

## 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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