Bad Girls

Sasha Allen

Bad girls
Talking about the sad girls
Sad girls
Talking about bad girls, yeah

See them out on the street at night, walkin'
Picking up on all kinds of strangers
If the price is right
You can't score if you're pocket's tight
But you want a good time
You ask yourself who they are
Like everybody else
They come from near and far
Bad girls, yeah

Bad girls
Talking about the sad girls, yeah
Sad girls
Talking about bad girls, yeah

Friday night and the strip is hot
Sun's gone down and they're out to trot
Spirit's high and legs look hot
Do you wanna get down
Now don't you ask yourself who they are
Like everybody else, they wanna be a star

Bad girl
Sad girl, you're such a naughty bad girl
Beep-Beep, uh-uh
You bad girl you sad girl
Your such a dirty bad girl
Beep-Beep, uh-uh

Now you and me we're both the same
But you call yourself by different names
Now your mama won't like it when she finds out
That her girl is out at night

Hey, Mister, have you got a dime

Mister, do you want to spent some time
Oh, yeah
I got what you want, you got what I need
I'll be your baby, come and spend it on me
Hey, Mister
I'll spend some time with you

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