

# Sheena Easton, Strut

He said, &quot;Baby, what's wrong with you? Why don't you use your imagination  
Nations go to war over women like you, it's just a form of appreciation  
Come on over here, lay your clothes on the chair  
Now let the lace fall across your shoulder  
Standing in the half light, you're almost like her  
So take it slow like your daddy told you&quot;

Chorus:

Strut pout, put it out, that's what you want from women  
Come on baby, what'cha taking me for  
Strut pout, cut it out, all taking and no giving  
Watch me baby while I walk out the door

I said, &quot;Honey, I don't like this game, you make me feel like a girl for hire  
All this fascination with leather and lace is just the smoke from another fire&quot;  
He said, &quot;Honey, don't stop a speeding train before it reaches its destination  
Lie down here beside me, oh, have some fun too  
Don't turn away from your true vocation&quot;

chorus

I won't be your baby doll, be your baby doll  
I won't be your baby doll, be your baby doll

(Instrumental break)

chorus repeats out

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