

# Some Girls, Gonna Set My Soul On Fire

Our lipstick' s lined some luscious lips

Up and down the vegas strip

I walked solo, so slow, alone

We all want something to call our own

There' s a bible in the drawer to keep you from sinning

There' s a lock on the window to keep you from jumping

There' s a black cloud in the sky to keep you from winning

There is drinks on the house so here' s to new beginnings, you fucks