

The Kills, U.R.A. Fever

Walk you to the counter
What do you got to offer
Pick you out a solder
Look at you forever
Walk you to the water
Your eyes like a casino
We ain't born typical

Find a piece of silver
Pretty as a diagram
And go down to the Rio
Put it in my left hand
Put it in a fruit machine
Everyone's a winner
Laughing like a seagull

You are a fever
You are a fever
You ain't born typical
You are a fever
You are a fever
You ain't born typical

Living in a suitcase
Meet a clown, fall in love
went down to have you over
Going 'round a break up
Take you to a jukebox
That's the situation
Pick you out a number
And that's our arrangement

Dancing on the legs of a new-born pony
Left right left right
Keep it up son
Go ahead and have her
Go ahead and leave her
You only ever had her
When you were a fever

I am a fever
I am a fever
I ain't born typical
I am a fever
I am a fever
I ain't born typical

We are a fever
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