

Jones the Rhythm

Grace Jones

{Rhythm is both the song's maniacal and it's demonic charge
It is the original breath, it is the whisper of unremitting demand
What do you still want to be said the singer?
What do you think you can still draw from my lips?}{Exact presence that no fantasy can represent
Purveyor of the old secret
Alive with the blood that boils again
And is pulsing where the rhythm is torn apart}{How your singer's blood is incensed at the depth of sound
Lacerations echo in the mouth's open erotic sky where dance together
The lost trenches of rhythm and an imploring immobility
Ladies and gentlemen Miss Grace Jones, Jones the Rhythm}Slave, slaveSlave to the rhythm, dance to the
rhythm
Axe to wood in ancient times, man machine production line
The fire burns with heart beats strong
Sing out loud 'The Chain Gang' songNever stop the action
Keep it up, keep it up
Never stop the action
Keep it up, keep it upSlave to the rhythm
Dance to the rhythm
The rhythm master, never stopNever stop the action
Keep it up
Never stop the action
Keep it up, keep it upSlave to the rhythm, work to the rhythm
Dance to the rhythm, live to the rhythm
Slave to the rhythmDance to the rhythm, live to the rhythm
Slave to the rhythm, work to the rhythm
To the rhythm, work to the rhythm, to the rhythmSlave
To the rhythm
To the rhythm
To the rhythm{Grace, Oh that's weird}

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