

## Temple Music

### The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster

Come and make me smile, cus I've fallen to my knees  
She dances with the men, to the music and the beat  
Come and make me smile, cus I've fallen to my knees

Come and make me smile, I've fallen to my knees  
My mind is full of death, and the plees that I could scream  
Come and play my heart, come and feel my harp  
Running for the hills, I carry all my ill's

And now I've ripped out your heart dear  
I've gotta throw it away  
And now I've ripped out your heart dear  
Before the break of day

This meaning in my bed, I find it when I'm bored  
The girls they grab a rock, the go rotten the core  
My feet are on the ground, I'm out of my tree  
And I can here your mind, telephoning me

And now I've ripped out your heart dear  
I've gotta throw it away  
Butterflies in my stomach  
They try to flutter away  
And now I've ripped out your heart dear  
I wanna throw it away  
And now I've ripped out your heart dear

Weakend by my fate, she dances with the men  
capythrol on her knees, wheather on my skin

Weakend by my fate, she dances with the men  
Scratches on your back, dear where have you been?

And now I've ripped out your heart dear  
I've gotta throw it away  
Butterflies in my stomach  
They try to flutter away

And now I've ripped out your heart dear  
I wanna throw it away  
And now I've ripped out your heart dear

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(Wild bull, Wild bull  
Wild bull, Wild bull  
Wild bull, Wild bull  
Wild bull, Your a wild bull  
Wild bull, Wild bull

Wild bull, Wild bull  
Wild bull, Wild bull  
Wild bull, Wild bull)