

# Rolling Stones, Stray Cat Blues

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

I hear the click-clack of your feet on the stairs  
I know you're no scare-eyed honey.  
There'll be a feast if you just come upstairs  
But it's no hanging matter  
It's no capital crime  
I can see that you're fifteen years old  
No I don't want your I.D.  
And I can see that you're so far from home  
But it's no hanging matter  
It's no capital crime  
Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat  
Oh yeah, don'tcha scratch like that  
Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat  
I bet, bet your mama don't know you scream like that  
I bet your mother don't know you can spit like that.  
You look so weird and you're so far from home  
But you don't really miss your mother  
Don't look so scared I'm no mad-brained bear  
But it's no hanging matter  
It's no capital crime  
Oh, yeah  
Woo!  
I bet your mama don't know that you scatch like that  
I bet she don't know you can bite like that.  
You say you got a friend, that she's wilder than you  
Why don't you bring her upstairs  
If she's so wild then she can join in too  
It's no hanging matter  
It's no capital crime  
Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat  
Oh yeah, don'tcha scratch like that  
Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat  
I bet you mama don't know you can bite like that  
I'll bet she never saw you scratch my back