

Crawlin'

Alice Cooper

Your dress is hangin' on a hook on the door
My jeans are lying in a pile on the floor, yeah
Flat on my back, tryin' to catch my breath
When we were rockin' tonight
I thought that we were gonna rock to death

But what's that in your eyes?
I'm no longer paralyzed
Here we go again

Crawlin', you come crawling to me
I go crawling to you
We come crawling
You come crawling to me
I go crawling to you

Your hair is tangled and your lipstick is gone
You're stretched out, calling my name
With just your high heels on
We hunt each other on our hands and our knees
Well I'm an alley cat
And you're a hot little Siamese

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