

Killer in the Streets

The Raveonettes

You're raising hell on shore
With the widows of love
A new sound from the beaches
Be quiet hear them roar
I got no secrets I got no friends
But I got a hold of you
They say you're trouble I say you're fine
I always crossed that line
Your rose-colored socks
Your sun-bleached hair
You piss me off at times
I don't really care

You drop bombs on my head
You cut me with cheap knives
Make sure I never forget
There's a riot tonight
How a raging love
Can end and no one wins
I hate your delicate smile
Like a thief in the night
With the coming of spring
I jump-start my trip
A trip to behold
A trip I should skip

You'll go first and I'll grieve
It's too much to conceive
In dreams I picture this
The USS Intrepid in the rain
You and I holding hands
While evil runs through your veins
At night they come to make you feel small
Or maybe they don't come at all
I've seen you cry I've seen it all
I've seen your downfall
Was it true or did you make it all up
I'm through I have to stop
Then out of the blue
Like a B52
You drop a bomb cuckoo
And it's over thank you