

Kings Of The Sun "Black Leather"

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Down on the street corner
Looking so cool and hip
Aspiring King Elvis
With that sweet little curl in his lip
While over by his hot rod
With his jukebox deli queen
So I ran up and asked the question
Hey how do I make the scene?

He said hey punk go out and get yourself some black
leather
Black leather
Heads up, you can't get enough, black leather
Black leather

Some motorcylce mama
She drove right up out of a dream
Covered up in rings and chains like a mean machine
I saddled right up besider her
I said honey now give me the tip
What's a guy gotta do to slip up to you
I waited for her to flip

She said, Hey boy go on and wrap your toy in black
leather
Black leather
Skin tight, sure feels allright, black leather
Black leather

Ooh black leather
Yeah black leather
Ooh black leather
Yeah black leather

I gotta get me some black leather

I finally got it together
I finally made the scene
I got me some black leather
And man do I look mean
Check it from my left side
How is it from the right

I feel so mean
I gotta be seen
Come and get with it tonight

Hey punk, you gotta get yourself some black leather
Black leather
Skin tight, sure looks alright, it's black leather
Black leather

Ooh black leather
Yeah black leather
Ooh black leather
Yeah black leather

Give me black
Black
Give me leather
Leather
I want black leather
Give me black
Black
Give me leather
Leather
I want black that leather
I said
I want it
I need it
I gotta have it all

It's black
So black
Black leather
Get it together
Yeah!
Give me black

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