

# Killer

Phoebe Bridgers

Sometimes I think I'm a killer  
Scared you in your house  
Even scared myself by talking  
About Dahmer on your couch

But I can't sleep next to a body  
Even harmless in death  
Plus I'm pretty sure I'd miss you  
And faking sleep to count your breath

Can the killer in me  
Tame the fire in you?  
Is there nothing left to do for us?  
I am sick of the chase  
But I'm hungry for blood  
And there's nothing I can do

But when I'm sick and tired  
When my mind is barely there  
When a machine keeps me alive  
And I'm losing all my hair

I hope you kiss my rotten head  
And pull the plug  
Know that I've burned every playlist  
And given all my love

Can the killer in me  
Tame the fire in you?  
I know there's something waiting for us  
I am sick of the chase  
But I'm stupid in love  
And there's nothing I can do  
And there's nothing I can do