

## Geneva

## Trophy Scars

She walks into a gas station restroom  
She pulls out a key attached to a string  
She ties the string to her teeth yeah  
She swallows the key uncomfortably

I've been following her  
For two weeks in Geneva  
Just to get the key  
Hope she hasn't spotted me

I've been trailing her  
Via hitch from a trucker  
Who was talky and greedy  
He cost me 80 euros  
We follow her fancy black limo  
To the airport outside of Geneva  
We pull up to terminal C  
I give the driver an extra sixty to forget about me  
It's kind of hard to say when this all began  
She and I were mercenaries in Japan  
We both were so young  
We both fell in love  
Five years later we were getting ready to retire  
Saving money from the hits we did together  
We were high profile killers  
No bullshit

So we moved to Spain  
We both changed our names  
Settled down  
Got out of the game  
And still I hear her voice  
And still I smell her hair  
Dammit these dreams  
When she comes back to me

I can't believe my luck  
The only person I could trust  
You know killing is tough  
When you first fall in love

But she two timed me  
Yeah she stole the key  
Moved all my money  
To some bank across the sea  
She booked a flight to Toronto tonight  
I'm heading towards a lock smith in Michigan  
You know I could've just killed her  
But she's not that kind of girl

No  
Sometimes, I really just wish she was