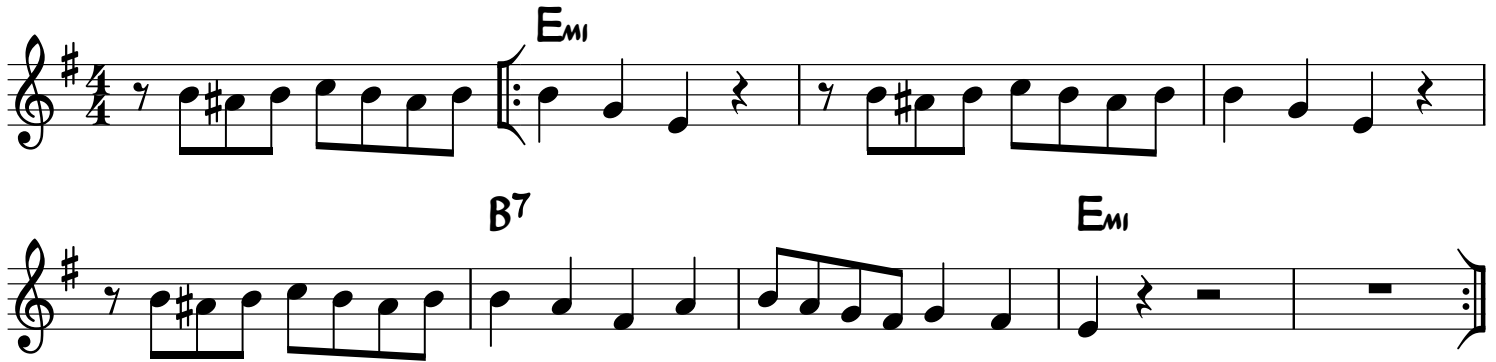


Look At What the Cat Dragged In Gregory Paul Stone



Verse 1

*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*

Verse 2

*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*

Verse 3

*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*

Verse 4

*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*

Verse 5

*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*

Verse 6

*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*

Verse 7

*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*