# High Heels, Dark Chills

Every time I hear high heels stomping down
I turn around slowly and see your face sent down from heaven
I get your dark chills running down my spine
As your dark eye twitches and meets with mine

And still everybody loves you
And still everybody wants you

You make hate out of love
Noise out of sound
You make haste out of time
You make everybody stare

She turns all the heads, drops all the jaws and leaves them gathered in a pile
They would do whatever it takes just to catch a smile
I stood, I shook, I could, touch your hair and die
But you pass by and they always try imagining you gave them the eye

And still everybody loves you
And still everybody wants you

You make hate out of love
Noise out of sound
You make haste out of time
You make everybody stare