

Foreign Affair

Tina Turner

A one in a million chance
You know the moment that you cross over the line
A casual glance
No one has to read between the lines In the south of France it was springtime
Special feelings come alive
There's romance in the air so they say
Love could be a small cafe away Love is a piece of cake
And making love is all there is to eat
But it's a heart out of a limb
When you start to feel forever in a kiss But you must remember there's no point of refuge
You only have a part in a lover's play
And you could be the one left in the dark
If someone takes a shortcut to your heart And all too soon you're touching for the last time
No one has to tell you how it is
It's just a memory two people share
File it under foreign affairs, ohh File it under foreign affairs, yea
File it under foreign affairs
File it, file it under affairs, oh
File it under foreign affairs, oh
Foreign, foreign, foreign affairs, ha ha ha
File it, file it

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