

Hot Cat On a Tin Roof

Hugh Cornwell

Oh, the feeling of a joyride coming on.
I know how long I've waited now.
Oh, the ceiling ain't so far above my head;
I want to hit it with my plough.
We're revving; we're revving; we're turning on the power.
We're burning; we're burning; we're coming like a flower.
Oh, I'm dizzy, and I'm flying above the circus though this kite ain't left the
Ground. I'm warming up.
I'm cooling down.
I hear it, as her engines make their sound.
We're revving; we're revving; we're turning on the power.
We're burning; we're burning; we're coming like a flower.
Hot cat on a tin roof.
Hot cat on a tin roof.
You know I mean that she's such a hot cat,
And there's the tin roof if you need proof.
Oh, I tremble as I touch her through my gloves.
She knows she has me from now on.
Oh, I tingle as she takes me up into the blue; you know she ticks just like a
Bomb. We're revving; we're revving; we're turning on the power.
We're burning; we're burning; we're coming like a flower.
Hot cat on a tin roof.
Hot cat on a tin roof.

Songwriters

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