

Son Of Sam

Violent Soho

Follow in the cue and take your hat off.
The emptiness in you, innate fake drama.

Beautiful girl you got a hole in your heart,
sitting pretty 'til the world tore apart,
you were the son of Sam,
no one cares or really understands.

Choked by all your curls, happy dead laughter.
Lift your hands in praise and eat your answers.

Beautiful girl you got a hole in your heart,
sitting pretty 'til the world tore apart,
you were the son of Sam,
no one cares or really understands.

The city took my only love,
the end of the line, the beat and the hum.
You look so pretty in the light of the night,
the only joy, the sound of your lung.

Beautiful girl you got a hole in your heart,
sitting pretty 'til the world tore apart,
you were the son of Sam,
no one cares or really understands