

Skyclad "Catherine At The Wheel"

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Her face caught in the headlamp glare,
There waiting for a ride.
Stood all alone - so far from home,
He beckons her inside.
A smile that has two meanings -
slips his fat hand to her knee,
But swiftly learns how quick to turn this woman scorned
can be.
Her flesh was all he wanted -
But his blood was what she got,
And did he dream of scenes x-rated
when she showed him Salem's lot?
Now the hunted is the hunter
with a heart as cold as steel,
See the empty rear view mirror showing
Catherine at the wheel.
Down in the park - just after dark
Girl crying 'neath a tree.
Begs "Can you help please mister? - mummy left and
forgot me."
"My you're out late my dear" exclaims the shabby,
strange old man,
Who hidden in teh bushes finds a lion in his lamb.
She's a killer with a conscience -
and a bite too sharp to feel,
This child sat on the roundabout is Catehrine at the
wheel.
And if you could you'd kill them twice -
How sweet revenge can be,
'Gainst those you've sent to that place with no fury next
to thee.
Her flesh was all they wanted -
But their blood was what she got,
And did they dream of scenes x-rated
when she showed them Salem's lot?
She's a killer with a conscience -
and a heart as cold as steel,
She's the hunter not the hunted -
with a bite too sharp to feel.
Her flesh was all they wanted -
But their blood was what she got,
And did they dream of scenes x-rated

when she showed them Salem's lot?
Catherine's at the wheel.

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