

The Rolling Stones, Look What the Cat Dragged

I know that you like to go out drinking
And you love to have a good time
You came in when I was drinking coffee
Having breakfast round about nine
I won't interrogate you and I never will berate you
'Bout your lifestyle
But where've you been
Lost weekend
What's that look on your face
You must have done a walk of shame
Your eyes are all red, get ready for bed
Your hair's all over the place
And look what the cat dragged in
Don't you call me a friend
Get out of my house with your dirty old mouse
Take yourself out again
Look what the cat dragged in
Yeah, you take it right out again
Yeah, look what the cat dragged in
Yeah, take it right out again
Looking at the Sunday papers up with all the latest, it was so quiet
Checking what was going on in Syria and Lebanon
A bad fright, bad fright
ain't gonna criticize you and I hate to ostracize you
You had a bad night
Where've you been
Lost weekend
You look like you're totally spaced
your mouth's got a horrible taste
You look like a leper, dressed as Sergeant Pepper
Are you going to throw it up in my face
Look what the cat dragged in
Take it right out again
look whata the cat dragged in
take it right out again
Get out of my house with your dirty old mouse
Take it right out again
Look what the cat dragged in
Yeah, never do that my friend
Yeah, look what the cat dragged in
Look what the cat, look what the cat, look what the cat dragged in