Mr. Superlove

Afghan Whigs

The storm was blowing from the South The blood was running from your mouth Glass was shattered on the floor A hundred pieces maybe more I remember you were crying Just befoere you sent it flying Silent sounding pounding on my floor

You may not believe me, baby, when I tell you that I am Mr. Sup erlove You may not believe me, baby, when I tell you that I am Mr. Sup erlove Falling out (falling out) Falling out (falling out) Falling out (falling out) We had a falling-out

Clothes were lying on the chair Your face was hidden by your hair All that I could think of then was What it must have felt like when you Were lying naked headlong down the stairs

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