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