

Little Miss S.

Edie Brickell and New Bohemians

Shooting up junk in the bathroom
Makin' it with punks on the floor
Livin' the scene of her limousine
Little Miss S. in a mini dress
Living it up to die
In a blink of the public eye

Day-glo point in an electric chair
Electric dye in her lovers hair
A pretty sight in the middle of the night
Made up for everyone to see
Swinging on the branch of a broken family tree

You got a lot of living to do without
You got a lot of living to do without
You got a lot of living to do without life

The village idiots in her bed
Never cared that her eyes were red
Never cared that her eyes were dead
In the hours that her face was alive
It was the thing just to be by her side

You got a lot of living to do without
You got a lot of living to do without
You got a lot of living to do without life

Hey, alright

You got a lot of living to do without
You got a lot of living to do without
You got a lot of living to do without life

You got a lot of living to do without
You got a lot of living to do without
You got a lot of living to do without life