

Bad Girls

Donna Summer

Bad girls
Talking about the sad girls
Sad girls
Talking about bad girls, yeah See them out on the street at night, walkin'
Picking up on all kinds of strangers
If the price is right
You can't score if you're pocket's tight
But you want a good time You ask yourself
Who they are
Like everybody else
They come from near and far Bad girls
Talking about the sad girls
Sad girls
Talking about bad girls, yeah Friday night and the strip is hot
Sun's gone down and they're out to trot
Spirit's high and legs look hot
Do you want to get down Now don't you ask yourself
Who they are
Like everybody else
They want to be a star Bad girls
Sad girls
You're such a dirty bad girl
Beep beep uh uh
You're bad girl
You're sad girl
You're such a dirty bad girl
Beep beep uh uh Now you and me we're both the same
But you call yourself by different names
Now your mama won't like it when she finds out
That her girl is out at night Hey, Mister, have you got a dime
Mister, do you want to spent some time, oh, yeah
I got what you want, you got what I need
I'll be your baby, come and spend it on me Hey Mister I spend some time with you With you
With you
Bad girls
Bad girls
Talking about bad girls
Sad girls Hey, hey Mister

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