Shoved in the kitchen of a city tomb
The light would flicker like a violent womb
The night was thicker than a smokey fume
Liza waited in the room

Benny loved her like he loved no one
The way she'd laugh and hold a smoking gun
The way she always said, "What's done is done."
And he was not the only one

Love is a gentle thing Yours is thicker than a velvet ring Yours is thicker than a velvet ring

A victim healer with a sharp sharp blade Benny knew how she was getting paid Her water broke and they would have to wade

When he knew that she was fooling
He faced the mirror to avoid the thing said
We're outta money and we sold the bling
And I just wanna take you home, I just wanna take you home

Love is a gentle thing Yours is thicker than a velvet ring Yours is thicker than a velvet ring

And I am wandering I am wandering