

# Look At What The Cat Dragged In

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Fumbled my keys and tip toed through the door  
It had been about a week and I knew she'd be sore  
I even got her something from the jewellery store  
And this is what she said to me

Oh won't you look at what the cat dragged in  
All crumpled up and sorry for a night of sin  
All jumped up tired and edgy, what a mess you're in  
Oh look at what the cat dragged in

And then you sit there with your cigarette  
And proceed to tell me how you lost a bet  
With some very shady people who will break your legs  
Oh look at what the cat dragged in

And in the lamp light I can see a trace  
Of the little lines of powder sitting on your face  
But the little lines of powder simply can't replace  
The emptiness inside of you

And I can smell on your the terror sweat  
There's a little trickle running down your neck  
Running to a river of cold regret  
And filling up the hole in you

And I can see the hand print on your cheek  
From the skinny little slapper who you banged all week  
Maybe she can help you find you're lucky streak  
'Cause after this I'm through with you

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All jumped up tired and edgy, what a mess you're in  
Oh look at what the cat dragged in