

Dying To Be With You

The Texas Drag Queen Massacre

You left me all alone,
Face down in the shit,
This face came with a lovely smile,
But I lost it.

I put a flower to your grave,
A tear falls from my eye,
I've sat here drowned in loneliness,
Since the day you died.

And now I sit here thinking,
What thing could I use,
A rope, a knife or a razorblade,
Cause I'm dying to be with you.

And I'm dying, dying,
To be with you,
Yes I'm dying, dying,
To be with you? Again.

Everyday I seem to pray,
Asking for you back,
Wishing that I was there with you,
Hoping for a heart attack.

Well here goes nothing,
Heaven better make some room,
Don't you cry my darling,
Cause I will see you soon.

And now I sit here thinking,
What thing could I use,
A rope, a knife or a razorblade,
Cause I'm dying to be with you.

And I'm dying, dying,
To be with you,
Yes I'm dying, dying,
To be with you? Again.

With you again!

And now I sit here thinking,
What thing could I use,
A rope, a knife or a razorblade,
Cause I'm dying to be with you.

And I'm dying, dying,
To be with you,
Yes I'm dying, dying,
To be with you,
Yes I'm dying, dying,
To be with you,
Yes I'm dying, dying,
To be with you,
Yes I'm dying, dying,
To be with you,
With you!

Tištěno z www.txp.cz

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