

Lovecrimes

Afghan Whigs

Talk to me and I better not hear a word
Do me baby and I better not feel it girl
I still got one bullet left in my nine
Finna do a lovecrime, lovecrime, finna do a lovecrime

Murder, murder, murder she wrote
Lovecrimes

Murder, murder, murder she wrote
Lovecrimes, lovecrimes

You write me love letters with your father's pen
If he knew the freaky, freaky things that you write with it
Is it really wrong that I want to be the baby daddy?
Is that a lovecrime, lovecrime? Tell me it's a lovecrime

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Murder, murder, murder she wrote
Lovecrimes

In the getaway car
You know I love it when the ride is smooth
If we ever get caught
It'd be a long vacation for two

Murder, murder, murder she wrote
Lovecrimes
Murder, murder, murder she wrote
Lovecrimes