

# The Killing Type

Amanda Palmer

I wouldn't kill to win a war  
I don't get what they do it for  
It's all so terribly vague  
I see the pictures from a thousand years of battle  
And I think it's such a bore I walk New Orleans with a knife  
Like Mackie hidden out of sight  
But I'd be useless if they jumped  
I'm really not the killing type  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh I'm not the killing type  
I'm not the killing type  
I'm not, I'm not  
I'm not the killing type, I'm not I've got a picture of your mum  
Before the war when she was young  
She's got an etching to her right  
I think it's funny that she's looking to the left  
And it's her son I wouldn't kill to get you back  
And I've officially been asked  
I couldn't kill to save a life  
I'd rather a die a peaceful piece of shit-bait  
Shame-filled coward  
Thanks I'm not the killing type  
I'm not the killing type  
I'm not, I'm not  
I'm not the killing type, I'm not But I would kill to make you feel  
I don't mean kill someone for real  
I couldn't do that, it is wrong  
But I can say it in a song, a song, a song And I'm saying it now  
I'm saying it so  
Even if you never hear this song  
Somebody else would know  
I'm saying it now  
I'm saying it so  
Even if you never hear this song  
Somebody else will know, know, know, know I just can't explain how good it feels  
I just can't explain how good it feels  
I just can't explain how good it feels  
I just can't describe I once stepped on a dying bird  
It was a mercy killing  
I couldn't sleep for a week

I kept feeling its breaking bones  
I heard that if you see a star at night  
And the conditions are just right  
And you are standing on a cliff  
Then you can close your eyes  
And make a wish and take a step  
And change somebody's life  
I'm not the killing type  
I'm not, I'm not  
I'm not the killing type, I'm not  
But I would kill to make you feel  
I'd kill to move your face an inch  
I see you staring into space  
I wanna stick my fist into your mouth  
And twist your Arctic heart  
Yes, I would kill to make you feel  
I don't mean kill someone for real  
I couldn't do that, it is wrong  
But I can say it in a song, a song, a song  
And I'm saying it now  
I'm saying it so  
Even if you never hear this song  
Somebody else would know  
I'm saying it now  
I'm saying it so  
Even if you never hear this song  
Somebody else will know, know, know, know  
I just can't explain how good it feels  
I just can't explain how good it feels  
I just can't describe-ibe-ibe-ibe  
Die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die  
I'm not the killing type

Songwriters

Amanda Palmer  
Published by

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