

Keziah Jones, Rythm Is Love

Rythm is love
Heaven is just another word
For this feeling call musical

Color is lust
Because all the sexual things we do
In my mind you make them all colourful

Id like to put you in such romance
Take you down to Paris, France
Leave the Cafs and the bars
Walk the wintry boulevards

Is that a smile I see?
Well maybe youre not even looking at me
Cause if you smile for no reason, the season is lost
But if your love is the rhythm, my rhythm is love

My rhythm is love

Coming at you
Just like this!