

Red Hot In Black

Rod Stewart

I met her in a little French cafe, legs like a young giraffe
She was sittin' readin' Baudelaire, not exactly working class
She had a studio in St. Michel, crucifix around her waist
Che Guevara all over the wall, she can't stand the sun on her face
Hey boys, what a look, stop a train at fifty feet
Matching hair, matching clothes and eyes
Kinda like a tiger in heat
Red hot in black, red hot in black
Kinda revolution running through her veins, a radical from head to toe
The only record that she ever played was "Just like a Rolling Stone"
We started talking by the candlelight, her lips get closer to mine
[Incomprehensible] dancin' all around the room, helped by a bottle of wine
Hey, boys, mystery, didn't even know her name
One night in Paris, with a girl like that
Never going home again
Red hot in black, red hot in black
Oh, my, when I woke up, she'd already gone out to work
My head was aching and my back was scratched
I've never, never, never known a night like that
Took a walk along the avenue, so in love and all confused
My plane was leaving in a half an hour
What would you have done in my shoes?
Hey, boys, so you see, I couldn't get her out of my head
My regards to the folks back home
I'm gonna spend some time with red
Red hot in black, red hot in black

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