Dressed to Kill

Sharon Needles

Verse 1:
My accessory's a cigarette
No I don't need your Heatherette
These leather boots kick off my St. Marks look
I'm hard as concrete, rubber licked
My rotten fresh will make you sick
You know I never do it by the book

Chorus:
BANG! BANG! BANG!
I, I dress to kill
BANG! BANG! BANG!
I, I aim to thrill
BANG! BANG! BANG!
I, I dress to kill
BANG! BANG! BANG!
I, I aim to thrill
Black eyes
Black lips
Black dye
Black hair
Black soul
Black blue, yeah
I'm dressed to kill
Black straps
Black lungs
Black book
Black sheep
Black boots
Black black, yeah
I'm dressed to kill

Verse 2:
I'm rough around the edge it seems
I need a little flaw on me
Over the top but keep it underground
Taxidermy round my neck
My perfume is my whiskey breath

While you are wearing rhinestones by the pound.

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Bridge:
This isn't a fucking costume
This is a way of life
This isn't a fucking costume
This is a way of life

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Lyrics submitted by Ashley Levy.

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