

Yves Montand

"Scratch Your Way Out"

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She turned to me as I said hello
When I passed her down the hall
She forced herself to bring me a smile
But I think she didn't mind at all
In just two seconds, I said to her
You could have me down on my back
She laughed, laughed, laughed but I didn't care
She stroke me like a blitzattack
She looked so good
She looked so fine
But she will never look better than me
Burning up with fever again
And the fever was running high
I licked her face and asked her if
She wanted to lick mine
She looked so nice as I laid her down
With a shotgun placed in her mouth
I feel the tickle as I pull it of
And now I know there is no doubt that
She look so good
She look so fine
But she will never look better than me

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