

One Day He Went Out for Milk and Never Came Home

The Paper Chase

I laid my black heart on the table

It may just make itself at home

Cut short your cord length on the phone

Your smoke alarms and barred windows

Can't save your house god burn your soul Is my dinner in the oven?

Lovebird, you haven't touched your bread

Revenge served cold, breakfast in (death)bed

I'll never touch a hair on your pretty head

I want your heart, I want your head Sweetheart, I'd send you up to heaven

But you'd eat them out of house and home

My tender jewel my precious pearl

My ruby red my diamond girl

String up my kitten by her curls So how does it feel to know that this is all you'll ever be my darling?

A slight grease fire, accident-prone at home

Say we won't lie to ourselves like those bastards you swear

Say it to me we make this bond

You and me or you and me Do you want to go to heaven?

Come to the light hang on to this arm

My good boys good girls and good gods

The sinking ship the grand applause

You owe it to me make me this bond

You and me, you and me Do you want to go to heaven?

Oh dear, oh dear and if I show you her dark side

Should you meet your malcontent or maybe meet with an accident

Good daddies won't let you die

Oh do you want to go to heaven?

I will never let you die

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