

I'm a Million

The Runaways

Mother and father came from New York City
Working their life away
Know they'll give me anything
That a little girl needs to make my life pretty

Seen you before but you're making me sore
But I'm trying not to make a sound
Couldn't help notice you were wanting me
You said I can help you make your life pretty

Oh, baby I'm a million, oh yeah
Oh, baby I'm a million

You like to mess around with your favorite guns
I hope you blow yourself to hell
Cause I've the need honey I got the greed
Just to make my life a little more pretty

Oh, baby I'm a million, oh yeah
Oh, baby I'm a million