They Called Her Killer

Lucero

They called her killer boy and now I know why
She looked straight through me with those baby blue eyes
Long dark hair and one foot out the door
Stole my heart and I'm a goner for sureIt's the kind of love that kills a man
She's never felt such a thing at all
But we gladly hold the knife for her
It almost makes it not her faultI don't want to smoke
I don't want to drink
Can't go to work
I can barely eat
Come on now killer have mercy on me
Lord I'm in trouble alright
Lord I'm in trouble alright ohhhhYou wouldn't think a girl with freckles like that
Could take a grown man's heart and just cut it right out
Throw it in the backyard, forget that it's everywhere
Till the dogs rip it open and get blood everywhereIt's the kind of love that kills a man
She's never felt such a thing at all
But we gladly hold the knife for her
It almost makes it not her faultI don't want to smoke
I don't want to drink
Can't go to work
I can barely eat
Come on now killer have mercy on me
Lord I'm in trouble alright
Lord I'm in trouble alright ohThey called her killer boy and now I know why
'Cause you can't stay with her if you want to stay alive
Get out of California back to Tennessee
And stay away from Texas long as killer's running freeIt's the kind of love that kills a man
She's never felt such a thing at all
But we gladly hold the knife for her
It almost makes it not her faultI don't want to smoke
I don't want to drink
Can't go to work
I can barely eat
Come on now killer have mercy on me
Lord I'm in trouble alright
Lord I'm in trouble alright oh

Songwriters

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