

Shinedown, Cyanide Sweet Tooth

She's a still thrill of suicide they say,
Cyanide in her plastic veins
She's a mannequin of misery,
She's on a bender,
But she ain't gonna break.

Hey, Hey.

Taste like sugar, but it's novacaine.
She's climbing diesels,
She can sharpen the pain
White lights, Train wreck.

(Chorus)

Black lips, Pale Eyes
Cyanide Sweet Tooth Suicide.

She's a killer,
She is mine,
Cyanide Sweet Tooth Suicide.

Straight nine(?)
Cerebellum feeds the brain,
Hurricane and a violent rage.

They say,
She's a looker just like Anna Nicole.

Oh, no.

F**k the silver,
Let's go straight for the gold.

Hey, hey

Digging deeper than a six foot hole,
She's snorting cocaine through a suicide note.

White light. Train wreck.

(Chorus)

Black lips, Pale Eyes
Cyanide Sweet Tooth Suicide.

She's a killer,
She is mine,
Cyanide Sweet Tooth Suicide.

White lights. Train wreck.

(Chorus)

Black lips, Pale Eyes
Cyanide Sweet Tooth Suicide.

She's a killer,
Not my,
Cyanide Sweet Tooth Suicide.

Black lips, Pale Eyes
Cyanide Sweet Tooth Suicide.

She's a zero,
What about now?

Cyanide Sweet Tooth Suicide.