

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
You better kill me before I kill you
You look good in black
Who'll pay the bill and keep on walking
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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



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych