

# Bones of Love – Anita Lipnicka i John Porter

She's sipping a cappuccino  
Like a cat sipping out of a bowl  
He's black espresso  
To start his heart when it gets cold  
He's thinking 'cognac'  
But afraid his hands might shake  
She's checking her make-up  
Her smile's giving nothing away  
You better kill me before I kill you  
You look good in black  
Who'll pay the bill and keep on walking  
Will get a hole in your back  
Two faded tourists  
Their visas have long expired  
Two forgotten journalists  
Whose headlines have retired  
What's that in his pocket?  
They aint Chinese banknotes  
What's that in her handbag?  
That's no bar of gold  
You better kill me before I kill you  
You look good in black  
Who'll pay the bill and keep on walking  
Will get a hole in their back  
Two suntanned lovers  
Love didn't die, it just went dry  
Fading into the sunlight  
Those bones of love passing by  
You better kill me before I kill you  
You look good in black  
Who'll pay the bill and keep on walking  
Will get a hole in their back  
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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych