

Hugh Cornwell, Hot Cat on a Tin Roof

Oooh the feeling of a joyride coming on
I know how long I've waited now
Oooh the ceiling aint so far above my head
I want to hit it with my plough
We're revving we're revving we're turning on the power
We're burning we're burning we're coming like a flower
Oooh I'm dizzy and I'm flying above the circus though this kite aint left the ground
I'm warming up
I'm cooling down
I hear it as her engines make their sound
We're revving we're revving we're turning on the power
We're burning we're burning we're coming like a flower
Hot cat on a tin roof
Hot cat on a tin roof
You know I mean that she's such a hot cat
And there's the tin roof if you need proof
Oooh I tremble as I touch her through my gloves
She knows she has me from now on
Oooh I tingle as she takes me up into the blue you know she ticks just like a bomb
We're revving we're revving we're turning on the power
We're burning we're burning we're coming like a flower
Hot cat on a tin roof
Hot cat on a tin roof