Fame

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

Just a tattoo carved in skin, it will haunt you.
And the substance will break you.
The addictions a breakthrough.
So search for me in hell.
I could not blame you.
I'll be the one singing a love song.
You had it all in your hands, but you threw it away.
Just for the simple taste of the high that you crave.
I won't come down.
Red hair, stilettos; she smells like Chanel
and I'm a sucker for nylons.

I thought you'd never go and leave me here alone.
Still freezing in the cold a million miles from home.
Just a tattoo carved in skin it will haunt you.
And the substance will break you.
The addictions a breakthrough.
I hope this murder finds you well
at the end of the rope.
I thought you'd never go and leave me here alone
Still freezing in the cold a million miles from home.
At the of the rope we'll start over again.
At the end of the rope, from the ceiling you'll hang.
At the end of the rope we'll start over again.
A million miles from home.

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