Suckerpunch

Wildhearts

can't believe that I got so down I dropped my guard again hit me! hit me!
palpitations and goo-goo eyes, the transformation is sad and sickly
she pulled out a "Tyson" from out of the blue, and met with a sickening crunchCHORUS:
she got me... woah, she got me
she got me... with a suckerpunchsenses reeling from too much shit, I hit the floor again, panic, panic!
calm and cold as a witches tit, sometimes I think I act cosmically
with all of the shit that flew out of my lips, there's no use in asking muchCHORUS:
she got me... woah, she got me
she got me... with a sucker... sucker... sucker... waah, you fucker!(one... two... three... four...)
{mosh!}why I see her face in a million stars, I'm wondering
thought I had good taste 'til I found I'd none at all
nearly did appear as the asshole of the year
and then she strikes...
and now I'm back, the guy I've been, before the idiot sat incan't believe that I got so down, it probably happens on a daily basis
many millions of messed up minds compete to win in the loser races
peeling my mind like she's one of a kind, or maybe just out to lunchCHORUS:
she got me... woah, she got me
she got me... with a suckerpunch

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