

# Vicious

## Eight Legs

Vicious  
you hit me with a flower  
You do it every hour  
oh, baby, you're so vicious Vicious  
you want me to hit you with a stick  
But all I've got is a guitar pick  
huh, baby, you're so vicious When I watch you come  
baby, I just want to run far away  
You're not the kind of person around I  
want to stay When 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 meet Oh, baby, you're so vicious  
you're just so vicious Vicious  
hey, you hit me with a flower  
You do it every hour  
oh, baby you're so vicious Vicious  
hey, why don't you swallow razor blades  
You must think that I'm some kind of gay blade  
but baby, you're so vicious When I see you coming  
I just have to run  
You're not good and you certainly aren't  
very much fun When 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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