

Rolling Stones, Dangerous Beauty

In your high school photo
You looked so young and naive
Now I heard you got a nickname
The lady of the leash

Well I find you on a midnight shift
I bet you had your fair share of stiffs
There were onerous odours
I've got to admit

'Cause you're a dangerous, dangerous
A dangerous beauty
So painfully plain to us
You're doing your duty

Who you got there in that hood, you look so fancy in those photographs
With your rubber gloves on you're a favourite with the Chiefs of Staff

You're doing such a wonderful job
You're a natural at working with dogs
Keeping everyone awake at night
With a touch of the prods

Well you're a dangerous, dangerous
A dangerous beauty
Yeah, disdainfully, painfully
A bit of booty, yeah

You're a dangerous, dangerous
A dangerous beauty
Beauty

Well you're a dangerous, dangerous
A dangerous beauty
If I was your captain
I'd put you soon to bed

What I say
Yeah everybody
Beauty
Everybody now, yeah

Are you all tied up, put in a box
Yeah, dangerous
Giving them electric shocks
I've seen the gloves coming off
Dangerous
If looks could be killing, I bet you shoot me now