

# 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