

Spoiled

Lips of fire
Heart of broken glass
Given everything
Every time she asks
Drives men crazy
Ooh she's such a tease
Easy to touch but impossible to please

(chorus)
She's spoiled
Her money never fails
Thinks she can buy me
But I am not for sale
Spoiled
She lives a charmed life
Don't want her kisses
They come with a price

But those lips are tempting
Maybe just a taste
She's unrelenting
Just one kiss would be a waste
Shallow soul
Hiding deep inside
She's too proud to go through life with any pride

(repeat chorus)

She'd fly me to Paris, London, and Rome
We could make love inside her luxurious homes
Coats of fur, swimming pools, satin sheets
This lady Godiva is a poisonous treat

(repeat chorus)

*Written by Frankie Moreno / B.T. Brunelle
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