

Scorpions "Hell Cat"

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Fire in her eyes ... burn ...
Perfume of the skies ...
Fingers cold as ice ... freeze ...
Devil in disguise!
Well, she's a, she's a, she's a
You know that she's a hell-cat, hell-cat, hell-cat, hell-cat
(She's gonna scratch up your mind ...)
You know that guy with piccadilly-eyes
Was talking to the French boy
But didn't realize.
Banana-long-boat-eating
An' he tried to get a wife
But he couldn't stay alive
Well, you know that lad with the rubber-dad
Paints his fingers yellow, blue, and red.
An' you also know that she's a liar
Knowing only her desire ...

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