

Raw

Spandau Ballet

I've been running 'round town for a new identity
I've been dreaming hot dreams of insecurity
I've been chasing my heart through the streets of my mind
I've been clinging to the bed the sweat is turning me blind Well, I'm plugged all the holes and sealing all the
cracks
I'm like a galvanized nerve, I just can't seem to relax
She's got fire on her breath and chilly on her lips
Teeth around her neck and she's got jazz on her hips
There's a flash in my brain like a shot from above
It's a strange idea of love Like a wolf at the door, like a scratch of a claw
She says, "Come on, baby, I want it raw"
A wolf at the door, a scratch of a claw
"I want it raw" Well, I'm driving out of town, I'm on the verge of a storm
I'm sucking my St. Christopher and trying to keep calm
A mambo mama on the back of my heels
And this incantation can trap my wheels There's a heat in my car, there's a fog on my screen
I've never felt so scared, never dreamt such a dream
There's a man on the corner preaching fire above
It's a strange idea of love Like a wolf at the door, like a scratch of a claw
She says, "Come on, baby, I want it raw!"
A wolf at the door, a scratch of a claw
"I want it raw"

Songwriters

Gary James Kemp Published by

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