

# Slade, Little Sheila

The boys are getting rowdy - skies are getting cloudy  
and we're standing in the rain  
My feet are getting wetter - now I'm feeling better -  
and we're all out of our brain  
There's another urban jungle on heat  
and another rebel out on the street  
You gotta watch yourself whoever you meet  
'Cos she's little Sheila - she's right now -  
She's little Sheila - Sheila's right now, yeah.

On up and over under, can you hear the thunder  
on a concrete avenue?  
Pointed toe stiletoes, ringing in the ghettos,  
when the girls are on the loose  
There's some more commotion down in the street  
and some more emotion out in the heat  
You gotta watch yourself whoever you meet  
'Cos she's little Sheila - she's right now -  
She's little Sheila - Sheila's right now, yeah.

The boys are getting meaner and I ain't getting no cleaner,  
See me standin' in the rain  
I'm getting soaking wet and then I drop my cigarette  
And see it floating down the drain  
There's another urban jungle on heat  
And another rebel out on the street  
You gotta watch yourself whoever you meet  
There's another urban jungle on heat  
And another rebel out on the street  
You gotta watch yourself whoever you meet