

Worse Than A Fairy Tale

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

Call me temptress.
Call me a whore.
That's just a price tag.
I'm not for sale.
Don't be so obvious,
It's so unattractive,
You know.
You're singing in you sleep.
This won't feel right at all in the morning.
But I still have your kiss and soft skin.

You're singing in your sleep.
This won't feel right at all in the morning.
Don't play detective now.
You can try but you won't find a trace.
It's a sin to have these eyes.
Well god blessed me with good taste.
The shadows come from under the ground,
They sweep you off your feet.
As soon as the sun sets,
The fucking earth sinks.

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