

Vicious

The Velvet Underground

Vicious

You hit me with a flower
You do it every hour
Ohh, baby you're so vicious

Vicious

You want me to hit you with a stick
But all I've got's a guitar pick
Huh... Baby you're so vicious

When I watch you come

Baby I just want to run far away
You're not the kind of person
Around whom I want to stay

When I see you walking down the street
I step on your hands and I mangle your feet
You're not the kind of person that I wanna meet
Oh, baby, you're so vicious

Vicious

You hit me with a flower
You do it every hour
Ohh, baby you're so vicious

Vicious

Hey, why don't you swallow razor blades
You must think that I'm some kinda gay blade
But baby, you're so vicious
When I see you coming
I just have to run
You're not good and you certainly aren't very much fun
When I see you walking down the street
I step on your hand and I mangle your feet
You're not the kind of person that I even wanna meet
'cause you're so vicious

Vicious

Baby, you're so vicious

Vicious...