

## Little Miss S.

Edie Brickell and New Bohemians

Shooting up junk in the bathroom  
Makin' it with punks on the floor  
Livin' the scene of her limousine  
Little Miss S. in a mini dress  
Living it up to die  
In a blink of the public eye

Day-glo point in an electric chair  
Electric dye in her lovers hair  
A pretty sight in the middle of the night  
Made up for everyone to see  
Swinging on the branch of a broken family tree

You got a lot of living to do without  
You got a lot of living to do without  
You got a lot of living to do without life

The village idiots in her bed  
Never cared that her eyes were red  
Never cared that her eyes were dead  
In the hours that her face was alive  
It was the thing just to be by her side

You got a lot of living to do without  
You got a lot of living to do without  
You got a lot of living to do without life

Hey, alright

You got a lot of living to do without  
You got a lot of living to do without  
You got a lot of living to do without life

You got a lot of living to do without  
You got a lot of living to do without  
You got a lot of living to do without life