

Walk The Moon, Work This Body

It was a strange place and a tender age; I was just a babe in school
Saw them roll their eyes at me every time that I thought that I was cool
Well uh God knows I was no chosen one that just wasn't my prime
Yeah it's just matter of time, honey, it's just a matter of time

And I will work this body I will burn this flame in the dead of night, and in the pouring rain
I'm a workaholic and I swear, I swear and one day I will beat you fair and square

Show me what you got
Work this body on the floor
Just who do you think you are
Come one meet me on the court

(fr.)

It ain't no matter of "if", honey, it's just a matter of "when"
Some Sunday when it's my face in the newspaper again
All the rag magazines, black limousines, they'll be getting in line
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