

# Wolves

## Chasing Victory

Everybody knows.  
Everybody knows.  
Everybody knows she's a riot when she's striking a pose.  
Place your bets.  
Place your bets,  
On the girl in the short skirt showing off her assets.  
They call her home wrecker, but she's not a humble beggar.  
There's a closet full of skeletons an undertaker  
Couldn't spot with a keen sense of dark apparitions.  
Her lips are poisonous, but men'll die just to kiss 'em.

She works her magic with a devil's ability.  
She's a monster, a monster.  
She's got a fashion that could humble an enemy.  
She's a monster, a monster.

She needs help. (No doubt about it.)  
Sex can sell. (We won't allow it.)  
She needs help. (No doubt about it.)  
Who's gonna' be the one to break the news?

She's got the looks of a mystery,  
With a line and a hook of a century.  
Did she make your heart, make your heat skip a b-b-b-beat?  
Don't be fooled by her innocent eyes.  
She's a wolf.  
She's a wolf in a sheepish disguise.  
C'mon, why don't you take a bit of good advice?  
Why don't you take a bit of good advice?  
Don't be fooled be her innocent eyes.  
She's a wolf.  
She's a wolf in a sheepish disguise.  
C'mon why don't you take a bit of good advice,  
Before you're spinning in a never ending web of lies?

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She's a wolf. (She's a wolf.)  
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