

Michael Jackson, Slave to the Rhythm

She dances in these sheets at nights
She dances to his needs
She dances 'til he feels just right
Until he falls asleep
She dances at the crack of dawn
And quickly cooks his food
She can't be late, can't take too long
The kids must get to school

She's a slave to the rhythm
She's a slave to the rhythm of
She's a slave to the rhythm
A slave to the rhythm of,
The rhythm of love, the rhythm of love

She dances for the man at work
Who works her overtime
She can't be rude as she says,
"Sir, I must be home tonight."
She dances to the kitchen stove
Dinner is served by nine
He says his food's an hour late
She must be outta her mind

She's a slave to the rhythm
She's a slave to the rhythm of
She's a slave to the rhythm
A slave to the rhythm of,
The rhythm of love, the rhythm of love

She works so hard, just to make her way
For a man who just won't appreciate
And though he takes her love in vain
Still she could not stop, couldn't break his chains
She danced the night that they fell out
She swore she'd dance no more
But then she did, he did not quit as she ran out the door

She danced through the night in fear of her life
She danced to a beat of her own
She let out a cry and swallowed her pride
She knew she was needed back home, home

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