

## Black Tar

## The Kills

One hit, one invention  
You must pay your ransom  
Love, lust, you're too handsome

Fairytales are fair game

The world is looking for you  
Sharpening its blade  
London's bloodthirsty  
Paris is a vein, open  
A vein on the pulse of mean

Big brushing out-winged sparrow  
I'm gonna catch you by the hair of the night  
Fortune's arrow  
Prick quick to pick a fight

The world is tripping for you  
Bidding on your blood  
L.A. Catatonia  
New York black tar runs, over  
Runs over you for fun

Big brushing out-winged sparrow  
Hot cooking all De Niro Light  
Tucked, prim and primed  
If chance were so divine, why

Cool thing go mad and crazy  
Some dick is looking for a way  
White screen field of daisies  
Pull em up, but they all stay  
Standing in your way  
Stay, standing in your way