

Bertine Zetlitz

"Wicked Wonderboys"

Visit "[Wicked Wonderboys](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

She's got a cool, quiet complexion
She's got a sweet sense of rejection
And all the wicked wonderboys
Are washed upon the shore
She wants more

She's got a weird taste for deception
She's got a cool, quiet complexion
And all the wicked wonderboys
Are sleeping by your door
She wants more

She wants life
Feeling fine
She wants stars
And she wants guitars
She likes you to be scared
All the time
She wants sun
And a gun
She likes cars, baby
Hit and run
She wants you to be gone
She'll be fine

She's got a sweet tooth for disaster
When you're quick, honey, she's faster
And all the wounded Valentines
Are sitting by her bed
She sees red

She's got a cool, quiet complexion
She's got a weird taste for deception
And all the wicked wonderboys
Are washed upon the shore
She wants more

She wants life
Feeling fine
She wants stars
And she wants guitars

She likes you to be scared
All the time
She wants sun
And a gun
She likes cars, baby
Hit and run
She wants you to be gone
She'll be fine

She wants life
Feeling fine
She wants stars
And she wants guitars
She likes you to be scared
All the time
She wants sun
And a gun
She likes cars, baby
Hit and run
She wants you to be gone
She'll be fine

Visit [Bertine Zetlitz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.