

The New Romance

Pretty Girls Make Graves

It started in our basement
It started in our bedroom
Got it in the basement
Got it in the bedroom

Got it in the garage
Got it on the rooftop
Burns the fire inside my head

It's revealing, fascinating
We got it, we set the motion
Now we have it in our hands

We're selfish with the new romance
What's ours is ours and ours is secret
There's no point in explanation
If you don't know, then you won't know

Restless, fed up tough and clever
Wishing this would last forever
Is futile when you know it won't