

Matamoros

The Afghan Whigs

Now that the blood has begun
I'd like to see how it's done
Behind my back
Up to my face
Let's take the money and run
Before you go for that, son
You better think about luck
While you're debating
I'll be waiting for the sound of a bomb
Boom
Boom
Boom
If my desire for your company
Made this motherfucker
Point his gun at me
Every conversation, every little crime
That you hide, I will find
And if you ever do change your mind-I'm over you
I'll tell you why
Your kiss is poison
And your cast off ways defined
I'll cut you down, I'll stitch you up
You played with FIRE with me They say that fate is a card
And that the sun is a star
I'm throwin' shade, we got it made
I think I'll have a cigar
I got a number for real
There ain't no way it can fail
I'm so excited you decided
To come over and beg

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