

Too Good At Raising Hell

The Struts

Designer suits, Gucci gloves, Chelsea boots
All my demons are cocaine-fueled electric cool
Sugar tooth, caramel, silky smooth
Diving into Clase Azul swimming pools

Sex so good, make the neighbors smoke a cigarette
But I'm still bored to death

Think I'm getting too good, too good at raising hell
But I'm wearing it well
I'm getting too good, too good at raising hell
Oh, I'm ringing the bell

I run a hotel without any beds
Run a catwalk without any threads
Driving myself right into the storm
Burning my cash to keep myself warm
Staying at the party when everyone's left
What a good life, I'm living my best
I'm still bored to death

Think I'm getting too good, too good at raising hell
But I'm wearing it well
I'm getting too good, too good at raising hell
Oh, I'm ringing the bell
It's a little too easy, getting harder to please me
I know you're starving to feed me, you know that you need me
I'm getting too good, too good at raising hell

Think I'm getting too good, too good at raising hell
But I'm wearing it well
I'm getting too good, too good at raising hell
Oh, I'm ringing the bell
It's a little too easy, getting harder to please me
I know you're starving to feed me, you know that you need me
I'm getting too good, too good at raising hell

Oh yeah
Too good

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Woo, woo, woo
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Woo, woo, woo
Ah, we are babe