

Vicious

Stakka

Vicious
you hit me with a flower
You do it every hour
oh, baby, you're so vicious Vicious
you want me to hit you with a stick
But all I've got is a guitar pick
huh, baby, you're so vicious When I watch you come
baby, I just want to run far away
You're not the kind of person around I
want to stay When I see you walking down the street
I step on your hands and I mangle your feet
You're not the kind of person that I want to meet Oh, baby, you're so vicious
you're just so vicious Vicious
hey, you hit me with a flower
You do it every hour
oh, baby you're so vicious Vicious
hey, why don't you swallow razor blades
You must think that I'm some kind of gay blade
but baby, you're so vicious When I see you coming
I just have to run
You're not good and you certainly aren't
very much fun When I see you walking down the street
I step on your hand and I mangle your feet
You're not the kind of person that I'd even want to meet 'Cause you're so vicious
baby, you're so vicious
Vicious, vicious
vicious, vicious
Vicious, vicious
vicious, vicious

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