

Scorpions, Bad For Good

Bad for good
She tells it like it is
The French word of a kiss
She's so bad for good to me
She's so bad for good
She wants more of this
You can feel it with a kiss
She's as bad as she can be

The thoughts in my head
Where would they be going?
Seems to me
It's a tough call for one to imagine
They're saying they do when I win
I look in the mirror
Reflect from the ceiling
She wears next to nothin'
Next to nothin' but only
A touch of perfume on her skin, oh yeeaaaaahhhhh

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If those were my fingers
What would they be doing
Is pouring along
From head to toe like a stranger
To be once again lost and found...yeeaaaaahhhhh

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