

# Black Leather

Sex Pistols

She's all geared up  
Walking down the street  
I can feel her slime  
Looking down her sheet

But well you can't refuse  
And you just can't choose  
What she's gonna do  
I said you can't refuse  
And you just can't choose  
What she's gonna do

It's late at night  
And I'm all alone  
I can hear her boot  
We're getting near her home

But well you can't refuse  
And you just can't choose  
What she's gonna do  
I said you can't refuse  
And you just can't choose  
What she's gonna do

Well scratch scratch  
She's clawing at the door  
Oh no I can't stick anymore  
Crack crack  
I feel so sore  
I never should have asked for  
Black leather black leather  
Black leather black leather

You can try so high  
You know you won't get far  
You will let her in  
And she'll start again

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