Sinister Kid

The Black Keys

Well, the crooks are out And the streets are gray You know I wouldn't have it Any other way, yeah

Your mother's words They're, they're ringing still But your mother Don't pay our bills, yeah

A sinister kid, is a kid who Runs to meet his maker A drop dead sprint from the day he's born Straight into his makers arms

And that's me, that's me The boy with the broken halo That's me, that's me The devil won't let me be

I got a tortured mind And my blade is sharp A bad combination In the dark

If I kill a man In the first degree Baby, would you Would you flee with me?

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