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!