

Rolling Stones, The

"Stray Cat Blues"

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I hear the click-clack of your feet on the stairs
I know you're no scare-eyed honey.
There'll be a feast if you just come upstairs
But it's no hanging matter
It's no capital crime

I can see that you're fifteen years old
No I don't want your I.D.
You look so rest-less and you're so far from home
But it's no hanging matter
It's no capital crime

Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat
Oh yeah, don'tcha scratch like that
Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat
Bet your mama don't know you scream like that
I bet your mother don't know you can spit like that.

You look so weird and you're so far from home
But you don't really miss your mother
Don't look so scared I'm no mad-brained bear
But it's no hanging matter
It's no capital crime
Oh, yeah
Woo!

I bet your mama don't know that you scatch like that
I bet she don't know you can bite like that.

You say you got a friend, that she's wilder than you
Why don't you bring her upstairs
If she's so wild then she can join in too
It's no hanging matter
It's no capital crime

Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat
Oh yeah, don'tcha scratch like that
Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat
I bet you mama don't know you can bite like that
I'll bet she never saw you scratch my back

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