

# Joan Jett, Black Leather

(steve jones)

Ooh,  
Well, he's all geared up, walkin' down the street  
I can see the slime, drippin' down his sleeve  
Well, you can't refuse and you just can't choose what he's gonna do  
Well, you can't refuse and you just can't choose what he's gonna do

Ooh,  
Well, it's late at night, and I'm all alone  
I can hear the boots gettin' near her home  
Well, you can't refuse and you just can't choose what he's gonna do  
Well, you can't refuse and you just can't choose what he's gonna do

Scratch, scratch, he's clawing at the door

Whoa, no, I can't take it anymore  
Crack, crack I'm feeling so sore,  
I never should have asked for black leather  
Black leather, black leather, black leather

You can try to hide, you know you won't get far  
You let him in, and you'll start again  
Well, you can't refuse and you just can't choose what he's gonna do  
Well, you can't refuse and you just can't choose what he's gonna do

Scratch, scratch, she's clawing at the door  
Whoa, no, I can't take it anymore  
Crack, crack I'm feeling so sore,  
I never should asked for black leather  
Black leather, black leather, black leather