

# Dressed To Kill

Sharon Needles

Verse 1:

My accessory's a cigarette  
No I don't need your Heatherette  
These leather boots kick off my St. Marks look  
I'm hard as concrete, rubber licked  
My rotten fresh will make you sick  
You know I never do it by the book

Chorus:

BANG! BANG! BANG!  
I, I dress to kill  
BANG! BANG! BANG!  
I, I aim to thrill  
BANG! BANG! BANG!  
I, I dress to kill  
BANG! BANG! BANG!  
I, I aim to thrill  
Black eyes  
Black lips  
Black dye  
Black hair  
Black soul  
Black blue, yeah  
I'm dressed to kill  
Black straps  
Black lungs  
Black book  
Black sheep  
Black boots  
Black black, yeah  
I'm dressed to kill

Verse 2:

I'm rough around the edge it seems  
I need a little flaw on me  
Over the top but keep it underground  
Taxidermy round my neck  
My perfume is my whiskey breath  
While you are wearing rhinestones by the pound.

Chorus:

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BANG! BANG! BANG!  
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Black soul  
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Black straps

Black lungs  
Black book  
Black sheep  
Black boots  
Black black, yeah  
I'm dressed to kill

Bridge:

This isn't a fucking costume  
This is a way of life  
This isn't a fucking costume  
This is a way of life

Chorus:

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