

Nurse Ratched

Cherry Glazerr

Your eyes, like daggers, burn through his skin
You're so cold master, where do I begin?

Your face like porcelain
And his heart string
Oh so thin
Your eyes, like daggers, burn through his skin
You're so cold master, where do I begin?

She's a wild one
She's a wild one next to me
She's a wild one
She's a wild one in the land that's supposedly free
Supposedly me
Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo
Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo

Your face like porcelain
And his heart string
Oh so thin
Your eyes, like daggers, burn through his skin
You're so cold master, where do I begin?