

# Skyclad, Catherine At The Wheel

Her face caught in the headlamp glare,  
There waiting for a ride.  
Stood all alone - so far from home,  
He beckons her inside.  
A smile that has two meanings -  
slips his fat hand to her knee,  
But swiftly learns how quick to turn this woman scorned can be.

Her flesh was all he wanted -  
But his blood was what she got,  
And did he dream of scenes x-rated  
when she showed him Salem's lot?  
Now the hunted is the hunter  
with a heart as cold as steel,  
See the empty rear view mirror showing  
Catherine at the wheel.

Down in the park - just after dark,  
Girl crying 'neath a tree.  
Begs, "Can you help please mister? - mummy left and forgot me."  
&"My, you're out late my dear," exclaims the shabby, strange old man,  
Who hidden in the bushes finds a lion in his lamb.

She's a killer with a conscience -  
and a bite too sharp to feel,  
This child sat on the roundabout is Catherine at the wheel.

And if you could you'd kill them twice -  
How sweet revenge can be,  
'Gainst those you've sent to that place with no fury next to thee.

Her flesh was all they wanted -  
but their blood was what she got,  
And did they dream of scenes x-rated  
when she showed them Salem's lot?  
She's a killer with a conscience -  
and a heart as cold as steel,  
She's the hunter not the hunted -  
with a bite too sharp to feel.  
Her flesh was all they wanted -  
but their blood was what she got,  
And did they dream of scenes x-rated  
when she showed them Salem's lot?

Catherine's at the wheel.