

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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