

# Leah LaBelle, Lolita

Am I the aim of your fascination?  
Am I the eye of your storm?  
You call my name like in affirmation,  
You coming right for my door

With your briefcase and your lust  
You're on a schoolboy kinds question  
All our big deals in the dust  
O-o-o-oh  
Leave your pin-stripes and your 9 to 5  
In my Lolita eyes, come on let's dirty up your mind  
O-o-o-oh

Cause maybe I was born to make you run like fire  
In your blood, I'm your eternal sun  
Maybe I was born  
To make you do some thing you never done  
You'll be forever young,  
I'm your Lolita  
Uh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
I'm your Lolita  
Uh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
I'm your Lolita  
Uh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
I'm your Lolita  
Uh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Am I the cause of your sweet salvation?  
Am I the answer you seek?  
You say it all with no explanation  
You want it, dive in so deep

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