

# 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

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  
Love kills  
Love Kills

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

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  
Love kills  
Love Kills

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

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  
Love kills  
Love Kills