

# Murderer

Tom MacDonald

Keep your hands above your waist, I need to see if you reach for something  
Keep your feet nice an' in place, I'll shoot you down if you get to running  
Look me in the eyes when you make those threats  
I need to know if you're really 'bout it  
Put your hands around my neck, and make me feel like I am drowning

Your love is a murderer, it's giving me chills  
Your love is a murderer and I wanna be killed  
Your love is a murderer, that's how it feels  
Your love is a murderer, so I know that it's real

Your love is like whiskey at 9 AM  
And it makes me question the man I am  
I'm blinded when the sun comes through the window  
Your love is like whiskey with cereal  
It's 9 o'clock in the morning, I'm hungover and you're killing me

When you leave the night will stay, I need to see if you're really going  
When you're here I am awake, and when I sleep I got one eye open  
Hold my hand when you're diving in  
I love the water but I can't swim  
Hold me close when they start to shoot  
I already know I'd die for you

Your love is a murderer, it's giving me chills  
Your love is a murderer and I wanna be killed  
Your love is a murderer, that's how it feels  
Your love is a murderer, so I know that it's real

Your love is like whiskey at 9 AM  
And it makes me question the man I am  
I'm blinded when the sun comes through the window  
Your love is like whiskey with cereal  
It's 9 o'clock in the morning, I'm hungover and you're killing me

Lick your lips and take a drag, that's what your love is like to me  
Breathe it in and pass it back, I need to know if we taste the same  
Stick your fingers in my eyes and tell me if you feel my soul  
Grab me when I start to fall and then let me go

Your love is a murderer, it's giving me chills  
Your love is a murderer and I wanna be killed  
Your love is a murderer, that's how it feels  
Your love is a murderer, so I know that it's real

Your love is like whiskey at 9 AM  
And it makes me question the man I am  
I'm blinded when the sun comes through the window  
Your love is like whiskey with cereal  
It's 9 o'clock in the morning, I'm hungover and you're killing me