Scorpions, Hell Cat

(Ulrich Roth)

Fire in her eyes ... burn ...
Perfume of the skies ...
Fingers cold as ice ... freeze ...
Devil in disguise!

Well, she's a, she's a, she's a
You know that she's a hell-cat, hell-cat, hell-cat, hell-cat
(She's gonna scratch up your mind ...)
You know that guy with piccadilly-eyes
Was talking to the French boy
But didn't realize.
Banana-long-boat-eating
An' he tried to get a wife
But he couldn't stay alive
Well, you know that lad with the rubber-dad
Paints his fingers yellow, blue, and red.
An' you also know that she's a liar
Knowing only her desire ...