

Grace Jones, Hurricane

"Tricky:"

From cradle to grave
From cradle to grave
From cradle to grave
From cradle to grave
From cradle to grave
From cradle to grave

"Grace:"

I am woman
I am sun
I can give birth to she
I can give birth to son
And I can be cool
Soft as the breeze,
I'll be a hurricane
Ripping up trees!

I am woman, I am sun
I am woman, I am sun

Can't see where I run
No matter how far!

I am woman, I am sun
I can give birth to she
I can give birth to son!
And I can be cool
Soft like the breeze,
I'll be a hurricane
Ripping up trees!

I can scheme, I can lie,
I'll take care of you, til the day you die.

I can hold brush, I can push broom,
When I walk by, flowers will bloom.

Lonesome man, wiser boy
Lonesome man, wiser boy

I'll be a hurricane, ripping up trees!

You keep taking
You keep taking
You keep taking
You keep taking
You keep taking
You keep taking
I keep aching!

I can scheme, I can lie,
I'll take care of you, til the day you die.
I'll be a hurricane, ripping up trees!
You keep taking
You keep taking
You keep taking
You keep taking
You keep taking
You keep taking
I keep aching! (x13)