

# Dining With Thieves And Supermodels

InMemory

Excuses, excuses are better than letting me down  
But when you broke the silence you spoke and your tongue was the sharpest thing I found  
So I put it to my skin, right next to my mouth  
I think you called it a kiss  
I was thinking let me out

Out of this town  
Out of your mind  
Out of your memory  
It's a mistake  
This is not sick  
Why don't you let me, out?

Your blood and your sex is old and but that heart is still mine  
In my bed, in my arms, in my thoughts, in my veins, you're the hardest thing to find  
So I put it to my mouth, right between my lips  
I think you called it a kiss  
In the shape of a bullet

Out of this town  
Out of your mind  
Out of your memory  
It's a mistake  
This is not sick  
Why don't you let me, out?

If you don't want to know, don't want to hear  
Please turn off the radio dear  
Don't want to know, don't want to hear  
Please turn off the radio dear  
Don't want to know, don't want to hear  
Please turn off the radio dear  
Don't want to know, don't want to hear

Tonight, tonight I claim that bed  
Tonight, tonight I claim that bed

Don't want to know, don't want to hear  
Please turn off the radio dear  
Don't want to know, don't want to hear  
Please turn off the radio dear

Don't want to know, don't want to hear  
Please turn off the radio dear  
Don't want to know, don't want to hear  
Please turn off the radio dear

Out of this town  
Out of your mind  
Out of your memory  
It's a mistake  
This is not sick  
Why don't you let me...  
Out of this town  
Out of your mind

Out of your memory  
It's a mistake  
This is not sick  
Why don't you let me, out?  
Let me out  
Let me out  
Let me out

Don't want to know  
If you don't want to know  
If you don't want to know