

Scorpions, The "Wild Child"

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(Music: Rudolf Schenker, Lyrics: Klaus Meine)

Don't hear the phone that rings
I know the fever's coming
God knows what life will bring
This Sunday morning (Sunday Morning) without a
warning

Don't hear the neighbour scream
He thinks my house is burning
Well, life is good to me
This Sunday morning (yeah)

She's a wild child
And her I-I-love turns a man insane
She's a wild child
And the love she makes rocks the mind off my brain

Don't hear the backdoor crack
Don't see the cops are coming back
It's burnin' in my bed
This Sunday morning (yeah)

She's a wild child (she's a wild child)
And her I-I-love turns a man insane
She's a wild child (she's a wild child)
And the love she makes rocks the mind off my brain

She's on fire
She's on fire
She's on fire

She's a wild child
And her I-I-love turns a man insane
She's a wild child
And the love she makes rocks the mind off my brain

She's a wild child (she's a wild child)
And her I-I-love turns a man insane
She's a wild child (she's a wild child)
And the love she makes rocks the mind off my brain

She's a wild child
She's a wild child

Yeah

She's a wild child (she's a wild child)
And her I-I-love turns a man insane
She's a wild child (she's a wild child)
And the love she makes rocks the mind off my brain

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