

the tease

Patrice BÃumel

Hold your hands into the sky
Pray for mercy instead of timeBig cities' action, oh, my big city girl
Think she builds her own heaven
'Cause she finds it's a lonesome worldFilled with dirty street cars and dirty signs
I hope there comes a time when
I get to see your dirty mindHold your hands into the sky
Pray for mercy instead of timeLow budget movies change our low budget lives
There's something to corsets and horror
That joins our lonesome mindsAnd these bloody faces with their bloody knives
Say if we ever make it, we'll be so bloody tired
Of these timesHold your hands into the sky
Pray for mercy, instead of time
You are the massacre, the masochist, the tease
And you're captivating, standing in front of meIs the reason I'm still wondering
Why everyone we loved has broke away?Hold your hands into the sky
Pray for mercy instead of time
You are the massacre, the masochist, the tease
And you're captivating, standing in front of meHold your hand into the sky
Pray for mercy instead of time
So be my massacre, be my masochist, be my tease
Because you captivate me when you stand in front of me

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