

Rob Zombie, Dead Girl Superstar

well, she threw downtown on a gambling green
and fenced a chicken dog in a movie
a long haired baby got a record machine
like a hacksaw falling on me
go, go, go, go
dying to go
she's moving in like a demon

dead girl, dead girl

well, she blew uptown on a cemetery sound
and wore her leather pants for week, yeah
a canteen butcher got tiger teeth
and a handmade circus freak, yeah
go, go, go, go
dying to go
she moving in like a demon

dead girl, dead girl superstar

well, she hit the ground like a bounty killer clown
with a fistful of dollars to eat, yeah
i see her there with blood in her hair
and a flesh killing brat to beat, yeah