

Pussyfoot Miss Suicide

Children of Bodom

Hey there, I think I know you,
What was it, you're condensing to do?
That's rite, manipulate everyone
Around to dream you're over due

You try to slit your wrists
With a dry, blunt block of wood
Upgrade it to a grater and still won't do no good
C'mon Miss Suicide, let me hand my blade to you
And since we're here
You might as well cut me too

Like an acid flashback, it all came
Back to me
Slipped to drop a hit of you, one second later
I vomit I od'd... oh yes indeed

You try to slit your wrists
With a dry, blunt block of wood
Upgrade it to a grater and still won't do no good
C'mon Miss Suicide, let me hand my blade to you.
And since we're here
You might as well kill me too

Miss Suicide, let me get the door for you
Let me love you black and blue
It's the least that I could do
Miss Suicide show me the way to go to the floor way down below
It's just a trifle hunch, that I'll beat you to the punch