

Saw you walking down the street
Holding hands with some other guy
Well a short skin suit, black patent leather boots
Big brown round saucer eyes, that's right!
I didn't talk to you then, you was kissing your friend
Besides, it was the wrong time and place
I went home, took a shower, met a lady
I got some flowers but shows ya hey 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 babe
Let's have a good time! Let's have a good time!
Let's have a good time! Let's have a good time!

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

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Let's have a good time! Let's have a good time!
Let's have a good time! Let's have a good time!

So once again, walking in the pouring rain
Wondering who and why and where and what you were
I had hallucinatory dreams, shivers, sweats and screams
Like an opium withdrawal, only worse
Then on one hot summer night I took a motorcycle ride
Saw you looking really evil, spitting fire from your eyes
Like a rockabilly queen 'bout to kick start your machine
Like a fighter pilot flying off to war
You had a tight black leather jacket, skull and crossbones on the back
God bless the sould of sweet Gene Vincent, there you were!

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