

Klondyke Kate

Suzi Quatro

Well, it's a face.
She's a daughter wearing all the bracelets, too
And it's a place.
Oooh. Don't let her mama catch you

Won't cha have a taste of the bad side
You never knew good could be so cruel
And all the rest
Oooh. Don't let her mama catch you
She make the most of any man
You know those boys will take their life in their hands

For Klondyke Kate...Sweet Klondyke Kate
Klondyke Kate, you big moon-shine mama

You don't know what you do
Your hands are shakin. Your temper's breakin
And ya make a drink to cure your blues
Oh, it's the same old style. The same old story
Follow in her mama's shoes
You try to teach her, but she never thought
to keep her cross walk over you

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