Lost Art Of Murder

Babyshambles

Roll a four, roll a nine
Find yourself washed up in paradise
Like before you didn't mind
Someone else washed up in paradise, everyday
What a nice day for a murder
Yourself a killer but the only thing you're killing is your time
There's nothing absurder than a burd'
It's a burden to your heart, soul, body, spirit and mind
Don't look back at me like that, she won't take you back
I said too much, been too unkind
Get off your back, stop smoking that
Change your life, just might change her mind, her mind
Roll a four, roll a nine
Find yourself washed up in paradise
All the fours to all the nines
I lost my phone in paradise, pay as you go
What a nice day for a murder
Say you're a killer, I think you're killing is time
There's nothing absurder than a burd'
It's a burden to your heart, soul, body, spirit and mind
Oh, don't look at me like that, she won't take you back
Done too much, been too unkind
Get up off your back, stop smoking that
Change your life, think it'll change her mind
Don't look at me like that, she won't take you back
Said too much, been too unkind
Get up off your back, stop smoking that
Change your life, just might change her mind

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