

Bertine Zetlitz, Wickwd Wonderboys

She's got a cool quiet complexion.
She's got a sweet sense of rejection.
And all the wicked wonderboys
washed upon the shore,
she wants more.

She's got a weird taste for deception.
she's got a cool quiet complectoin.
And all the wicked wonderboys,
sleeping by your door,
she wants more.

She wants line, feeling fine,
she wants stars and she wants guitars.
She likes you to be scared all the time.
she wants sun, and their gone,
she likes cars baby, hit and run.
She wants you to be gone, she'll be fine.

Shes got a sweet tooth for disaster,
when you're quick, honey she's faster.
And all the wounded valentines are sitting by her bed,
she sees red.

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she's got a weird taste for deception.
And all the wicked wonderboys are
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She wants more.

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