

Children Of Bodom "Pussyfoot Miss Suicide"

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Hey there, I think I know you,
What was it, you're contending to do
That's rite, manipulate everyone
Around to dream you're over due
You try to slit your wrists
With a dry, blunt block of wood
Upgrade it to a grater and still won't do no good
Come on Miss Suicide, let me hand my blade
To you and since we're here
You might as well cut me too
Like an acid flashback, it all came
Back to me
Slipped to drop a hit of you, one second later
I vomit I don't know; oh yes indeed
You try to slit your wrists
With a dry, blunt block of wood
Upgrade it to a grater and still won't do no good
Come on Miss Suicide, let me hand my blade
To you, And since we're here
You might as well kill me too
Miss Suicide, let me get the door for you
Let me love you black and blue
It's the least that I could do
Miss Suicide show me the way to go to the floor way
down below
It's just a trifle hunch, that I'll beat u to the
punch

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