

# Disarm

## The Civil Wars

Disarm you with a smile  
And cut you like you want me to  
Cut that little child  
Inside of me and such a part of you  
The years burn  
Ooh, the years burn I used to be a little boy  
So old in my shoes  
And what I choose is my choice  
What's a boy supposed to do?  
The killer in me, is the killer in you  
My love  
I send this smile over to you Disarm you with a smile  
And leave you like they left me here  
To wither in denial  
The bitterness of one who's left alone  
The years burn  
Ooh, the years burn, burn, burn I used to be a little boy  
Whoa so old in my shoes  
And what I choose that's my voice  
Oh what's a boy supposed to do?  
The killer in me, is the killer in you  
My love  
I send this smile over to you ohh ohh The killer in me, is the killer in you  
My love  
I send this smile over to you The killer in me, is the killer in you  
I send this smile over to you

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