

The Scorpions **"Wild Child"**

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And don't hear the phone that rings
I know that fever's coming
And God knows what life will bring
And this Sunday morning
Sunday morning without a warning

And don't hear that neighbor scream
He thinks my house is burning
Life is good to me
And this Sunday morning, yeah

She's a wild child
And her I-I-love turns a man insane
She's a wild child
And the love she makes rocks the mind off my brain,
yeah

And don't hear that back door crack
And don't see the cops are coming back
It's burnin' in my bed
And this Sunday morning, yeah

She's a wild child
(She's a wild child)
And her I-I-love turns a man insane
She's a wild child
(She's a wild child)
And the love she makes rocks the mind off my brain

She's on fire
She's on fire
She's on fire

She's a wild child
And her I-I-love turns a man insane
She's a wild child
And the love she makes
Rocks the mind off my brain

She's a wild child
(She's a wild child)
And her I-I-love turns a man insane

She's a wild child
(She's a wild child)
And the love she makes rocks the mind off my brain

She's a wild child
She's a wild child, yeah

She's a wild child
(She's a wild child)
And her I-I-love turns a man insane
She's a wild child
(She's a wild child)
And the love she makes rocks the mind off my brain

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