

I'm A Million

The Runaways

Mother and father came from New York City
Working their life away
Know they'll give me anything
That a little girl needs to make my life pretty
Seen you before but you're making me sore
But I'm trying not to make a sound
Couldn't help notice you were wanting me
You said, I can help you make your life pretty
Oh baby, I'm a million, oh yeah
Oh baby, I'm a million
You like to mess around with your favorite guns
I hope you blow yourself to hell
'Cause I've the need, honey, I got the greed
Just to make my life a little more pretty
Oh baby, I'm a million, oh yeah
Oh baby, I'm a million

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