

Tin Machine, You Belong In Rock 'n' Roll

Just the twinkling lights of heaven
Two reflections on the sparkling water
Hand in hand in love with love uh-huh

I love the cheap things that you say-a-say

You belong in rock 'n roll
You belong in rock 'n roll
You belong in rock 'n roll
Well so do I
I love how she moves me
It makes me feel alright, alright, alright, alright

I'm a hurt, I'm a hurt, I'm a hurting
I'm a man with a beat in my pocket
I'm going down to the rhythm of love

I love a bad look that you bring-r-ing

You belong in rock 'n roll
You belong in rock 'n roll
You belong in rock 'n roll

Well so do I
Alone on a mean street
It makes me feel on fire, on fire, on fire, on fire, on fire...

On fire, on fire, on fire, on fire, on fire

I love the cheap street in your walk, uh-huh
You belong in rock 'n roll
You belong in rock 'n roll
Well so do I
I love how she moves me
It makes me feel alright, alright, alright, alright, alright...

Oh-oh!