

Killing Casanova

Razorlight

Leave me to the darkness and the dogs
I'll do much better here
So you never learn to pick the heavy loss
Then your captive market didn't go for you this year

Now whose love will you take prepared
With detachment like famine food
Ease into being with disgusting care
And smothered by etiquette and your invented rules

Don't let me go
To the shattering of glass
To the disasters of the past

Shared breath can cradle into being
A shrine to your own heathen self-glory
A cult I note but don't believe
A testament to botherism and your coyish cruelty

And I point no fingers and place no blame
Nor would I be inclined to start killing Casanova
While he rages with appetite that's unrestrained
But you might find that you grow sick of the fare
Before the feedings over

Don't let me go
To this hysterical house
To the shattering of glass
To the disasters of the past
Don't let me go

Leave me to the darkness and the dogs
I'll do much better here