

Scorpions, The

"Priscilla"

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(Music: Rudolf Schenker ;Lyrics: Klaus Meine)

She likes it hot, she likes it humid
She likes my cake, and she's not stupid
She likes my sugar, she likes my bread
I'm ready to attack
She comes at night, when I'm asleep
Without a sound, just like a thief
She comes to crawl, under my bed
I'm ready to attack
Priscilla oh Priscilla
You last resistant chiller
Priscilla oh Priscilla
Tonight I'm going to kill ya
She lives in my kitchen
Down in the shade
She likes leftovers
And throwaways
I'm on a diet
And she is fat
I'm ready to attack
Priscilla oh Priscilla
You last resistant chiller
Priscilla oh Priscilla
Tonight I'm going to kill ya
I can't do it I can't do it at all
She turns a man into killer
This cockroach named Priscilla
This cockroach named Priscilla
You're gonna be here
You're gonna be there
You're gonna be everywhere
I'm coming after you
I'm coming after you
You're gonna be now
You're gonna be then
You're gonna be out and in
I'm coming after you
I'm coming after you
You're gonna be saint
You're gonna be sin
You're gonna lose and win

I'm coming after you
I'm coming after you
Priscilla oh Priscilla
Tonight I'm going to kill ya

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