

The Love Song – Marilyn Manson

Got a crush on a pretty pistol
Should I tell her that I feel this way?
Father told us to be faithful
Got a crush on a pretty pistol
Should I tell her that I feel this way?
Got love songs in my head, killing us away
Do you love your guns? (Yeah!)
God? (Yeah!)
The government?
Do you love your guns? (Yeah!)
God? (Yeah!)
The government? (Fuck yeah!)
Got love songs in my head
Killing us away
Got love songs in my head
Killing us away
She tells me I'm a pretty bullet
Gonna be a star someday
Mother says that we should look away
She tells me I'm a pretty bullet
An imitation Christ
Got love songs in my head, killing us away!
Do you love your guns? (Yeah!)
God? (Yeah!)
The government?
Do you love your guns? (Yeah!)
God? (Yeah!)
The government?
Do you love your guns? (Yeah!)
God? (Yeah!)
The government?
Do you love your guns? (Yeah!)
God? (Yeah!)
The government? (Fuck yeah!)
I got love songs in my head
Killing us away

Got love songs in my head
Killing us away
Got love songs in my head
Killing us away!
Do you love your guns? (Yeah!)
God? (Yeah!)
The government?
Do you love your guns? (Yeah!)
God? (Yeah!)
The government?
Do you love your guns? (Yeah!)
God? (Yeah!)
The government?
Do you love your guns? (Yeah!)
God? (Yeah!)
The government? (Fuck yeah!)



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych