

Guns N' Roses, Black Leather

Ooh
Ooh
Ooh

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

Ooh
Ooh

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

[CHORUS:]

Scratch, scratch, she's clawing at the door
Whoa, no, I can't take it anymore
Crack, crack I'm feeling so sore
I never should asked for black leather
Black leather
Ooh, black leather
Ow black leather

And you can try to hide, but you won't get far
You can let her in, and you'll start it 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

[CHORUS]

Ooh
Ooh
Black Leather [x 8]