Dressed To Kill

The Virginmarys

She is addiction, she is my mind,
Running on empty with my partner in crime.
Speakin our gospel and serving our time,
If she wants forgiveness I'm first in the line.
24/7 our body employs
A belly of nerves and a head full of noise,
She's straight down the middle, she cuts like a knife,
She dresses to kill, when she's saving my lifeStrips off the armour gets it all off her chest,
Dances with karma in her black party dress,
No secret ambition, she wants to be free,
She's lost in translation to the powers that be,
Building the bridges and making amends
Burning the candle at 3 different ends
Shes straight down the middle, she cuts like a knife,
She dresses to kill.....she says....."Step by step, we'll find a way back home
Hand in hand, a walking prayer
She is all I've ever known,
Blood red ribbons in jet black hair.
Pale white skin and eyes like pearls,
In this single mind we share.
One restless heart one tortured soul,
It wont ever let her goShe says
"Step by step, we'll find a way back home
Hand in hand, a walking prayer
She is all I've ever known,
Blood red ribbons in jet black hair.
Pale white skin and eyes like pearls,
She's my world, She's my world.
One restless heart one tortured soul,
I will never let her goShe's my world.She is addiction, she is my mind,
Running on empty with my partner in crime.
She's straight down the middle,
Cuts like a knife, she dresses to kill.

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