

The Vibrators, Hot For You

Here you go again, you little heathen,
Outta your pig pen, whoa, whoa.

Fists in the air, shakin' your hair,
You know you don't care, whoa, whoa.

Wanna ride a rocket ship. to outer space,
Hey girl, whoa, whoa.

Runnin' up bills, you know I can't pay,
I've had my day, whoa, whoa.

Baby I'm hot for you
Baby I'm hot for you.

Doin' in my head, doin' in my heart,
Oh girl, whoa, whoa.

Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide,
Dead inside, whoa, whoa.

On life's ocean, runnin' with the tide,
Jelly inside, whoa, whoa.

Give me a broken nose, give me a thrill,
Give me a chill, whoa, whoa.

There you go again, you little heathen.
Out of your pig pen, whoa, whoa.

Legs in the air, shakin' your hair,
You know you don't care, whoa, whoa.

Used to be so neat, used to be so sweet,
Used to be complete, whoa, whoa.

You're an air head, get out of my bed,
You want to stay ahead, whoa, whoa.