

Worse Than A Fairy Tale

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

Call me a 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 your sleep.
This won't feel all right at all in the morning.

But I still have your kiss and your soft skin.

You're singing in your sleep.
This won't feel all 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.