Hell Cat

Scorpions

Fire in her eyes ... burn ... Perfume of the skies ... Fingers cold as ice ... freeze ... Devil in disguise! Well, she's a, she's a, she's a You know that she's a hell-cat, hell-cat, hell-cat, hell-cat (She's gonna scratch up your mind ...) You know that guy with piccadilly-eyes Was talking to the French boy But didn't realize. Banana-long-boat-eating An' he tried to get a wife But he couldn't stay alive Well, you know that lad with the rubber-dad Paints his fingers yellow, blue, and red. An' you also know that she's a liar Knowing only her desire ...