

The Donnas, Looking For Blood

I can hear it all over town,
That you've been talking smack.
Send a message to your mommy, baby,
'Cause you ain't coming back.

Don't try to run. Don't you try to hide.
Come to me or I'll come to you.
It just takes two slices of my switchblade, baby.
Gonna make a pretty mess of you.

Chorus:
'Cause I'm looking for blood.
I've got revenge on my mind.
Yeah, I'm looking for blood.
Alright.

I don't care what you do with the girls,
But don't stop with the boys.
I'm not trying to be a bully, baby,
But you don't give me a choice.

Don't try to run. Don't you try to hide.
Come to me or I'll come to you.
It just takes two slices of my switchblade, baby.
Gonna make a pretty mess of you.

Chorus

Don't try to run. Don't you try to hide.
Come to me or I'll come to you.
It just takes two slices of my switchblade, baby.
Gonna make a pretty mess of you.

Chorus (repeat 2x)