

Lloyd Cole, 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
all i got here is a guitar pick
baby you`re so vicious
when i see you come, baby i just have to run far away
you`re not the kind of person around whom i want to stay ah ah
(when i see you coming)
when i see you coming down my street
(i just have to run)
i step on your hands and i mangle your feet
(when i see you come come come come)
you`re not the kind of person with whom i want to make
cause you`re so vicious
ah ah vicious (vicious)
oh yeah

delicious, you hit me with your flower
you do it every hour
oh baby you`re so vicious
vicious, why don`t you go swallow razor blades
you must think i`m some kind of gay blade? uh uh
oh baby you`re so vicious
when i see you coming baby i just got to run
(run run)
far away
you`re not that good but you`re
certainly fair game
(when i see you coming)
when i see you coming down my street
(i just have to run)
i step on your hands and i mangle your feet
(when i see you come come come come)
you`re not the kind of person that i even wanna meet
cause you`re so vicious
you`re so vicious, you`re so vicious
you`re so vicious, you`re so vicious
you`re so vicious, you`re so vicious
you`re so vicious

Written By Lou Reed