

# Murder in High-Heels

Kiss

Hey  
With a sleight of hand  
And then a word of mouth  
She's a cat been caged too long  
And now she's breakin' out  
Well, get it straight  
You better cross your heart  
'Cause sparks are gonna fly  
Let me tell you what it's all about

Better run for cover, babe  
She's gonna make her move  
You know she could, she's a get rich bitch you better get her while t  
he gettin's good

She's a vision in leather  
Like salt on a wound  
Just a turn of a knob... ooh  
And she's real  
Fine tuned

But she's murder  
In high-heels

She ain't the girl next door  
Worth a-waitin' for  
Well you're playin' with the fire, a pool of sweat's  
Lyin' on the floor  
She'll bring you to your knees  
And when you're laid to rest  
She gonna give you something, she's gonna get it off her chest  
Yeah-yeah-yeah

She's a vision in leather  
Like salt on a wound  
Ooh-yeah  
Just a turn of a knob... woo!  
And she's real  
Fine tuned  
Here she comes

She's a vision in leather  
Like salt on a wound  
Just a turn of a knob... ooh-yeah  
And she's real  
Fine tuned

She is murder in high heels