Evil

Doro Pesch

When a menthol hit
Hooks a spatial girl in her summer clothes
Like a transmission
On an empty channel all lines are closed
Taking photographs
Speaking slowly through the permanent waves
The taste in her mouth
That she read about earlier today
This is happening for your pleasure at your leisure
Use your evil when you want
When a menthol hit
Hooks a spatial girl in her summer clothes
Like a transmission
On an empty channel all lines are closed
Taking photographs
Speaking slowly through the permanent waves
The taste in her mouth
That she read about earlier today
This is happening for your pleasure at your leisure
Use your evil when you want
This is happening for your pleasure at your leisure
Use your evil when you want
When the night becomes
Automatic sequence joining the day
Singing something new
Someone else is sliding into your way
When a menthol hit
Hooks a spatial girl in her summer clothes
Like a transmission
On an empty channel all lines are closed
Get you off my conscience by Friday
On Saturday I'll be wide awake
On Sunday I'm your new best friend
On Monday learn it all again
For your pleasure at your leisure
Use your evil when you want
This is happening for your pleasure at your leisure
Use your evil when you want

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