

# Rolling Stones, Look What The Cat Dragged In

I know that you like to go out drinking  
And you love to have a good time  
You came in when I was drinking coffee  
Having breakfast on a bad night

I won't interrogate you and I never will berate you  
But your light's on  
From where you've been  
Lost weekend

What's that look on your face  
It must have been the walk of shame  
Your eyes are all red, get ready for bed  
Your hair's all over the place

And look what the cat dragged in  
Don't you call me a friend  
Get out of my house with your dirty old mouth  
Take yourself out again

Look what the cat dragged in  
Yeah, you take it right out again  
Yeah, look what the cat dragged in  
Yeah, take it right out again

Looking at the sunday papers up what all the ladies did was so quiet  
Checking what was going on in Syria and Lebanon  
A bad pride, bad bribe

I'm going to criticize you and I hate to ostracize you  
What a bad night  
Where you've been  
Lost weekend

You look like a tumble of spades  
It must get a horrible taste  
You look like a fucker, Sergeant Pepper  
Are you going to throw up all over my face

Look what the cat dragged in  
Take it right out again  
Get out of my house with your dirty old mouth  
Take it right out again

Look what the cat dragged in  
Yeah, never do that my friend  
Yeah, look what the cat dragged in  
Look what the cat, look what the cat, look what the cat dragged in