

Scene of the Crime

Lazlo Bane

Just got another call from down at the station
They found lucky victim number seven
Citizen of the City of Angels
Without a heaven

Temptation is running wild

High up in the hills surrounded by stars
Her latest masterpiece she met at a bar
Citizen of the City of Angels
In the trunk of her car

Oh no temptation's runnin' wild
But I know that someday you'll be mine
When you return to the scene of the crime

Satan took her mind and held it for ransom
Doubt was sure to catch but brutally handsome
Then she discovered that killing was her passion

But oh no temptation's runnin' wild
But I know that someday you'll be mine
When you return to the scene of the crime

We've traced a call from her to Mexico
She says she wants to meet your wife and kids oh no
They're away on holiday in San Filipe Mexico

Woah woah woah

Oh no temptation's reconciled
There she goes she's taken her own life
Now I know she's left us with a smile
When she returned to the scene of the crime