

Murder in High-Heels

Kiss

Hey
With a sleight of hand
And then a word of mouth
She's a cat been caged too long
And now she's breakin' out
Well, get it straight
You better cross your heart
'Cause sparks are gonna fly
Let me tell you what it's all about

Better run for cover, babe
She's gonna make her move
You know she could, she's a get rich bitch you better get her while t
he gettin's good

She's a vision in leather
Like salt on a wound
Just a turn of a knob... ooh
And she's real
Fine tuned

But she's murder
In high-heels

She ain't the girl next door
Worth a-waitin' for
Well you're playin' with the fire, a pool of sweat's
Lyin' on the floor
She'll bring you to your knees
And when you're laid to rest
She gonna give you something, she's gonna get it off her chest
Yeah-yeah-yeah

She's a vision in leather
Like salt on a wound
Ooh-yeah
Just a turn of a knob... woo!
And she's real
Fine tuned
Here she comes

She's a vision in leather
Like salt on a wound
Just a turn of a knob... ooh-yeah
And she's real
Fine tuned

She is murder in high heels