

## O.I.L. (Can't Get Enough of That Sticky)

Jeff Beck

Tell me you love me, I think about it every day.  
Addicted to the sweet sticky stuff  
That makes a man a slave.

I just need another hit, just another sip  
From that bright black [?] pump.  
Keep your drink dough and drugs,  
There's only one kinda 'crude' that I love.

(O.I.L.)  
Can't get enough of that sticky stuff  
[x4]

Yeah I would kill for the thrill  
And I regularly do.  
Popping bottles of black bubbles baby,  
You gotta do what you gotta do.

I just need another hit, just another sip  
From that bright black [?] pump.  
And if you stop me having more,  
Then I tell you there'll be war.

(O.I.L.)  
Can't get enough of that sticky stuff  
[x4]

Sticky icky wicky make your mind go tricky  
Make a kind man wanna be rough.

Sticky icky wicky make your mind go thicky  
Make the gentle wanna be tough.

Sticky icky wicky make your mind go tricky  
Make a good girl wanna be bad.

Sticky icky wicky make your mind go thicky  
Drive sane folks totally... mad.

(O.I.L.)  
(O.I.L.)

Sticky icky wicky make your mind go tricky  
Make a kind man wanna be rough.  
[fade]