Siberian Nights The Kills

BmI could whip you up like cream I could drink your seven seas Α F#m Is that too close for comfort? BmI could make you come in threes F#m I'm half way to my knees BmG F#m Am I too close for comfort? BmFor the tyrants in a rut, I got a love For the gutless dogs, I got a love F#m For the doomed youth, I got a love Won't you tell me please Why they got no love for me BmWon't you tell me please G F#m Why they show no love for me BmI'll be charging through your dreams Riding bare chest silver steed Am I too close to the bone? BmShake a little hup two three I'm Jesus, rip my jeans Am I too close for comfort? For the millionth time, I got a love

For the blue eyed boys, I got a love

F#m ${\tt Bm}$ G For the cruel youth, I got a love \mathbf{Bm} Won't you tell me please G F#m Why they got no love for $\ensuremath{\mathsf{me}}$ Won't you tell me please G F#m Why they show no love for me \mathbf{Bm} G F#m Won't you help me get through these Siberian nights? Won't you help me get through these Siberian nights? G You know it's hard for me to be alone F#m Tomorrow we'll go back to our sides

G

F#m

Bm

But tonight I need some warmth