Love Kills

Radio Birdman

She smokes long cigarettes
Ashes on her jeans
Came out of Chicago
Looking cold and mean
She said nothing's there
Nothing left to try
Drinking down at the old Town Bar
I told her when I lied

Drove out to her sister's place Out on Island Park Drive

Love kills your mind
Love kills your time
Love kills the film on your eyes

Sinking in her grey eyes
Singing 'We Will Fall'
Staring out the hotel window
At the pictures in the hall
Driving out to Detroit Metro
The snow driving on the wind
The sky was grey and white
The road was to the end
Ice was flying through my eyes
My heart was cold as sin

Love kills your mind
Love kills your time
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