

Violent Femmes

Death By Unga Bunga

In the streets of Paris the strangest things are happening.
Something wrong, something cold, mysteries untold.
After dark at the park, it seems to be a gathering.
the violent femmes are looking for love

In my bed, rest my head, am I safe or will they get to me.
Piercing screams from the streets, in my head, I am scared.
Underneath where I sleep I feel them, they are closing in
Be prepared to dance with the dead

Violent Femmes, making love with the dead.
In the streets of Paris, in the dark they run free.
Violent femmes.

I seek peace in my sheets, I hide my face so I can't see.
In my bed I'll play dead, maybe they will leave me be.
Through my door, in their core, a gang comes running just to feed on me.
I'm their slave. I'm making love with the dead.

Violent femmes, making love with the dead
In the streets of Paris, in the dark they run free.
Violent femmes.

Lyrics submitted by May Linn Myhr.

Lyrics provided by

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