

Swing The Heartache

Bauhaus

Out of her mouth it came as no surprise
Lipstick stained on whip cream lies
I feel that if I had been uglier
It would have been easier There, there, there, there
There it sat, blinked and spat
In a black feather hat and said, "The rat" Like a red bouquet, slim swinger
It would have fit her better but no red letter
No red letter But she wants to be a better singer
Swing the Heartache
Just for her sake But she wants to be a better singer
Swing the Heartache
Just for her sake GruesomeAaa
Aaa

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