

The Time, Nine Lives

Nine lives.

This is the '90s and I need a lover with nine lives.

With my bad self. If I really had nine lives.

Ouh, ouh. If I really...

Sing Stella

(chorus)

If I really had nine lives. I'd want a lover that controlled my mind.

Someone who knows about the heavenly sin. How to kill with love again, again and again.

When she calls me on the phone, she'll ask if I'm alone.

Standin' at my door, lookin' mega-fine. A heck-a-pump body sayin': Good time.

When all the others talk plenty of jive, my lover talks about nine lives.

The first to promise I'll die from the heat, generated from the moment that our eyes meet.

(repeat chorus)

With my bad self.

Life number three and number four are spent makin' love on the magic floor.

It's got no walls so all can see. The way real love is supposed to be.

Don't be ashamed, my lover said. Then she says "Mmm, I betcha I'm mega-jammin'";

Life number five, six and seven. Need you to ask, go like heaven.

(repeat chorus)

With my bad self. Control me.

If I really had nine lives. I'd want a lover that controlled my mind.

To kill with love, we'd never die. We'd never long for, we'd never cry.

If we live for havin' each other's touch. It's never too little, it's never too much.

Play.

With my bad self.

With my... with my bad self.

If I really had... if I really had... if I really had nine lives.

This is the '90s, and everybody wants a lover.

A life-long lover with nine lives.

This is the '90s.

Sing Stella.

Call me up on the phone.

I'll be here all alone.

I'll be waitin' on you, baby.

I'll be waitin' on you and your nine lives.

Silence...