Love Kills

Joe Strummer

Walking out of England thinking you were king
Taking on this world, on that bus that goes through Mexico
A killer love finds a sweet Mexican girl
But in Mississippi we rushed into the roomDown in Dixie you were crying for dope
Down in Alabama, they like home cooked fare, yeah
So we're gonna strap you to the frying chair, yeahBut I don't know what love is
Is there something else giving me the chills?
But if my hands are the color of blood
Then baby, I can tell ya, sure I can tell ya
Love kills, kills, love kills, killsDo you wanna hear all the sirens
Of the city drown the arguing?
We're on Rikers Island on a population board
They don't care about your fameBut I don't know what love is
Is there something else giving me the chills?
But if my hands are the color of blood
Then baby, I can tell ya, sure I can tell ya
Love kills, kills, love kills, killsOn the Rio Grande they'll tie you to a tree
Ooh, oh, ohh, ooh, oh, ohh
And you can't call the lawyers
'Cause the whorehouse is asleep
Ohh, oh, ohh, ooh, oh, ohhYou people will get weak
Ohh, oh, ohh, ooh, oh, ohh
They'll throw you in a cell
Where you can barely breathe
Ohh, oh, ohh, ooh, oh, ohhBut I don't know what love is
Is there something else giving me the chills?
But if my hands are the color of blood
Then baby, I can tell ya, sure I can tell ya
Love kills, kills, love kills, kills

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