

That Champagne Feeling

Vanna

Short black dress falls, off her shoulders, we're on top of the world.

The evening airs intoxicating, we're on top of the world.

We're on top of it! We're on top of it!

Drink away. Drown all your problems, just move on.

Drink away. Drown all your problems, just move on.

All you can swallow is still such a mouthful.

Ready, let's take our time, bleed out our insides.

Ready, let's take our time, bleed out our insides.

Ready, let's take our time, bleed out our insides.

Ready, let's take our time, bleed out our insides.

We'll cut from this knife and we'll bleed out our insides.

Your eyes, gut me, like the sharpest of knives.

Your eyes, gut me, like the sharpest of knives.

Your eyes, gut me, like the sharpest of knives.

Your eyes, gut me, like the sharpest of knives.

You look so much better, then.

You look so much better, then.

You look so much better, then.

You look so much better, then