

# 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

CORNWELL, HUGHPublished by

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>