

# Let Me In

Gary Brooker

Black suspenders and high-heeled walk  
A painted mouth that says it wants to talk  
The offer's made and it's hard to miss  
But bear in mind that you're running a risk with those Low flying birds  
I wouldn't shoot at 'em  
Low fling birds  
They're far too dangerous A tight sweater that tell it all  
Just like a trophy hanging on the wall  
The scented hair that leaves a trail behind  
Something to follow if you don't mind those Low flying birds  
I wouldn't shoot at 'em  
Low fling birds  
They're far too dangerous Low flying birds  
What would you do with them  
Low flying birds  
You'd only ruin them The tightest denim that Levi's make  
Slowly peeling to reveal the shape  
The blackest hair that's just been done  
With make-up looking like a sticky bun, and they're Low flying birds...  
In black suspenders  
Low flying birds  
In tight sweaters...

Songwriters

NATALIE STEWART, DARREN T. HENSON, KEITH ISAIAH PELZER, MARSHA

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