Gutter Cat Vs. The Jets

Alice Cooper

I met an alley cat
Pussyfootin' around
Till the break of dawn
Found me knocked out flat on my headSome feline beauty
Waved her tail my way
I just had to stay
I couldn't get the blood off my hands
She made my eyes bug out
Her tail stand up
And, I ain't even in heat for a monthHouse cat, you really got it made
Sleepin' all night and perfect delight of daySome feline beauty
Waved her tail my way
I just had to stay
I couldn't get the blood off my bed
She made my eyes bug out
Her tail stand up
And I ain't even in heat for a monthSome bad cats from fourth street
Come down to our alley
Well, we say that's cool
But just stay away from me and my boysEyes clash and claws slash
And green-eyed fur goes flyin'
Midnight, cat fight, neck bite
DieWhen you're a jet
You're a jet all the way
From your first cigarette
Till your last dyin' day
When you're a jet
Let 'em do what they can
Little boy, you got friends
You're a family manThe jets are in gear
They're always well respected
You're never alone
When company's expected
You're well protected
Here come the jets
Like a bat out of Hell
Someone gets in our way
Someone don't feel so well
When you're a jet

You stay a jet

Songwriters
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