

## **Riot**

# **"Little Miss Death"**

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I need a reason to be cool for a little while  
A bitter pill that ain't too hard to swallow  
You got me runnin' like a hot wired Cadillac  
A chrome-plated victory, delicious and hollow

Since you came into my life  
You said you'd been invited

(Little Miss Death)  
You're a vision in silver and cellophane  
I'll lick the blade and you will feel the pain  
Till I can't remember my name

Tonight, you're looking like a catclub cocktail  
All spillin' out in your neoprene teaser  
You're burning up just like this number in my pocket,  
babe  
Tequilla's tellin' me to shut up and squeeze her

You got me frozen in my place  
A cold cunning razor-boy decides be a pretty face

(Little Miss Death)  
You're a vision in silver and cellophane  
I'll lick the blade and you will feel the pain  
Till I can't remember my name

Too drunk to live, too young to die  
That was our battle cry, our alibi

(Little Miss Death)  
You're a vision in silver and cellophane  
I'll lick the blade and you will feel the pain  
Till I can't remember my name

(Little Miss Death)  
You're a screaming, delightful, young Jezebel  
I'll paint your name across the gates of hell  
If that's the salvation you sell

(Little Miss Death)  
I'll lick the blade and you will feel the pain

Till I can't remember my name

(Little Miss Death)

Too drunk to live, too young to die

I'll paint your name across the gates of hell

If that's the salvation you sell

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