

Hot Legs – Rod Stewart

Who's that knockin' on my door?
It's gotta be a quarter to four
Is it you again
Comin' round for more?
Well, you can love me tonight if you want
But in the morning make sure you're gone
I'm talkin' to
Hot legs! You're wearin' me out
Hot legs! You can scream and shout
Hot legs! Are you still in school?
I love ya honey!
You got a most persuasive tongue
You promise all kinds of fun
But what you don't understand
I'm a working man
I'm gonna need a shot of vitamin E
By the time you're finished with me
I'm talkin' to
Hot legs! You're an alley cat
Hot legs! You scratch my back
Hot legs! Bring your mother too
I love ya, honey!
Hot legs!
Hot legs!
Hot legs!
Imagine how my daddy felt
In your jet black suspender belt
Seventeen years old
He's trudging sixty four
You got legs right up to your neck
You're makin' me a physical wreck
I'm talkin' to
Hot legs! In your satin shoes
Hot legs! Are you still in school?
Hot legs! You're makin' me a fool
I love ya, honey!

Hot legs! You're makin' your mark
Hot legs! Keep my pencil sharp
Hot legs! Keep your hands to yourself
I love ya, honey!
Hot legs! You're wearin' me out
Hot legs! You can scream and shout
Hot legs! You're still in school
I love ya, honey!
Hot legs!
Hot legs!
Hot legs!
Hot legs! You're well-equipped
Hot legs! Oh, your pussy's whipped
Hot legs! I just love your lips
I love ya, I love ya
I love ya, honey
Hot legs!
Hot legs!
Hot legs!
I love ya honey!!!



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych