

look we've seen this kind of thing before.  
jackie flirts with cobras at the door,  
dont live your life inside a mirror,  
filled with glances, New York City, find your chances, yes you've had 'em, yes you've had 'em, yes you've had 'em.  
on a train devouring the land, theres a kid going insane over her man, insane over her man, insane over her.

look we've seen this kind of thing before,  
vulcans hanging from the entrance door, and if he hollers let him out 'cause hes gonna shout, "there's something in the way she moves that shouldnt be allowed."

wrapped on the jungle floor, jackie's dressed in cobras, giving me ideas, what i really need now is ideas.

look we've seen this kind of thing before.  
vampires drawn across the ballroom floor  
the snake has blood thats squeezed for dancing, New York City, find your chances, yes you've had 'em, yes you've had 'em, yes you've had 'em.

on a train devouring the land  
theres a kid going insane over her man, insane over her man, insane over her.  
on a chain devouring the light  
theres a kid going insane over her man, insane over her man, insane over her.  
on a chain devouring the light  
theres a kid going insane over her man, insane over her man, insane over her.

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