

Rascal Flatts

"Fear Invicted Into The Perfect Stranger"

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Magic waves cast a spell
But the show must go on
As the evening lights go dim
He's certain to begin his dens of seediness increase
As he bangs on the door
And knocks them off, one by one
Using his whip like a gun

He's the perfect stranger

Two for one is the offer
Every Tuesday afternoon
And he picks on the ones he likes
The ones he likes
The ones he likes
Inject it in your eyes
It's a gallery of eyes

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The ones he likes
The one he likes
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It's a whorehouse in here x16
In here!

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