

Stephen Simmonds, Get Down

She was sixteen, just a child it would seem, when the world took her on
Her beauty destroyed and turned men into boys drove their senses beyond,

She was my all, I'm a brick in her wall, another book on her shelf
I'd run when she called, summer, winter or fall, I couldn't help myself

It's been a long time, but she's still on my mind, the way she moves should be a crime

Watch her get down (sweet lord) watch her get down (oh no)
and she don't stop, she rock until your eyes are sore,

Watch her get down (sweet lord) watch her get down (oh no)
maybe you got the shot, but you ain't ever gonna score

She's got the skills, dirty dreams are fulfilled, when she walks in the room
When will you learn, if you play you'll get burned, like a heatwave in June

Outside in the rain, broken hearts cry her name, until the early morn'
She's heaven on earth, like perfection gave birth, let the word be born