The Dead Part Of You

American Music Club

The price of your soul is worth less than the cab fare
That gets you home before the living end
The dead part of you leaves me with a blessing
From a destruction of your beauty
Your self-hatred, your self-pityThere's so little of you leftThe dead part of you takes me out
And says the beast in me is fading fast
And leaves me with a great big goodbye hug
It's busy clinging to the dead part of the pastYou only love one thing
And there's so little of it left
He has taken everything
And there's so little of you leftYou're just a baby in the back seat
That a door slam sends crying into the world
And a cab driver's in a hurry that matters more than
More than anything we can hope for from the worldYou only love one thing
And there's so little of it left
He has taken everything
And there's so little of you left

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