

Baby Let's Twist

The Dictators

Well she used to be lonely
But she ain't anymore
She was a teenage madonna
But now her clothes are all torn

She's got red lips, red lips
She's got blood on her fingertips
She's got red lips, red lips
But they ain't the kind you wanna kiss

She looks for love
Where the sun never shines
She's crying
"I'm so strange"
"I'm so strange"
Then she says

Baby, let's twist, baby let's twist
Baby, let's twist, baby let's twist
I need love; one, two, three
Cause I can't fit in society
So baby, let's twist

A safety pin in her earlobe
A tattoo on her thigh
It's a funky situation
And a treat for the eye

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She's got blood on her fingertips
She's got red lips, red lips
But they ain't the kind you wanna kiss

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