

Starving Pretty

Maria McKee

I can dance rings, dance rhymes, dance around anything
You snap and sting and I catch with a dip and a swing
No need to speak, we've nothing to answer
And our cheek to cheek bears the villainous flush of cancer

And stay with me, starving pretty and high
Back and forth, celebrate at such refine
Lean on me, baby we're going to make it

We're paper thin
(We're gonna win)
We're gonna win
(We're gonna win)
We're gonna make it

Scoring a balance of wits we'd work it out in the sack
(Back and forth we go)
The war in prolificals who made us lose interest in macked ?
(Back and forth we go)
Our days of bliss I think of them often
Each black lying kiss each sweet little nail in our coffin

And stay with me, starving pretty and high
Back and forth, celebrate with such refine
Lean on me, baby, we're going to make it

We're paper thin
(We're gonna win)
We're gonna win
(We're gonna win)
We're gonna make it

Hung up so well, so dry and disfigured
A love song to sell, let's give 'em a smile and a shiver

And stay with me, starving pretty and high
Back and forth, celebrate at such refine
Lean on me, baby, we're going to make it

We're paper thin
(We're gonna win, we're gonna win)
We're gonna win
(we're gonna win) we're gonna win)

We're gonna make it
(we're gonna win) we're gonna win)
We're paper thin
(We're gonna win, we're gonna win)
Stay with me
(We're gonna win)

Stay with me
(We're gonna win, we're gonna win)
Stay with me
(We're gonna win, we're gonna win)
Stay with me