

# The Boy Who Murdered Love

Diana Vickers

You're The Boy Who Murdered Love  
Cold hands and a heart of stone  
You're a midas in reverse  
You're the king of pain and hurt

And the stars turn into fire  
And the roses change from red to black  
You encourage my desire  
Then you put the arrow in my back

Shot shot shot shot shot like a bullet  
Stop stop stop stop stop oh you love it  
No no no no no now you've done it  
You're The Boy Who Murdered Love  
Love love love love  
You're The Boy Who Murdered Love

You're the thief of innocence  
You're a tainted cherry tree  
There's a mark upon your skin  
Where your heart once used to be

You're a sinner with no soul  
You're the nearly was I never had  
You're an angel I was told  
Then you put the arrow in my back

Shot shot shot shot shot like a bullet  
Stop stop stop stop stop oh you love it  
No no no no no now you've done it  
You're The Boy Who Murdered Love  
Love love love love

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