

# 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