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Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

Stray Cat Blues (Live)

Par The Rolling Stones

Album : Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out! (40th Anniversary Deluxe Edition) (Live From Madison Square Garden, New York/1969/Optimized For Digital/40th Anniversary Deluxe Edition)

I hear the click-clack of your feet on the stairs

I know you're no scare-eyed honey.

There'll be a feast if you just come upstairs

But it's no hanging matter

It's no capital crime

I can see that you're thirteen years old

No I don't want your I.D.

You look so rest-less and you're so far from home

But it's no hanging matter

It's no capital crime

Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat

Oh yeah, don'tcha scratch like that

Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat

Bet your mama don't know you scream like that
I bet your mother don't know you can spit like that.

You look so weird and you're so far from home
But you don't really miss your mother
Don't look so scared I'm no mad-brained bear

But it's no hanging matter

It's no capital crime

Oh, yeah

Woo!

I bet your mama don't know that you scatch like that
I bet she don't know you can bite like that.

You say you got a friend, that she's wilder than you
Why don't you bring her upstairs
If she's so wild then she can join in too
It's no hanging matter

It's no capital crime

Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat

Oh yeah, don'tcha scratch like that

Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat

I bet you mama don't know you can bite like that

I'll bet she never saw you scratch my back

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