

# 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 nana na

chorus 2x

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