

Drop Dead, Gorgeous "Beat the Devil out of It"

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I'm a star, I'm a star
(You said It don't forget it)
Guns and glamour.
(How we shine so brightly)
Well its all over now
(All the drugs have run out)
You said it don't forget it

Dolce & Gabanna.
Louis Vuitton and Prada

With a blank for a name and A hand full of sedatives
I'm not all about it and I don't kiss and tell.

Well I learned from the
best, Got a bullet to the chest.
Once again, Now we're making some progress
It's only sleight of hand
Wells its getting kind of late
Nobody wants to be out on the street
You always saw me at my best
Well, that wasn't normal
Well, if I feel under your dress
Wouldn't take be too formal?
Can't stop the cycle of teenage arrogance
Well-behaved boys and out of control whores
Its a scene
Well-behaved boys and out of control whores

Late nights in Hollywood
Plastic here is always good
That boys got exquisite taste
I wrote you a letter, I hope you can't find it
It's buried in contrast typical but timeless
This scripture wasn't meant for burning
I laid you to rest, love, and now you're returning
Still returning

I'm a star, I'm a star
(You said It don't forget it)
Guns and glamour.
(How we shine so brightly)

Well its all over now
(All the drugs have run out)
You said it don't forget it

You never cared for glamour

You always said there'd be time
Well if I feel inside it its just a waste in time
Well-behaved boys and out of control whores

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