

Slade, She's Got The Lot

<!That painted lady - That satin doll
That lazy shady walk that makes her look like a moll
Dressed up in diamonds - She won't take no less
Guess someone must have poured her into that dress

She's got the lot what she's got's all her own
She's got so much that she can leave some at home
She won't come in unless she knows she's invited
Her feel her smell her touch just gets me oh so excited

That wild aroma - Paris perfume
It just takes over when she walks in the room
Won't get neglected - She don't get no chance
Don't feel rejected if she refuses to dance

She's got the lot and what she's got's all her own
She's got so much that she can leave some at home
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That chic cheeky lady - She's gonna get what she picks
She can wear you out and she can milk you dry with them tricks
That wily styley lady with sophisticated quips
She can eat you up and she can spit you out with them lips

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