

Little Sheila

Slade

The boys are getting rowdy,
Skys are getting cloudy,
And we're standing in the rain.
My feet are getting wetter,
Now I'm feeling better,
And we're all out of our brain.
There's another urban jungle on heat,
And another rebel out on the street,
You've gotta watch yourself whoever you meet.
Cos she's little Sheila,
She's right now.
She's little Sheila,
Sheila's right now, yeah.
On up and over under,
Can you here the thunder,
On the concrete avenue.
Pointed toe stilettos,
Ringing in the ghettos,
When the girls are on the loose.
There's some more commotion down on the street,

And some more emotion out in the heat,
You've gotta watch yourself whoever you meet.
Cos she's little Sheila,
She's right now.
She's little Sheila,
Sheila's right now, yeah.
The boys are getting meaner,
I ain't getting no cleaner,
See me standing in the rain.
I'm getting soaking wet,
And then I drop my cigarette,
And see it floating down the drain.
There's another urban jungle on heat,
And another rebel out on the street,
You've gotta watch yourself whoever you meet.
Cos she's little Sheila,
She's right now.
She's little Sheila,

Sheila's right now, yeah.

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