

# Evaline, La De Da

Well, it was written there in your blood  
That we were all forged out of them all  
As you sat quietly in your antique chair, and stared  
I gave it all I could, and I, I gave it hell  
Well, oh, I guess I don't care

Step away from my lips  
Step away from my throat  
If you need me let me know  
Step away from my lips  
Step away from my throat  
Oh, just let me know

Well, you were catalogue coming script of boyish tales  
Of all his conquests of the damsels in distress, whoa oh  
As he seeks inside your heart out and multiply  
And the pain beneath your eyes gets,  
gets captured and glossed.

Step away from my lips  
Step away from my throat  
If you need me let me know  
Step away from my lips  
Step away from my throat

So, step away from my lips  
Step away from my throat  
Oh, just let me know  
Step away from my lips  
Step away from my throat  
Oh, just let me know

Step away from my lips  
Step away from my throat  
Whoa, oh  
Step away from my lips  
Step away from my throat  
Whoa, oh  
Step away from my, my, my, my  
Step away from my throat  
Whoa, oh  
Step away from my, my, my, my  
Step away from my throat  
Whoa, oh just let me know