

## Killer in the Streets

The Raveonettes

You're raising hell on shore  
With the widows of love  
A new sound from the beaches  
Be quiet hear them roar  
I got no secrets I got no friends  
But I got a hold of you  
They say you're trouble I say you're fine  
I always crossed that line  
Your rose-colored socks  
Your sun-bleached hair  
You piss me off at times  
I don't really care

You drop bombs on my head  
You cut me with cheap knives  
Make sure I never forget  
There's a riot tonight  
How a raging love  
Can end and no one wins  
I hate your delicate smile  
Like a thief in the night  
With the coming of spring  
I jump-start my trip  
A trip to behold  
A trip I should skip

You'll go first and I'll grieve  
It's too much to conceive  
In dreams I picture this  
The USS Intrepid in the rain  
You and I holding hands  
While evil runs through your veins  
At night they come to make you feel small  
Or maybe they don't come at all  
I've seen you cry I've seen it all  
I've seen your downfall  
Was it true or did you make it all up  
I'm through I have to stop  
Then out of the blue  
Like a B52  
You drop a bomb cuckoo  
And it's over thank you