

Toy Dolls, The

"Livin La Vida Loca"

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She's in to superstition

Black cats and voodoo dolls

I feel a premonition

That girl's gonna make make me fall

She's in to new sensations

New kicks in candle light

She's got a new addiction

For every day and night

She'll make you take your clothes off

And go dancin' in the rain

She'll make you live her crazy life

She'll take away your pain

Like a bullet through your brain

Upside inside out

Livin' la vida loca

She'll push and pull you down

Livin' la vida loca

Her lips are devil red

Skin's the color of mocca

She will wear you out

Livin' la vida loca

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Woke up in New York City

In a funky cheap motel

Took my heart, took my money

She must have slipped me a sleeping pill

She never drinks the water

Makes you order French champagne

Once you've had a taste of her

You 'll never be the same

She'll make you go insane

Upside inside out

Livin' la vida loca

She'll push and pull you down

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Her lips are are devil red

Skin's the color of mocca

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Livin' la vida loca

Livin', livin', livin'

Livin' la vida loca

Livin', livin', livin', livin'

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