

Hit and Run

LOLO

They never saw us coming
'Til they hit the floor
They just kept beggin for
More, more
Na na na na na na na
All dressed up for a hit and run
Na na na na na na na
All dressed up for a hit and run

I was brought up as a southern belle
I grew into the queen of hell
You were just a little stowaway
That stabbed her way to save herself
You always liked the taste of blood
And I get off when I point the gun
It's so good to have someone to be so bad with

First one up was a preacher's son
Last one down was an englishman
I'm in bed with his bow tie on
All dressed up for a hit and run
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Sunday in notting hill
He was sneaking a cigarette
His God protects him but
I know we'll get him dead
Ran my fingers through his hair
So he thinks it's fun and games
He don't know our faces but
He'll never forget our names

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I was waiting in the getaway car
You were stuck in the hotel bar
He was a proper englishman
He had one last pint before the cops broke in
You poured the gasoline and
I drove into the flames
History will hate us
But they'll never forget our names

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