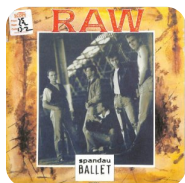


Raw – Spandau Ballet

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
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"
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 (ah, ah, ah)
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"
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
(Ah, ah, ah)
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"



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych