# Chloe

## Blood or Whiskey

There she was my soap box Derby queen
The girl I loved was the girl from yesterday
So I walked up to her and asked her what's your name?
She smiled and turned I suppose it was my fame
I want your body, I want your body Chloe
I need your body
I want your body, I want your body Chloe
I need your body Chloe
Chucked and died the all important cause
That's when she started to see my flaws
So she took my hand and we walked to Sydney parade
Down an alleyway I met suburbia's grave
There we stood in the pouring rain
My eyes met hers
She could see my pain

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