

Sunset Strip

Miss Kittin

This is the story of a post-modern muse
Internationally minded and nothing to lose
She was young, hanging out, nobody waiting at home
Her name was passion, she was the enemy of love

Another fading beauty on the sunset strip

When our muse abused of a few substances
Her reputation was cut into pieces
Watching the sky where the true stars belong to
She knew if the sun goes down it goes up too

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From a thousand trips into wonderland
She kept on throwing bottles and SOS
But when she passed out we watched her sleep
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