

Black Tar

The Kills

One hit, one invention
You must pay your ransom
Love, lust, you're too handsome

Fairytales are fair game

The world is looking for you
Sharpening its blade
London's bloodthirsty
Paris is a vein, open
A vein on the pulse of mean

Big brushing out-winged sparrow
I'm gonna catch you by the hair of the night
Fortune's arrow
Prick quick to pick a fight

The world is tripping for you
Bidding on your blood
L.A. Catatonia
New York black tar runs, over
Runs over you for fun

Big brushing out-winged sparrow
Hot cooking all De Niro Light
Tucked, prim and primed
If chance were so divine, why

Cool thing go mad and crazy
Some dick is looking for a way
White screen field of daisies
Pull em up, but they all stay
Standing in your way
Stay, standing in your way