# Merciless

## Tyrants Blood

Shake the waist, you got to love that taste
Smell the rain, what a shame to let her get away
Tie me down to the race-car tracks
Smack dab in the middle of lover's lane
Zip the lipstick on like BBQ sauce
Painted lady, got to slip into something that's comfortable
Hey, you can look but you better not touch
Shut down the motors, pull back in the clutch
That strut is merciless
There's only one word to define it
Merciless
I can't deny
That strut is merciless
Worth the weight in double trouble
Merciless
Strut your stuff
What's your pick-up line, I bet you tell her she's fine
If that don't work, don't you pack your suitcase up tonight
Don't give up, here comes a big surprise
More than enough to keep me satisfied
Crack the whip, baby, twist your hips
I do as I see fit, love to lick your lips a little bit
You can run, but you better not hide
There goes the dream into the lights
Merciless
There's only one word to define it
Merciless
I can't deny
That strut is merciless
Worth the weight in double trouble
Merciless
Strut your, strut your little stuff
The last thing I remember
After that hard slap in the face
I was lying there thinkin'
As she turned and walked away, oh no
Merciless
There's only one word to define it
Merciless

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Mercy

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