

Black Leather

Guns N' Roses

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

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
Scratch, scratch
She's clawing at the door
Oh no I can't take it anymore
Crack, crack
I'm feelin' so sore
I never should've asked for
Black Leather
Black Leather
Ooh Black Leather
Black Leather

And you can try to hide
But you won't get far
You can let her in
And you start again

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And you just can't choose what she's gonna do
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Black Leather (8x)