

Killer's Kiss

New Bomb Turks

I'll cup your neck like a cup o' joe.
Yeah, warm and sweet and soft and slow.
Or pinch it, swish, get the smell
and down like wine.
But if bourbon's the mood
a short shot takes no time.

The shot will be a stab.
The kiss, a killer's kiss.
The grab will be a stab.
The kiss, a killer's kiss.

I wanna be a pal.
There are confidantes few
with ears so open and
hands so true.
You can count on me but
watch your math.
If you don't carry this one
I'm a wiz at subtracting.

The cut will come in a flesh,
just like a killer's kiss.
The grab will be a stab.
The kiss, a killer's kiss.

So purse your lips,
and close your eyes.
Feel your heels rise and fall
to the killer's kiss.

So purse your lips,
and close your eyes.
Take in the quick breath
of traitor caught.
The killer's kiss.

You think I'm blind
to you midnight moves.
Well my sites are set -
infrared hot mood.
Mistakes can be made;
If you only knew.
The knife would turn those
red lips blue.

Turn around, see the headlight's glare
from the killer's kiss.
The grab will be a stab.
The kiss, a killer's kiss