

# Crawlin'

Alice Cooper

Your dress is hangin' on a hook on the door  
My jeans are lying in a pile on the floor, yeah  
Flat on my back, tryin' to catch my breath  
When we were rockin' tonight  
I thought that we were gonna rock to death

But what's that in your eyes?  
I'm no longer paralyzed  
Here we go again

Crawlin', you come crawling to me  
I go crawling to you  
We come crawling  
You come crawling to me  
I go crawling to you

Your hair is tangled and your lipstick is gone  
You're stretched out, calling my name  
With just your high heels on  
We hunt each other on our hands and our knees  
Well I'm an alley cat  
And you're a hot little Siamese

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