

Infadels, Jagger 67

I know you've found
something in me
And I can see that thing in you
Why don't we take it
all the way
And let's get out of here today
I use my eye like the radio
Tuned in lead out
And everywhere my pimp shoees go
I'm effective, irrespective
I go out dancing in the
east end
Looking for targets
out of sight
A rhythm queen dancing
burlesque
Selling white lies in
a strobe light
I, I want you
With your twisted hair
And your lip-ring stare
I want you
She take me down to the cubicle
To slide through water
on the floor
And everytime that the
door bang she says
"Give me one more,
give me one more"
We make the sound
of the satellite
Breaking through gravity
I am Jagger '67
I'm affected, you're selected
I, I want you
With your twisted hair
And your lip-ring stare
I want you
I want you
In your perspex skirt
And your white fake fur
You glimmer nerve