

# Red Carpet Massacre

## Duran Duran

Dark sun rose on the ridge cut clear across the sky  
As good a day as any to die  
No reservation, madam, no reason to know why  
Running late, stiletto heels  
Try to cruise, send out the wheels You spend your life in preparation for this day  
Breathe in the air, it's loaded with fame  
Check out those weapons, sister, before you hit the fray  
String of pearls meet bits of gems  
Enter the battle of the lenses Red carpet massacre  
Don't wanna hassle you  
Red carpet massacre  
Death stalk paparazzi, yeah Red carpet massacre  
It's gonna mess with you  
We're in business  
You're on the hit list There's not so many now still standing on their feet  
Their knives are out and singing so sweet  
Engage with sharper minds that cut you when you meet  
Any place to mess around  
When someone wants to take you down Maybe you think you're above this  
But baby, we know that you love it  
Baby, you know where to shove it  
Apply your lipstick 'fore dying in public Red carpet massacre  
Don't wanna hassle you  
Red carpet massacre  
Death stalk paparazzi, yeah Red carpet massacre  
Don't wanna mess with you  
Now it's time, next in line  
We're so busted, done and dusted

Lyrics provided by

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