

## Twilight

The Raveonettes

Honey don't kill that last cigarette  
I got a long, long ways to go  
I've been a-drinking and a-thinking all night long  
Still got so much more to show  
To you  
Yeah

And when that hand comes searching  
Between your thighs  
You better play along to the tune  
You got nothing to prove  
You're a bad little girl  
And you know your life is in ruins  
So come on  
Yeah

And when the sun retreats  
And you got the chills  
And your feet are aching to go  
You better call on me  
Cause I'm dog-gone horny  
I'm not your friend but your foe  
I've got so much time to please myself  
I don't count you in at all  
All right  
Yeah

My heart is like a filling station  
And it jumped with joy when you pulled in  
And you later got caught for speedin'  
And this drug-cop says you need him  
But ain't no walls in the jailhouse safe enough  
To hold you down tonight  
I'll be right out here on the other side  
Waiting for you by the red twilight  
So when Friday comes and you got the chills  
And your feet are aching to go  
Don't have to call on me  
Cause I'm already there  
Come on little girl, let's go!