

Babyshambles, The Lost Art of Murder

Could roll a four
Could roll a nine
Find yourself washed up in paradise
Just like before
She never used to mind
I lost my phone in paradise
And what a nice day for a murder
You call yourself a killer but the only thing that you're killing is your time
There's nothing absurder
A bird is just a burden
To your heart your soul your body spirit and mind
Oh don't look at me like that
She won't take you back
You said too much, you been too unkind
Get up off your back
Stop smoking that
You could change your life
Do you think you'll change their mind
No light before
No light behind
Someone else washed up in paradise
Could roll a four
Could roll a nine
Find yourself washed up in paradise
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I lost my phone in paradise
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