

Scorpions, The

"Don't make no promises"

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(Matthias Jabs, Herman Rarebell)

I saw this girl walking down the street
I thought, oh yeah, she looks rather neat
I grabbed my chance and played my usual game
I tell you man, it can be a strain

She didn't wanna know what I'd got to say
Just shook her head and looked the other way
And then she said, I've met your type before
For me you're all the same, you're such a bore

Oh no, don't make no promises
Oh no, your body can't keep

Next day, can you believe, she was at the show
She said, hey man, you're great and she took me home
She started to undress, what a shock to see
Padded bra, blonde wig, not much left for me

Oh no, don't make no promises
Oh no, your body can't keep

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