Catherine At The Wheel

Skyclad

Her face caught in the headlamp glare,
There waiting for a ride.
Stood all alone so far from home,
He beckons her inside.
A smile that has two meanings
Slips his fat hand to her knee,
But swiftly learns how quick to turn this woman scorned can be.Her flesh was all he wanted
But his blood was what she got,
And did he dream of scenes x-rated
When she showed him Salem's lot?
Now the hunted is the hunter
With a heart as cold as steel,
See the empty rear view mirror showing
Catherine at the wheel.Down in the park just after dark,
Girl crying 'neath a tree.
Begs "Can you help please mister? mummy left and forgot me."
"My, you're out late my dear" exclaims the shabby, strange old man,
Who hidden in the bushes finds a lion in his lamb.She's a killer with a conscience
And a bite too sharp to feel,
This child sat on the roundabout is Catherine at the wheel.And if you could you'd kill them twice
How sweet revenge can be,
'Gainst those you've sent to that place with no fury next to thee.Her flesh was all they wanted
But their blood was what she got,
And did they dream of scenes x-rated
When she showed them Salem's lot?
She's a killer with a conscience
And a heart as cold as steel,
She's the hunter not the hunted
With a bite too sharp to feel.
Her flesh was all they wanted
But their blood was what she got,
And did they dream of scenes x-rated
When she showed them Salem's lot?Catherine's at the wheel.

Songwriters
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