

Kiss, Murder In High-Heels

Hey, with a sleight of hand and then a word of mouth
She's a cat been caged too long and now she's breakin' out
Well, get it straight, you better cross your heart
'Cause sparks are gonna fly,
let me tell you what it's all about
Better run for cover, babe, she's gonna make her move
You know she could, she's a get rich bitch
You better get her while the gettin's good

She's a vision in leather, like salt on a wound
Just a turn of a knob and she's real fine tuned
But she's murder in high-heels
She ain't the girl next door worth waitin' for
Well you're playin' with the fire,
a pool of sweat's lyin' on the floor
She'll bring you to your knees,
and when you're laid to rest
She's gonna give you something,
she's gonna get it off her chest
(Yeah yeah yeah)

She's a vision in leather, like salt on a wound
Just a turn of a knob
and she's real fine tuned - here she comes
he's a vision in leather, like salt on a wound
Just a turn of a knob and she's real fine tuned
But she's murder in high heels