would we both feel if one of us soon were gone? see, i'm not sure the risk is any longer really worth it. in the meantime let's just not use the phone. no more emergency calls. please, no more sirens anymore.

dear sir your fashion, it has the cold heart,
of a killer.

so we wait.
we wait.
no control.
no reason.