

# Lou Reed, Vicious

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  
Oh 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  
Baby, oh you're so vicious, you're so vicious

Vicious, 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...