Trophy Wives

Vanna

Scarlet ribbons fall away.
she let's down her hair
polished lips that tear
your heart from your chest
All you're looking
All you're looking for.
I've found.
Young love nursing an old soul.I'll lay my pride down.
I am still for you.
And with a heart of gold,
I am still for you.
I see them looking.The hearts,
You've broken, their queen!
They die for you
Darling, when we dance
And you sparkle, my prize
kiss me with that look in your eye
so they know that you're mineBeg love!
Take mercy!
Beg love!
Take mercy!
Filthy is
Only skin deep.Mercy!
Mercy on me!I'll lay my pride down.
I am still for you.
And with a heart of gold,
I am still for you.
You pretty thing

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