Bertine Zetlitz "Wickwd wonderboys"

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She's got a cool quiet complection. Shes got a sweet sense of regection. And all the wicked wonderboys washed upon the shore, she want's more.

She's got a weird taste for deception. she's got a cool cuiet complectoin. And all the wicked wonderboys, sleeping by your door, she want's more.

She want's line, feeling fine, she want's stars and she want's guitars. She likes you to be scared all the time. she want's sun, and their gone, she likes cars baby, hit and run. She want's 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.

Shes got a cool quiet complection, she's got a weird taste for deception. And all the wicked wonderboys are washed upon the shore.

She want's more.

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