

URA Fever

The Kills

Walk you to the counter
(What you got to offer?)
Pick you out a solder
(Look at you forever)Walk you to the water
(Your eyes like a casino)
We ain't born typicalFind a piece of silver
(Pretty as a diagram)
And go down to the Rio
(Put it in my left hand)Put it in a fruit machine
(Everyone's a winner)
Laughin' like a seagullU.R.A fever
U.R.A fever
Ya ain't born typicalU.R.A fever
U.R.A fever
Ya ain't born typicalLivin' in a suitcase
(Meet a clown, fall in love)
Went down to have you over
(Going 'round a break up)Take you to a jukebox
(That's the situation)
Pick you out a number
(And that's our arrangement)Dancing on the legs
Of a newborn pony
Left, right, left, right
Keep it up, sonGo ahead and have her
Go ahead and leave her
You only ever had her
When you were a feverI am a fever
I am a fever
I ain't born typicalI am a fever
I am a fever
I ain't born typicalWe are a fever
We are a fever
We ain't born typicalWe are a fever
We are a fever
We ain't born typicalWe are a fever
We are a fever
We ain't born typicalWe are a fever
We are a fever

We ain't born typical

Songwriters

James William Hince;Alison MosshartPublished by

DOMINO PUBLISHING COMPANY OF AMERICA INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>