

Race The Sun

"Miss Mistreater"

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[Jeff Martin, Bruce Bouillet]

You gave yourself so easily
Well that's OK with me
I'm tired of your running around
Please leave me be
Why don't you get out of my life
Go away
I've had it with you makin' the rounds
You got nothing to say

But you keep on comin' around
And manage to cut me inside
You're charged 3rd degree sensual homicide

Miss Mistrester
My little miss
Miss Mistreater
I can't resist

So hard to see what's going on
My blindfold was in place
In the pack and fallin' back
You keep pickin' up the pace

You've got a spell on me
Can't fight it, can't beat it alone
I wait so patiently and pray
For your voice on the phone

Miss Mistreater
I got the itch
Miss Mistreater
I can't resist

You've got a spell on me
Can't fight it, can't beat it alone
I wait so patiently to hear
Your sweet voice on the phone

Miss Mistreater

My little miss
Miss Mistreater
You're such a bitch
Miss Mistreater
I got the itch
Miss Mistreater
I can't resist
I can't resist my little miss

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