

Ghetto Red Hot

Super Cat

Stewart Rod

Every Beat Of My Heart

Red Hot In Black

I met her in a little French cafe

Legs like a young giraffe

She was sitting reading 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

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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

We started dancing 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 her 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 so confused
My plane was leaving in half an hour
What would you have done in my shoes?

Hey boys, so you see
Couldn't get her outa my head
My regards to the folks back home
Gonna spend some time with red
Red hot in black
Red hot in black

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written by BROWNE, CLEVELAND/JOHNSON, WYCLIFFE/MARAGH, WILLIAM

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