

## Primal Scream

### "Dolls"

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Saw you walking down the street  
Holding hands with some other guy  
Wearing a sharkskin suit, black patent leather boots  
& big brown flying saucer eyes  
I didn't talk to you then  
You were kissing your friend  
Besides it was the wrong time & place  
I went home & took a shower  
Read "Our Lady Of The Flowers" by Jane Genet  
I knew we'd meet again

Don't want your diamonds  
Don't want your gold  
I want your love  
I want your soul  
Come on baby, let's have a good time

Sweet Rock'n'Roll

I searched all over town  
Quizzed the dudes hanging around,  
No one had ever seen a chick like you before  
I hit strip joints & museums  
Bars and Clubs & Jesus  
I even prayed in a cathedral for your soul  
Then one rainy winter Tuesday  
I saw you on the subway  
You were headed for the tunnel  
Me the door  
I pressed my face against the glass  
You sped by me in a flash  
Like a motorcycle crash  
You smoked my skull

Don't want your diamonds  
Don't want your gold  
I want your love  
I want your soul  
Come on baby, let's have a good time

Sweet Rock'n'Roll

Here she comes now

So there I was walking in the pouring rain  
Wonderin' who & why & where & what you were  
I had hallucinatory dreams  
Shivers sweats & screams  
Like an opiate withdrawal only worse  
Then one long hot summer night  
I took a motorcycle ride  
Saw you looking mean & evil  
Voodoo rockabilly queen  
'bout to kickstart your machine  
Like a fighter pilot flying off to war  
You had a tight black leather jacket  
Skull & crossbones on the back  
God bless your soul of sweet Gene Vincent  
There you were

Don't want your diamonds  
Don't want your gold  
I want your love  
I want your soul  
Come on baby, let's have a good time

Sweet Rock'n'Roll

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