

# 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