

A kissing in the acid rain
Heaven on her tongue again
The cutest couple in the halls of Hell, well
She was smoking with her friends
Exhaled nicotine and breathed me in

Black denim under pale moonlight
Her skin is milk, so pale and white
Underneath the teenage spell, well
She's Christina Applegate
Hopelessly beautiful in 1988

She's my cyanide
I drink her every night
And modern love can feel like suicide
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And modern love can feel like suicide

Holy water for the lady please
Love is best upon our knees
With grass stains upon our jeans, now
The devil dreams of me and you
Of all the nasty things we do, oh baby

Black lipstick on a coffee cup
Love is envious of lust
She's cold but still I burn up
In a gin and tonic trance
We know sobriety won't teach the kids to dance

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So we drive until the road (Runs out)
Or at least until our tears
We count our sins beneath the sun
We know no one forgives the fugitives of heaven

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