The Look

Eve St. Jones

1-2-3-4 walking like a man
hitting like a hammer
she's a juvenile scam.
Never was a quitter
tasty like a raindrop
she's got the look.

Heavenly bound cause heaven's got a number
when she's spinning me around
kissing is a colour.
Her loving is a wild dog
she's got the look.

chorus:
She's got the look.
She's got the look.
What in the world can make a brown-eyed girl turn blue.
When everything I'll ever do I'll do for you and I go:
na na na na na she's got the look.

Fire in the ice naked to the t-bone is a lover's disguise.
Banging on the head drum
shaking like a mad bull
she's got the look.

Swaying to the band
moving like a hammer she's a miracle man.
Loving is the ocean
kissing is the wet sand
she's got the look.

And she goes: na na na na na na na na.

Chorus

na na na na na na nana na

chorus 2x

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