Hit and Run

LOLO

They never saw us coming
Till they hit the floor
They just kept begging for more,
MoreNa na na na na na na
All dressed up for a hit and run
Na na na na na na na
All dressed up for a hit and runI was brought up as a Southern belle
I grew into the queen of Hell
You were just a little stowaway
That stabbed her way to save herself
You always liked the taste of blood
I get off when I point a gun
It's so good to have someone to be so bad withFirst one up was a preacher's son
Last one down was an Englishman
I'm in bed with his bowtie on
All dressed up for a hit and runNa na na na na na na
All dressed up for a hit and run
Na na na na na na na
All dressed up for a hit and runSunday on Notting Hill
He was sneaking a cigarette
His God protects him but
I know we'll get him yet
Ran my fingers through his hair
So he thinks it's fun and games
He don't know our faces but he'll never forget our namesFirst one up was a preacher's son
Last one down was an Englishman
I'm in bed with his bowtie on
All dressed up for a hit and runNa na na na na na na
All dressed up for a hit and run
Na na na na na na na
All dressed up for a hit and runI was waiting in the getaway car
You were stuck in the hotel bar
He was a proper Englishman
He has one last pipe before the cops broke in
You poured the gasoline and
I drove into the flames
History will hate us but they'll never forget our namesThey never saw us coming
Till they hit the floor
They just kept begging for more,

More
(x2)First one up was a preacher's son
Last one down was an Englishman
I'm in bed with his bowtie on
All dressed up for a hit and runNa na na na na na na
All dressed up for a hit and run
Na na na na na na na
All dressed up for a hit and runAll dressed up
All dressed up for a hit and run
All dressed up for a hit and run

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