

Black Licorice

Grand Funk Railroad

Whooo ... wheee!

You there, comin' up the stair, the feelin' is ice-blue cold.
Shake, it's more than I can take, I'm startin' to lose control.
Watch out, what's that noise, there's somebody at the door.
It must be Black Licorice, she come back to make me cry some more.

Time, ain't on my side, I'm losin' it more each day.
Licorice, licorice.
She's got evil in her eyes, and catnip is her taste.
Licorice, licorice.
She wraps me up in her slender legs, her hot black skin to mine
. .
Licorice, licorice.
Ple ... ple ... please, don't touch me, oh, I know I'm dead this time.

Oh, oh, yeah ... Licorice, yeah, Black Licorice.
Licorice, licorice.
Licorice, yeah, Black Licorice.
Licorice, licorice.
Licorice, Black Licorice.
Licorice, licorice.
Licorice, yeah, Black Licorice.

Licorice.
Licorice.
Licorice.
Licorice.

Licorice, yeah, Black Licorice.
Licorice, licorice.
Licorice, yeah, Black Licorice.
Licorice, licorice.
Licorice, licorice, Black Licorice.
Licorice, licorice.
Licorice, woah, Black Licorice.