

# Cyanide

Creeper

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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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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