

Crime of Passion

Loudon Wainwright III

Take me in your arms, snuff me with you charms
Crime of passion, crime of passion
When my soul has fled keep my carcass in your bed
Hard time ration

Yeah, what a way to go, think of my death throe
It would thrill me, it's gonna thrill me
What a way to die, wedged inside you pie

It would kill me, it's gonna kill me

Well it's a kind of suicide that simply must be tried
Must be delicious, hey, it must be delicious
Hey, you call a different kind of race, that silly smile upon my face
It'd be suspicious, probably suspicious