

# Murder Black Corvette

## Out Cold

Living my life on the high wire  
Has taken its toll  
Deep in my heart there's a wildfire  
That taken control

And now the shadows are forming  
Behind my eyes  
Clutching at promises that never materialise

There's another way, there's another way

My problems shrink to a whisper  
When I'm in the grips  
Of this unholy religion  
I reseal my lips

Crawling the streets as the city sleeps like a motherless child  
One of these days I'm go'n find my feet  
And I'm leaving this town

Gonna paint my silhouette  
In a Murder Black Corvette  
In the skyline of the city  
Gonna trade all my regrets  
For a Murder Black Corvette  
And a wild ride of the city  
If the fight don't kill me

Under this busted old bonnet  
Beats a pure heart  
There's love in this life if you want it  
Just reach in the dark  
I want my blue collar romance  
On which I can depend  
Wrapped in the arms of a slow dance  
At the weekend

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And now the shadows are forming, forming

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Lyrics submitted by Lou Desmier.

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