

Love Kills

Joe Strummer

Walking out of England thinking you were king taking on this world
On that bus that goes through Mexico a killer love finds a sweet Mexican girl
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But down in Mississippi we rushed into the room
Down in Dixie you were crying for dope

Down in Alabama they like home cooked fare yeah
So we're gonna strap you to the fryin' chair yeah

But I don't know what love is
Is there something else giving me the chills?
But if my hands are the color of blood
Then, I can tell ya
sure I can tell ya
Love kills
Love Kills
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Do you wanna hear all the sirens of the city drown the arguing?
We're on riker's island on a population board
They don't care about your fame

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On the Rio Grande they'll tie you to a tree
Ooh-oh-ohh x2
And you can't call the lawyers 'cause the whorehouse is asleep
Ohh-oh-ohh x2
You people will get weak
Ohh-oh-ohh x2
They'll throw you in a cell where you can barely breathe

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