Rhythm Rude Girl

Angels

Show me that rhythm
Show me body talk
Got no inhibitions
No reserve at all
She's electric
She just seems to feel it
She got soul affection in the way she walkTurn into liquid
With her legs on fire
Gold and feathers
Hanging by a threadFuel for fantasy
Smoother than an angel
Sweat fed dancer, born and bredShe's so out of reach
Baby I can learn what you can teach
She's a rhythm rude girlMove it up baby
In your silver shoes
You're in the spotlight
You got all the movesFuel for fantasy
Lips dig into danger
Sweat fed dancer, born and bredShe's so out of reach
Baby I can learn what you can teach
She's a rhythm rude girl

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