

Swordswallowing (Wishing Well)

The Limousines

I got a date
I'm a sword-swallowing whore
I'm burning up, I'm burning up
So put some water on me
I keep the pace till I'm torn, swollen and sore
And, sure enough, they're turning up to drop a dollar on me

We baptized each other in lover's spit
I'm burning up, I'm burning up
So put some water on me
Well, even if we found love, what would we do with it?
You'd better run, run, run and tell someone you found a wishing well
The bottom of a barrel of a gun
You'd better run, run, run
Tell someone

Made my mistake when I came dancing through the door
I'm burning up, I'm burning up
So put some water on me
I found my faith, but I don't want it anymore
And, sure enough, I've given up
No one could ever love me

When fast times take over and run with this
I'm burning up, I'm burning up
So put some water on me
Don't even try to slow down
You'll just ruin this
You'd better run, run, run and tell someone you found a wishing well
The bottom of a barrel of a gun
You'd better run, run, run
Tell someone
Tell someone

You'd better run, run, run
And tell someone
You found a wishing well
Bottom of a barrel of a gun
You'd better run, run, run
And tell someone

You found a wishing well

I'm burning up, I'm burning up
So put some water on me

I'm burning up, I'm burning up
So put some water on me
On me
On me, on me
So put some water on me

I'm burning up, I'm burning up
So put some water on me