

Neeka "Patti"

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Patti makes me shiver,
Patti makes me shake
I drink my tea and quiver,
it's like a tiny little earthquake

Turning up that low voice,
turning down my high hopes
Patti makes me shiver,
Patti makes me

The bartender makes me tremble
playing mrs. Smith
but I'm not in for a gamble,
I've almost lost my grip (I admit)

Staring at the glamgirls
he picks out while I learn
But sometimes he makes me shiver,
sometimes he makes me

And when I give a cigarette
to the psychopath next to me,
He says, this is too primitive,
don't light that match he'll see
it's lucifer's to catch,
it's devils match,
it's underground
girl it's low way to low,
Patti is just to low, low, low

But still he makes me shiver,
still he makes me shake
I drink my lemon-gin and quiver
and everytime that earthquake

Turning up that low voice
turning down my high hops
Patti makes me shiver,
Patti makes me

Turning up that low voice

turning down my high hops
Patti makes me shiver,
Patti makes me

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