

Black Leather

Guns N' Roses

Well she's all geared up, walkin' down the street
And I can feel the slime, drippin' down her sleeve Well you can't refuse and you just can't choose what she's
gonna do
Well you can't refuse and you just can't choose what she's gonna do Well it's late at night and I'm all alone
And I can hear her boots, as she's near her home Well you can't refuse and you just can't choose what she's
gonna do
Well you can't refuse and you just can't choose what she's gonna do Scratch, scratch, she's clawing at the door,
oh no I can't take it anymore
Crack, crack, I'm feelin' so sore, I never should've asked for
Black leather, black leather, black leather, black leather And you can try to hide, but you won't get far
You can let her in, and start again Well you can't refuse and you just can't choose what she's gonna do
Well you can't refuse and you just can't choose what she's gonna do Scratch, scratch, she's clawing at the door,
oh no I can't take it anymore
Crack, crack, I'm feelin' so sore, I never should've asked for
Black leather, black leather, black leather, black leather Black leather, black leather, black leather, black leather
Black leather, black leather, black leather, black leather

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