

Rod Stewart, Red Hot In Black

(R. Stewart, J.Cregan, K.Savigar)

I met her in a little French cafe
Legs like a young giraffe
She was sitting reading Baudelaire
Not exactly working class

She had a studio in St. Michel
Crucifix around her waist
Che Guevara all over the wall
She can't stand the sun on her face

Hey boys, what a look
Stop a train at fifty feet
Matching hair, matching clothes and eyes
Kinda like a tiger in heat
Red hot in black
Red hot in black

Revolution running through her veins
A radical from head to toe
The only record that she ever played
Was "just like a rolling stone"

We started talking by the candlelight
Her lips get closer to mine
We started dancing all around the room
Helped by a bottle of wine

Hey boys, mystery
Didn't even know her name
One night in Paris, with a girl like that
Never going home again
Red hot in black
Red hot in black

Oh my, when I woke up
She'd already gone out to her work
My head was aching and my back was scratched
I've never, never, never known a night like that

Took a walk along the avenue
So in love and so confused
My plane was leaving in half an hour
What would you have done in my shoes?

Hey boys, so you see
Couldn't get her outa my head
My regards to the folks back home
Gonna spend some time with red
Red hot in black
Red hot in black