

GREASED LIGHTNING

GREASED LIGHTNING
THEY CALL YOU GREASED LIGHTNING
TONIGHT I WANNA BE YOUR GIRL, I WANNA BE YOUR GIRL
I WANNA BE YOUR BABY
GREASED LIGHTNING
OH MY GREASED LIGHTNING
TONIGHT I WANNA BE YOUR GIRL, I WANNA BE YOUR GIRL
I WANNA BE YOUR BABE

I'D GIVEN UP BELIEVING IN A STROKE OF LUCK
A RAINBOW WITH A POT OF GOLD
I SAW YOU STANDING THERE AND THEN THE LIGHTNING STRUCK
YOU HIT ME LIKE A THUNDERBOLT

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YOU'RE TURNING ON THE CHARM AND MOVING LIKE A STREAK
YOU SAY IT'S NOW OR NOT AT ALL
I WANNA TELL YOU NOW BUT BABY I CAN'T SPEAK
MY HEART IS IS LIKE A THUNDERSTORM

GREASED LIGHTNING ...