

The Rolling Stones, Stay cat blues

Ah...

Yeah, I got some tail

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.

I can see that you're so far from home

But that'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 so lost from home

But you don't really miss your mother

Don't look so scared I'm not 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 girlfriend, 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