

Feast

SPRINTS

She's a bad stroke of luck
Yeah they hit her with the book
She's got a face for every place
You'll never know how she looks
And if heaven was a hero
Then she'd go on and sing it
Drink the poison from the wine
Without a breath go on and sink it

She's got to seek for peace
When she's down on her knees
And she's praying to a god
In which she don't think she believes
But the nectar is sweet
Pass the blessing on to me
Running thrillers cross the country
Yeah we're Thelma and Louise

What it seems
It's not all what it seems
How does it seem
It's not all what it seems

She's a right closed book
With a killer of a look
She's got a face for every place
And a hotel full of love
If a secret is a sinner
She's a category winner
Pulled the prize from the mantle
Yeah she chewed me up like dinner

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(How does it seems, it's not all what is seems)
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