

Searching the Streets

The Donnas

Well, it's a Saturday night and I'm searchin' the streets
And I'm lookin for you and I can't stand the heat
You must think, I'm a fool not to know who you're with
But when you say her name, you get, oh so stiff

There's another side to me, one you don't know
One you can't see unless you're some kind of ho

I got a darkside and I'm searchin' the streets
I got a darkside, I'm lookin' for some fresh meat
I got a darkside and I'm searchin' the streets
And baby, you better run

You think, I can't hurt you but you fell in my trap
And you say you believe me but you're watchin' your back
You can run all over and you can try to hide
But you and that girl ain't gonna survive

There's another side to me, one you don't know
One you can't see unless you're some kind of ho

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I got a darkside, I'm lookin' for some fresh meat
I got a darkside, and I'm searchin' the streets
And baby, you better run

You think I can't hurt you but you fell in my trap
And you say you believe me but you're watchin' your back
It sounded good at the time, but I can guess how it feels
Now that you're on the run and I'm on your heels

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One you can't see unless you're some kind of ho

I got a darkside and I'm searchin' the streets
I got a darkside, I'm lookin' for some fresh meat
I got a darkside, and I'm searchin' the streets
And baby, you better run

And I'm searchin' the streets, yeah I'm searchin' the streets
And I'm searchin' the streets, yeah I'm searchin' the streets
I'm searchin' the streets, yeah I'm searchin' the streets