Black Leather

Guns N' Roses

Well she's all geared up, walkin' down the street
And I can feel the slime, drippin' down her sleeveWell you can't refuse and you just can't choose what she's gonna do
Well you can't refuse and you just can't choose what she's gonna doWell it's late at night and I'm all alone
And I can hear her boots, as she's near her homeWell you can't refuse and you just can't choose what she's gonna do
Well you can't refuse and you just can't choose what she's gonna doScratch, scratch, she's clawing at the door, oh no I can't take it anymore
Crack, crack, I'm feelin' so sore, I never should've asked for
Black leather, black leather, black leather, black leatherAnd you can try to hide, but you won't get far
You can let her in, and start againWell you can't refuse and you just can't choose what she's gonna do
Well you can't refuse and you just can't choose what she's gonna doScratch, scratch, she's clawing at the door, oh no I can't take it anymore
Crack, crack, I'm feelin' so sore, I never should've asked for
Black leather, black leather, black leather, black leatherBlack leather, black leather, black leather, black leather
Black leather, black leather, black leather, black leather

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