

# Dead Man's Chill

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I see your red eyes shining  
Down on me  
And the odour of week-end whiskey  
Sweat and greed  
Drunken fumbblings  
Awkward limbs  
Curses made at the dawn  
Cold customer what's the score?  
Cold customer feel a dead man claw  
I feel your clammy skin  
And my heart just misses a beat  
Cold customer what's the score?

You made a silver palace  
Just for me  
And put in everything  
A girl could need  
As I sit in my gilded cage  
You throw away the key  
Cold customer what's the thrill?  
Cold customer feel a dead man chill  
Oh sick lover  
Never know another  
Till the day you set me free  
Cold customer what's the thrill?