

Black Boots

ARIZONA

Leather-jacket girl, jet-black hair
Addicted to the contrast in the air
She don't need no Player Two, she's so good at solitaire
But I'm dyin' to get somewhere (One, two)

Make a move, die young
I'll be runnin' red lights 'til you treat me like your type
Black boots, uh, and nylon
Use me up until I'm gone

Ooh-ooh

Cat eyes, razor sharp, I shouldn't touch the edge
But I think I need to learn the hard way instead
Oh, I try to keep it alive, but I don't know how to
I'm tryin' to keep my cool (Hey)

Make a move, uh, die young
I'll be runnin' red lights 'til you treat me like your type
Black boots and nylon, oh
Use me up, use me up until I'm gone

Ooh, whoa
Use me up until I'm (Woo)

Make a move, uh, die young
I'll be runnin' red lights 'til you treat me like your type
Black boots and nylon
Use me up, use me up until I'm gone