

Dead Man's Chill

Danielle Dax

I see your red eyes shining
Down on me
And the odour of week-end whiskey
Sweat and greed
Drunken fumblings
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?