

Clintons, The

"Little Miss Perfect"

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Little miss perfect sippin' on a margarita,
She got glitter in her hair, she got a lot of paint on her
face
With a pretty red smile, she let's me know she's lonely
While the hoops on her ears are picking up TV waves
from space

Little miss perfect she gives me the wink
So I seat myself beside her and I buy that woman a
drink
She knows just what she's doing, she's played this
game before
And if I play it right a little later I might get a little sugar
from the candy store

She knows how to move her body right
She can dance the bump and grind, we're gonna bump
and grind tonight

Little miss perfect, she gotta little twinkle in her eye
Little miss sweet thing, well the girl won't let me drive
Little miss rock and roll, with a hard body going on,
Rock me baby all night long

She sits back chewin' on a cigarette, she's thinking
she's all that
She works her body really damn good she sure knows
where it's at
While I sit back and I catch my breath, I should be in my
prime,
I'd better catch my cool real quick before she hits me
one more time

She knows how to move her body right,
She can dance the bump and grind, we're gonna bump
and grind

Little miss perfect, she gotta little twinkle in her eye
Little miss sweet thing, well the girl won't let me drive
Little miss rock and roll, with a hard body going on
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