

LA Hex

The Kills

Caught up in all of the drama and all of the fuss

I was day-dreaming of a hundred
Caught up in all of the drama and all of the fuss
Caught by the LA hex hanging above us
Like a drone, like a God
Magicking she into something I don't know what
I don't know what
But I know that once I was fresh blood
And now I know that I'm not

I still got my ways you know
I still got my ways
I still got my ways you know

1, 2, 3 or 4

The city got witchy all of a sudden
All of the blocks dried up and lost
Like you and me
On rough seas
Coast yachts
Bumping alone in the docks
And still all these girls want your pity
Like non-stop
It's hard to watch

You all smitten and twitching
With butterflies in your cock
Hitting your PIN til you drop
I mean

Whatever armor you got
I guess I mean
Whatever armor you got
Pretty much

But I still got my ways you know
I still got my ways
I still got my ways you know
I still got my ways

I still got my ways you know
I still got my ways
I still got my ways you know
I still got my ways