

Mist

"Hips Of The Year"

Visit "[Hips Of The Year](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Honey, take your lips of the gear
We've got to slow down, the border's too near
Your crying makes me weak
Your constant dying is a mean mean streak
Your beauty ain't free
Slim waist-line, the hips of the year
You're far too fine to be criticized, my dear
Body body
Massage for the blind
You're the devil dressed as the queen of design
Your beauty ain't free
Do you know you've got problems to solve
Loads, heavy loads
Or would you rather be eaten by wolves
Wolves in sheep clothes
I love you, but I'm your enemy
You raise your army to terrorize me
And my white flag is blinding your handsome eyes
Can I ever stop waving
Waving goodbye

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