

## Baby Eyes

Green Day

Year of the rat, last of the litter  
Somebody shot the babysitter  
They say my middle name is Danger  
The kind to keep away from strangers

I say woah, I'm out of control  
Oh baby, when I see your pretty face?  
I say woah, God rest your fucking soul  
'Cause baby, baby I was born to kill

I pulled the trigger from the shooting stars  
I am the motor in your crashing car  
I am the cherub in the Arab spring  
I am the bullet in your magazine

I say woah, I'm out of control  
Oh baby, when I see your pretty face?  
I say woah, God rest your fucking soul  
'Cause baby, baby eyes

Oh baby, baby eyes  
Oh baby, baby I was born to... Kill!