

Vegas Girl

Otherwise

I betcha think it's funny,
Doin' nothin' for your money,
The way you live your life is so pitiful.
Your body parts replaced,
Too much make-up on your face,
That tattoo on your back don't make you beautiful.

Your black heart, blue eyes,
And the black dress you wear are your disguise.
You cover up who you fuck,
Do they listen when you cry?
Keep living your lie,
Ya dirty little Vegas girl.
Wicked little Vegas girl.

The extensions in your hair,
Your gold digger's stare,
You sell yourself just like a whore.
You're bound by golden handcuffs, it's never enough,
I hope you find your white-picket world.
It's so, so sad!

Your black heart, blue eyes,
And the black dress you wear are your disguise.
You cover up who you fuck,
Do they listen when you cry?
Keep living your lie,
Ya dirty little Vegas girl.

We'll burn down Sin City for you,
(Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!)
The flames are so pretty, like you.
(Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!)
Why won't you come for me?
(Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!)

Your black heart, blue eyes,
And the black dress you wear are your disguise.
You cover up who you fuck,
Will they be there when you die?

Keep living your lie,
My dirty little Vegas girl.
Wicked little Vegas girl.
So c'mon! My dirty little Vegas girl.
C'mon! (Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!)

Lyrics submitted by Alison Maldaner.

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