

## Vicious

Big Country

Vicious  
You hit me with a flower  
You do it every hour  
Oh baby you're so vicious

Vicious  
You want me 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'd want to stay

When I see you walking down the street  
I step on your hands and I nail your feet  
You're not the kind of person I'd even want to meet  
Baby you're so vicious

Vicious  
Why don't you swallow razor blades  
You must think I'm some kind of gay parade  
Oh 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 hands and I mangle your feet  
You're not even the kind of person I'd even want to meet  
Baby you're so vicious