

Temple Music

The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster

Come and make me smile, cus I've fallen to my knees
She dances with the men, to the music and the beat
Come and make me smile, cus I've fallen to my knees

Come and make me smile, I've fallen to my knees
My mind is full of death, and the plees that I could scream
Come and play my heart, come and feel my harp
Running for the hills, I carry all my ill's

And now I've ripped out your heart dear
I've gotta throw it away
And now I've ripped out your heart dear
Before the break of day

This meaning in my bed, I find it when I'm bored
The girls they grab a rock, the go rotten the core
My feet are on the ground, I'm out of my tree
And I can here your mind, telephoning me

And now I've ripped out your heart dear
I've gotta throw it away
Butterflies in my stomach
They try to flutter away
And now I've ripped out your heart dear
I wanna throw it away
And now I've ripped out your heart dear

Weakend by my fate, she dances with the men
capythrol on her knees, wheather on my skin

Weakend by my fate, she dances with the men
Scratches on your back, dear where have you been?

And now I've ripped out your heart dear
I've gotta throw it away
Butterflies in my stomach
They try to flutter away

And now I've ripped out your heart dear
I wanna throw it away
And now I've ripped out your heart dear

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(Wild bull, Wild bull
Wild bull, Wild bull
Wild bull, Wild bull
Wild bull, Your a wild bull
Wild bull, Wild bull

Wild bull, Wild bull
Wild bull, Wild bull
Wild bull, Wild bull)