

Spite & Malice

Placebo

Revolution, dope, guns, fucking in the streets
Revolution, dope, guns, fucking in the streets
Aces take your time
Queens are left for dead
Jacks can stand in line
And touch themselves instead
Aces take your pity
And keep it warm in bed
Aces take your time
Cut the deck
The queens left for dead
Soft and wet, scarf tied to the bed
Jack is all tragic when he stands alone
Feeling demonic harmonic in a no go zone
You look well suited like you came to win
Lust, spite and malice, your degrees of sin
Cruising for pity and looking pretty as fuck
Ace take your chances
Queen wish you luck
Aces take your time
Draw your final breath
Jacks are feeling fine
They've clubbed themselves to death
Aces take your pity
You sleep with it instead
Aces take your time
You can play your card, I'll hold onto mine
Tied up in the reasons, Ace take your time
Looks turn to lovers, flames into fires
Jack loves his tragedy, Queen her desires
You look well suited like you came to win
Lust, spite and malice, your degrees of sin
Wrap me in your trauma and I may just give you mine
Queen take your chances
Ace take your time
Dope, guns, fucking in the streets
Everything will blow tonight
Either friend or foe, tonight
Cut the deck

The queens left for dead
Soft and wet, scarf tied to the bed
Jack is all tragic when he stands alone
Feeling demonic harmonic in a no go zone
You look well suited like you came to win
Lust, spite and malice, your degrees of sin
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Queen wish you luck
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Everything will blow tonight
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Songwriters

WARFIELD, JUSTIN / MOLKO, BRIAN / OLSDAL, STEFAN / HEWITT, STEVEN
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