

# Red Hot In Black

## Rod Stewart

I met her in a little French cafe, legs like a young giraffe  
She was sittin' readin' Baudelaire, not exactly working class  
She had a studio in St. Michel, crucifix around her waist  
Che Guevara all over the wall, she can't stand the sun on her face  
Hey boys, what a look, stop a train at fifty feet  
Matching hair, matching clothes and eyes  
Kinda like a tiger in heat  
Red hot in black, red hot in black  
Kinda revolution running through her veins, a radical from head to toe  
The only record that she ever played was "Just like a Rolling Stone"  
We started talking by the candlelight, her lips get closer to mine  
[Incomprehensible] dancin' all around the room, helped by a bottle of wine  
Hey, boys, mystery, didn't even know her name  
One night in Paris, with a girl like that  
Never going home again  
Red hot in black, red hot in black  
Oh, my, when I woke up, she'd already gone out to work  
My head was aching and my back was scratched  
I've never, never, never known a night like that  
Took a walk along the avenue, so in love and all confused  
My plane was leaving in a half an hour  
What would you have done in my shoes?  
Hey, boys, so you see, I couldn't get her out of my head  
My regards to the folks back home  
I'm gonna spend some time with red  
Red hot in black, red hot in black

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