

Donner, Party of Five

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

Your nails, fashion red.
Paint a story your eyes never kept.
Don't worry, sweetie,
I'm just killing lately. You think I'm a killer?
You think these eyes belong to a murderer?
Pass judgement fast,
Cause that's the last look you'll get. Please take me with you.
Please take me with you. In autumn, I won't be here.
So help me, God.
So help me, God. I've walked and searched for eighteen years
And died for nothing. Your nails, fashion red.
Paint a story your eyes never kept.
Don't worry, sweetie,
I'm just killing lately. You think I'm a killer?
You think these eyes belong to a murderer?
Pass judgement fast,
Cause that's the last look you'll get. In autumn, I won't be here.
So help me, God.
So help me, God. "I've been evil,
Making a mess
Out of this town;
I woke the devil."

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