

Karen Elson**"Vicious"**

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Vicious, you hit me with a flower
You do it every hour
Oh, baby you're so vicious
Vicious, you want me to hit you with a stick
But all I've got is a guitar pick
Oh baby, you're so vicious

When I watch you come, baby, I just want to run far
away
You're not the kind of person around I want to stay
When I see you walking down the street
I step on your hands and I mangle your feet
You're not the kind of person that I want to meet
Baby, oh you're so vicious, you're so vicious

Vicious, you hit me with a flower
You do it every hour
Oh, baby you're so vicious
Vicious, hey why don't you swallow razor blades
You must think that I'm some kind of gay blade
But baby, you're so vicious

When I see you coming I just have to run
You're not good and you certainly aren't very much fun
When I see you walking down the street
I step on your hand and I mangle your feet
You're not the kind of person that I'd even want to meet
'Cause you're so vicious, baby, you're so vicious
Vicious, vicious...

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