

# Beat The Devil Out Of It

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

I'm a star, I'm a star  
(You said It don't forget it)  
Guns and glamour.  
(How we shine so brightly)  
Well its all over now  
(All the drugs have run out)  
You said it don't forget it

Dolce & Gabanna.  
Louis Vuitton and Prada

With a blank for a name and A hand full of sedatives  
I'm not all about it and I don't kiss and tell.

Well I learned from the  
best, Got a bullet to the chest.  
Once again, Now we're making some progress  
It's only sleight of hand  
Wells its getting kind of late  
Nobody wants to be out on the street  
You always saw me at my best  
Well, that wasn't normal  
Well, if I feel under your dress  
Wouldn't take be too formal?  
Can't stop the cycle of teenage arrogance  
Well-behaved boys and out of control whores  
Its a scene  
Well-behaved boys and out of control whores

Late nights in Hollywood  
Plastic here is always good  
That boys got exquisite taste  
I wrote you a letter, I hope you can't find it  
It's buried in contrast typical but timeless  
This scripture wasn't meant for burning  
I laid you to rest, love, and now you're returning  
Still returning

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(How we shine so brightly)  
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You never cared for glamour

You always said there'd be time  
Well if I feel inside it its just a waste in time  
Well-behaved boys and out of control whores