

Sex Pistols, The

"Black Leather"

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She's all geared up
Walking down the street
I can feel her slime
Looking down her sheet
But well you can't refuse
And you just can't choose
What she's gonna do
I said you can't refuse
And you just can't choose
What she's gonna do
It's late at night
And i'm all alone
I can hear her boot
We're getting near her home
But well you can't refuse
And you just can't choose
What she's gonna do
I said you can't refuse
And you just can't choose
What she's gonna do
Well scratch scratch
She's clawing at the door
Oh no I can't stick anymore
Crack crack

I feel so sore
I never should have asked for
Black leather black leather
Black leather black leather
You can try so high
You know you won't get far
You will let her in
And she'll start again
But well you can't refuse
And you just can't choose
What she's gonna do
I said you can't refuse
And you just can't choose
What she's gonna do
Well scratch scratch
She's clawing at the door

Oh no I can't stick anymore
Crack crack
I feel so sore
I never should have asked for
Black leather black leather
Black leather black leather
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