

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

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