

Wildcat

Eddy Grant

She was a wildcat
She picked up her victims and she hung them out to dry
She was a wildcat
A pain in the rectum, she was an emotional bind

She drove a red mini with her hat in the back
A look of innocence on her feet
I never thought she'd become a phobia
But then my luck's like that, oh yeah
I said my luck's like that

She loved Bobby Joe but then I became the victim
Of her sex and intellectual mind
She played dominoes on my chest in the kitchen
And she massaged my big ego, oh yeah
I said she massaged my big ego

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Oh yeah, she did me for eight years
I never understood a word she said
I don't miss her but every now and then
She comes visiting me in my head, oh yeah
She comes visiting me in my head

I can remember Georgie, he was like Peter Pan
He lived in my father's house
She drove that red car right into his face
And now he's walking and talking 'bout how, oh yeah
He's just walking and talking 'bout how

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Dick the tramp, he looked all about ninety
He lived up on a cloud
She took him one night right there in the doorway
'Cause she said he looked a lot like me, oh yeah
She said he looked a lot like me

A date stamped on the front of a newspaper
Established her very worst fear
She went looking for me but in a weird way
She said Jesus, he's a millionaire, oh Lord
She said Jesus, he's a millionaire

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