

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