

Hey There Mr. Brooks

Asking Alexandria

Oh, you're back to me and the hunger returns
I told myself I was done for good
All the memories of all the pictures burned
I see them dancing, my heart begins to pound
I didn't make a sound
They didn't see me coming
The lights are left on
The curtains left wide One scream, it's over
I lay them side by side, side by side
Holding each other
I'll be there in the morning
With a smile on my face
I'll be there in the morning
To start it all again
Boy you caught me red handed
You've got no fucking clue what you just got yourself into
Panic runs down your leg, seeing me kill again
You just got yourself caught and you don't even know it
On the drive you get the rush and pull the gun on me We make the stop, it's time to be set free
Oh, the bullet's gone
I take this spade, I slit your throat
You fall into your grave, I cover up my tracks, I'm done
I won't kill again, I said that's it, I'm done
I'll be there in the morning
With a smile on my face
I'll be there in the morning
To start it all again
No, she's daddy's little girl
She wasn't meant to be another me
But it's the scissors to my throat
To my fucking throat
No, she's daddy's little girl
She wasn't meant to be another me
But it's the scissors to my throat
To my fucking throat
(Screaming)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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