

Murder In High-Heels

Kiss

Hey, with a sleight of hand and then a word of mouth
She's a cat been caged too long and now she's breakin' out
Well, get it straight, you better cross your heart
'Cause sparks are gonna fly, let me tell you what it's all about
Better run for cover, babe
She's gonna make her move
You know she could, she's a get rich bitch
You better get her while the gettin's good
She's a vision in leather
Like salt on a wound
Just a turn of a knob
And she's real fine tuned
(She's murder in high-heels)
She ain't the girl next door worth waitin' for
Well you're playin' with the fire, a pool of sweat's lyin' on the floor
She'll bring you to your knees, when you're laid to rest
She's gonna give you something, she's just gonna get it off her chest
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
She's a vision in leather
Like salt on a wound, oh yeah
Just a turn of a knob
And she's real fine tuned, here she comes
He's a vision in leather
Like salt on a wound
Just a turn of a knob, oh yeah
And she's real fine tuned
(She's murder in high heels)

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