

Red Hot In Black (Alternate Mix)

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

Songwriters

STEWART, ROD/CREGAN, JIM/SAVIGAR, KEVIN

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