# 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