Vicious

Eight Legs

Vicious
you hit me with a flower
You do it every hour
oh, baby, you're so viciousVicious
you want me to hit you with a stick
But all I've got is a guitar pick
huh, baby, you're so viciousWhen I watch you come
baby, I just want to run far away
You're not the kind of person around I
want to stayWhen I see you walking down the street
I step on your hands and I mangle your feet
You're not the kind of person that I want to meetOh, baby, you're so vicious
you're just so viciousVicious
hey, you hit me with a flower
You do it every hour
oh, baby you're so viciousVicious
hey, why don't you swallow razor blades
You must think that I'm some kind of gay blade
but baby, you're so viciousWhen I see you coming
I just have to run
You're not good and you certainly aren't
very much funWhen I see you walking down the street
I step on your hand and I mangle your feet
You're not the kind of person that I'd even want to meet'Cause you're so vicious
baby, you're so vicious
Vicious, vicious
vicious, vicious
Vicious, vicious
vicious, vicious
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