

Pussyfoot Miss Suicide

Children of Bodom

Hey there, I think I know you,
What was it, youre contending to do
Thats rite, manipulate everyone
Around to dream youre over due
You try to slit your wrists
With a dry, blunt block of wood
Upgrade it to a grater and still wont do no good
Cmon Miss Suicide, let me hand my blade
To you and since were here
You might as well cut me too
Like an acid flashback, it all came
Back to me
Slipped to drop a hit of you, one second later
I vomit I odd oh yes indeed
You try to slit your wrists
With a dry, blunt block of wood
Upgrade it to a grater and still wont do no good
Cmon Miss Suicide, let me hand my blade
To you, And since were here
You might as well kill me too
Miss Suicide, let me get the door for you
Let me love you black and blue
Its the least that I could do
Miss Suicide show me the way to go to the floor way down below
Its just a trifle hunch, that Ill beat u to the punch

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>