

The Boy Who Murdered Love

[Diana Vickers](#)

You're the boy who murdered love
You're the boy who murdered love
Cold hands and a heart of stone
You're a Midas in reverse
You're the king of pain and hurt
And the stars turn into fire
And the roses change from red to black
You encourage my desire
Then you put the arrow in my back and I'm
Shot, shot, shot, shot, shot like a bullet
Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, oh, you love it
No, no, no, no, no, now you've done it
You're the boy who murdered love
Love, love, love, love, love
You're the boy who murdered love
You're the thief of innocence
You're a tainted cherry tree
There's a mark upon your skin
Where your heart once used to be
You're a sinner with no soul
You're the nearly-was I never had
You're an angel I was told
Then you put the arrow in my back and I'm
Shot, shot, shot, shot, shot like a bullet
Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, oh, you love it
No, no, no, no, no, now you've done it
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