

Jewel Thief

The Kills

Jewel thief, where do you get all those pretty necklaces?
Jewel thief, where do you get all those silver pistols?
Jewel thief, where do you get all those animal heads?

With lovely posture you eat bread
Carefully chewing when they shot you dead
You look like a mannequin with your mouth full
Don't worry, baby, I'll take care of you

You got a million horses at your door
You got a feeling that you'll need a million more
I got a million horses of my own
In the evening, one by one they carry me home

I'll get your telephone, I'll run a comb through your dead thief hair
Tell them you're not home, I'll wear your pretty clothes
And shoot your stolen guns
Jewel thief, you and I are gonna be best friends