

# They Called Her Killer

Lucero

They called her killer boy and now I know why  
She looked straight through me with those baby blue eyes  
Long dark hair and one foot out the door  
Stole my heart and I'm a goner for sure

It's the kind of love that kills a man  
She's never felt such a thing at all  
But we gladly hold the knife for her  
It almost makes it not her fault

I don't want to smoke  
I don't want to drink  
Can't go to work  
I can barely eat  
Come on now killer have mercy on me  
Lord I'm in trouble alright  
Lord I'm in trouble alright ohhhh

You wouldn't think a girl with freckles like that  
Could take a grown man's heart and just cut it right out  
Throw it in the backyard, forget that it's everywhere  
Till the dogs rip it open and get blood everywhere

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She's never felt such a thing at all

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Can't go to work  
I can barely eat  
Come on now killer have mercy on me  
Lord I'm in trouble alright  
Lord I'm in trouble alright oh

They called her killer boy and now I know why  
'Cause you can't stay with her if you want to stay alive  
Get out of California back to Tennessee  
And stay away from Texas long as killer's running free

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She's never felt such a thing at all  
But we gladly hold the knife for her  
It almost makes it not her fault

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