

Bad Girls

Donna Summer

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
Talking about the sad girls
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 want to get down?

Now don't you ask yourself who they are?
Like everybody else, they want to be a star

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
Street talkin', street walkin'

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

Sad Girls, you such a dirty bad girl
Beep-Beep uh uh

You bad girl you sad girl

You such a dirty bad girl

Beep-Beep uh uh

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