Well, I Never...

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

I'm in line for the murder. First come fist served
You aim for across the hall, your vision blurred
is this what you want from me, to hear me scream?
I'll die suddenly my blood on your hands
i'll die a tragedy you'll live in fame
here comes the last masquerade
we need a doctor baby
don't you just love a good time? I do.

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