

The Search for Cherry Red

The Kills

In every car that passes me on the street
I search for the particular face
The lipstick trembles under boomlights
The lipstick my own brothers only trace

Was the birthday birthday ashtray
Carried all along this way now
It was a gift from my little sister
On the very same day they took her away

And it's painted cherry red, cherry red now
All your dreams are cherry red inside your head
And it's painted cherry red, cherry red now
All your dreams are cherry red inside

In Hollywood I got the phone call
That made my heart and my limosine stall
Falling down in the hotel hall again
Little drunk from the Warners' Christmas ball
Cut by love and cut by switchblade
He's been gone nearly half a decade
Cut by love and cut by switchblade
He's been gone nearly half a decade

I still remember my brother
I see his face on the billboards
and the polaroids that stayed on my pillow 'til they faded

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