

BUTCHER BABIES, Yorktown

Can you see the light shine on my boots
Bullwhip on my hip and i've been looking for you
The night is young and i am wanting to play
Let's start up a game in the alley way

I've got 9 lives
I am a terror by night
Can you hear my cat
Call against every night fall
It's the click
Teh clack
The crack of the whip
I am a feral switchblade and i'll never miss

You know i am not one to fake it
I've already made it
When the clock strikes 12
You'll see the real me
We only come out at night

2,3,4,5 – we've got 9 lives, count 'em
6,6,6,7 – all bad girls go to heaven
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