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The Scorpions "Priscilla"

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She likes it hot, she likes it humid She likes my cake and she's not stupid She likes my sugar, she likes my bread I'm ready to attack

She comes at night when I'm asleep Without a sound, just like a thief She likes to crawl under my bed I'm ready to attack, to attack

Priscilla, oh, Priscilla You last resistant chiller Priscilla, oh, Priscilla Tonight I'm going to kill ya Priscilla

She lives in my kitchen, down in the shade She likes leftovers and throwaways I'm on a diet, she is fat I'm ready to attack, to attack

Priscilla, oh, Priscilla You last resistant chiller Priscilla, oh, Priscilla Tonight I'm going to kill ya Priscilla, going to kill ya

I can't do it. I can't do it at all I can't do it, I can't do it at all I can't do it, I can't do it at all I can't do it. I can't do it at all

She turns a man into a killer This cockroach named Priscilla This cockroach named Priscilla

You're gonna be here You're gonna be there You're gonna be everywhere I'm coming after you I'm coming after you

You're gonna be now You're gonna be then You're gonna be out and in I'm coming after you I'm coming after you

You're gonna be saint You're gonna be sin You're gonna lose or win I'm coming after you I'm coming after you

Priscilla, oh, Priscilla
Tonight I'm going to kill ya
Priscilla, Priscilla, tonight I'm going to kill ya
Priscilla, I'm going to kill ya
Tonight I'm going to kill ya

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