

Slave To The Rhythm

B.t.o. (bachman-turner Overdrive)

She dances in the sheets at night
She dances to his needs
She dances 'til he feels just right
Until he falls asleep She dances at the crack of dawn
And quickly cooks his food
She can't be late, can't take too long
The kids must get to school [Chorus: (2x)]
She's a slave to the rhythm
She's a slave to the rhythm of
She's a slave to the rhythm
She's a slave to the rhythm of
The rhythm of love, the rhythm of love She dances for the man at work
Who works her all the time
She dances so, and she says so
"I must be home tonight"
She dances to the kitchen stove
Dinner is served by nine
He said this food came a hour late
She must be out her mind... [Chorus] She works so hard, just to make her way
For a man who just don't appreciate
And don't know it takes
And was all in vain
...
She danced the night
That they fell out
She swore she'd dance no more
But then she did, she did not quit
And she ran out the door
...

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