

Scorpions, Freshly Squeezed

(Music: Rudolf Schenker, Peter Wolf; Lyrics: Klaus Meine)

A G-string is looking for a pilot
White flesh is coming down the stairs again
Your look just makes me a believer
Stray cats are landing in a rain storm
Crashed down lost in wango tango land
Spaced out your body gives me fever
You sex it
Relax it
Reload it
You want it freshly squeezed
Closed down the road of all restrictions
Mad dogs are tearing down the roof again
Sweet noise is pouring from the speakers
Last dance I'm drowning in the moonlight
Exit is the door that I can't find
Black out it can't get it any deeper
You sex it
Relax it
Reload it
And never hold it
You slash it
Refresh it
Reload it
You want it fresh
Got no diamonds rings
But a song to sing
Just to make you fly
Beggars or a king