

# The Rolling Stones, Look What the Cat Dragged

I know that you like to go out drinking  
And you love to have a good time  
You came in when I was drinking coffee  
Having breakfast round about nine  
I won't interrogate you and I never will berate you  
'Bout your lifestyle  
But where've you been  
Lost weekend  
What's that look on your face  
You must have done a walk of shame  
Your eyes are all red, get ready for bed  
Your hair's all over the place  
And look what the cat dragged in  
Don't you call me a friend  
Get out of my house with your dirty old mouse  
Take yourself out again  
Look what the cat dragged in  
Yeah, you take it right out again  
Yeah, look what the cat dragged in  
Yeah, take it right out again  
Looking at the Sunday papers up with all the latest, it was so quiet  
Checking what was going on in Syria and Lebanon  
A bad fright, bad fright  
ain't gonna criticize you and I hate to ostracize you  
You had a bad night  
Where've you been  
Lost weekend  
You look like you're totally spaced  
your mouth's got a horrible taste  
You look like a leper, dressed as Sergeant Pepper  
Are you going to throw it up in my face  
Look what the cat dragged in  
Take it right out again  
look whata the cat dragged in  
take it right out again  
Get out of my house with your dirty old mouse  
Take it right out again  
Look what the cat dragged in  
Yeah, never do that my friend  
Yeah, look what the cat dragged in  
Look what the cat, look what the cat, look what the cat dragged in