

## Mr. Superlove

Afghan Whigs

The storm was blowing from the South  
The blood was running from your mouth  
Glass was shattered on the floor  
A hundred pieces maybe more  
I remember you were crying  
Just befoere you sent it flying  
Silent sounding pounding on my floor

You may not believe me, baby, when I tell you that I am Mr. Superlove  
You may not believe me, baby, when I tell you that I am Mr. Superlove  
Falling out (falling out)  
Falling out (falling out)  
Falling out (falling out)  
We had a falling-out

Clothes were lying on the chair  
Your face was hidden by your hair  
All that I could think of then was  
What it must have felt like when you  
Were lying naked headlong down the stairs

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