

Killing Machine

Chuck Prophet

She had a song in her heart
She had a baby to feed
She was working her steps
Just trying to stay clean
She had a song in her heart
He was a killing machine
He was a killing machine
He walked into a store
He came out with a gun
It was as easy as pie
Like he was paying for gum

He walked out of the store
He was a killing machine
He was a killing machine
She went out for a smoke
On a hot afternoon
It was the end of July
With all the lilies in bloom
She stepped out for a smoke
He was a killing machine
He was a killing machine