

Pretty Things, Maybe You Tried

Sweet miranda, on the veranda
You really keep your ice-cream cold
Mine's melting in my hand,
I don't understand,
I guess you never could have been told.

You want to be a star
Yes you are.

Driving back home from my venture
I'm really feeling empty handed
Hand's on my stick
It's making me sick
Why did you leave me out in the cold.

You want to be a star
Yes you are.

Maybe you tried but you missed it
Maybe you tried it again
Maybe you tried but you missed it
Long goodbye.

Thought my viper would excite her

Believing what the good book had told
I showed her my pet
She phoned for the vet
Then killed it with a mean strangle hold.

You want to be a star
Yes you are.

Maybe you tried but you missed it
Maybe you tried it again
Maybe you tried but you missed it
Long goodbye.

You got me running girl
I'm an astronaut
But I just seem to burst in flame
You got me running girl
I'm a laid-back tiger but I'm never tame.
Little queeny have you seen me
I'm waiting every night at ten
Hands on your hips
Blood on your lips
I make it but I just don't know when.