

# Whore

## Get Scared

(You... do you know that bad girls go to hell?)

Come on!

Up to your neck in shit.

Like a plague words spread,

There's no getting over it.

You better bite your tongue.

Cover up your tracks.

You know you're down to get fucked. I know what you are.

You're like a dark cloud,

That follows me around.

Like a virus with no cure.

You're like an angry crowd,

I'm a riot in the streets.

And you're a cheap little whore

Cheap whore!

Cheap whore!

Cheap whore!

Putting words in their mouths,

Till they choke to death.

There's no getting over it!

You're more deceiving than most,

You tiptoe around like another ghost I know what you are.

You're like a dark cloud,

That follows me around.

Like a virus with no cure.

You're like an angry crowd,

I'm a riot in the streets.

And you're a cheap little whore

Don't make me think any less of you now.

I won't believe a dirty word from your mouth.

Don't make me think any less of you now.

I won't believe a dirty word from your mouth.

I'm what you've lost!

I'm what you've lost! You're like a dark cloud,

That follows me around.

Like a virus with no cure.

You're like an angry crowd,

I'm a riot in the streets.

And you're a cheap little whore. You're like a dark cloud,

That follows me around.

Like a virus with no cure.

You're like an angry crowd,

I'm a riot in the streets.  
And you're a cheap little whore.  
You're a cheap little whore.  
You're a cheap little whore.  
You're a cheap little whore.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>