

# Murder Story

Simple Minds

You say to me things should soon be alright  
I get so scared if I don't get out at night  
The questions real  
The answer so false  
I just can't cope no more with this rate of pulse

I lost my past  
I gave it away  
I feel so insecure  
I couldn't take another day  
Please be kind  
Don't call me no wreck  
My nerves are very live you know  
But soon they're going to break

No Oh No  
Another Murder Story  
No Oh No  
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So don't come too close  
I can't stand the heat  
I get nightmares of places people go to meet  
It's so apparent when I walk in the door  
That I'm all alone  
There's no one home and no one wants me anymore  
So claustrophobic if I stand I one place  
This state of mind I'm in is positively quite a disgrace  
The children from the street call out my name  
"Hey You"  
It's all so mutual but you know  
I just don't want to share no fame

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