

## Mrs Thomas

Conchita Wurst

Sometimes your heart feels lost in the desert  
Every decision like a move to a deathtrap  
Hungry for passion and thirsty for love  
When you're looking for shelter she is your mirage

Honeyed words like quicksand you will drown  
Although she never makes a promise  
She is Mrs Thomas  
She is Mrs Thomas  
She is Mrs Thomas

Her skin seems like silk but it is bulletproof  
They roll off like raindrops on a rose  
She orders champagne in the darkest saloon  
The wolves cry for her and turn away from the moon

Honeyed words like quicksand you will drown  
Although she never makes a promise  
She is Mrs Thomas  
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She's the babe who will take you down 'cause she  
She is Mrs Thomas

Honeyed words like quicksand you will drown  
Although she never makes a promise  
She is Mrs Thomas  
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