

The Cat Empire "The Sly"

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If frisy hair was a metaphor
For festival time
Then this woman is a goddess
Of that festival shrine, met her
- at a jam
In that garden of sorts
I must confess god bless
Some impure thoughts
Â“show us the moneyÂ”
Was the call of the night
But no money could have bought
Even a piece of her pride, there might
Have been a sea of people
I don't know, because
All I could see
Was how this woman she glowed so

-Aeh it's a pleasure to meet you
Ya look like one incredible creature
Wanna treat you fine
Lets dance and grind
Get so funk-inflicted it's a crime
You're divine you're sublime
And well you blow my mind

She caterpillar so good
That all the greeks go Â“killaÂ”
Break and enter take ya like a glass of milk
Then Â“spill yaÂ”
Saw her coming what a scene
What I mean is
She got that sex coffee beam
But she tastes like vanilla
Well alright she ignite
When we hit the floor
Like the vroom on a V8 super commodore
Now if it makes a good story
Well it's just worthwhile
With her's like dealing stories
In that sprinkla style and so

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