

# 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  
Just like before  
She never used to mind  
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