Bullets And Bread

Ima Robot

This is it
Spitfire takes the stage
A mess in paper clothes (paper)
She recalled the horrors of her youth
Now watch her close her eyes and lick the microphone
I know you won't, but who am I to tell you more?
Oh no

I love her
I love her
I cannot believe her
I wanna deceive her
I love her to death
I need her so badly
I want her so madly
I leave her so sadly
She's bullets and and and bread

Get me on the floor
Let me look at you sideways
A choice of your three doors
I choose that one, that one, ooh
Well, leave me, now, honey, to a starving mantra
It looks like I could lose control of my world my world

I love her, I need her, I leave her for death
I wanna believe her, she's bullets and bread

I love her
I love her
I cannot believe her
I wanna deceive her
I love her to death
I want her so badly
I need her so madly
I leave her so sadly
She's bullets and and and bread

Yeah you are
Yeah you are

I want her, I need her, I leave her for death
I will not believe her, she's bullets and bread

Now the best of you has been taken by me
Moonlit fights, tore apart our better plans
I told you once, only jokers get to laugh (hahaha)
I tell you now, but who am I to tell you more?
Now, now get out on the floor

Get out on the floor
Chicka-ah
I'm lighting this candle, I'm burning for you
I'm dancing! Haha, what?
I, I, I'm lighting this candle, I'm burning for you

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