

Little Miss S.

Edie Brickell & New Bohemians

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

Day-glo paint on an electric chair
Electric dye in her lover's hair
A pretty sight in the middle of the night
Made up for everyone to see
Swingin' on the branch of a broken family tree

You got a lot of livin' to do without
You got a lot of livin' to do without
You got a lot of livin' to do without life

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

You got a lot of livin' to do without
You got a lot of livin' to do without
You got a lot of livin' to do without life

Heyy yeah. All right

You got a lot of livin' to do without
You got a lot of livin' to do without
You got a lot of livin' to do without life

You got a lot of livin' to do without
You got a lot of livin' to do without
You got a lot of livin' to do without life
Heyy yeah. All right...