

Stray Cat Blues

The Rolling Stones

I hear the click-clack of your feet on the stairs
I know you're no scare-eyed honey
There'll be a feast if you just come upstairs
But it's no hanging matter
It's no capital crime

I can see that you're fifteen years old
No I don't want your I.D.
I can see that you're so far from home
But it's no hanging matter
It's no capital crime

Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat
Oh yeah, don'tcha scratch like that
Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat
Bet your mama don't know you scream like that
I bet your mother don't know you can spit like that

You look so weird and you're so far from home
But you don't really miss your mother
You don't look so scared, I'm no mad-brained bear
But it's no hanging matter
It's no capital crime, oh yeah

I bet your mama don't know that you scratch like that
I bet she don't know you can bite like that

You say, you got a friend, that she's wilder than you
Why don't you bring her upstairs
If she's so wild then she can join in too
It's no hanging matter
It's no capital crime

Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat
Oh yeah, don'tcha scratch like that
Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat
I bet you mama don't know you can bite like that
I'll bet she never saw you scratch my back