

Toyah & Robert's Sunday Lunch, Sunday Luch, F

Last night a little dancer came dancin' to my door
Last night a little angel Came pumpin cross my floor
She said "Come on baby I got a licence for love
And if it expires pray help from above"
In the midnight hour she cried- "more, more, more"
With a rebel yell she cried- "more, more, more"
In the midnight hour babe- "more, more, more"
With a rebel yell- "more, more, more"
More, more, more.

She don't like slavery, she won't sit and beg
But when I'm tired and lonely she sees me to bed
What set you free and brought you to be me babe
What set you free I need you hear by me
Because

In the midnight hour she cried- "more, more, more"
With a rebel yell she cried- "more, more, more"
In the midnight hour babe- "more, more, more"
With a rebel yell- "more, more, more"

He lives in his own heaven
Collects it to go from the seven eleven
Well he's out all night to collect a fare
Just so long, just so long it don't mess up his hair.

I walked the world with you, babe
A thousand miles with you

I dried your tears of pain, babe
A million times for you

I'd sell my soul for you babe

For money to burn with you

I'd give you all, and have none, babe

Just, just, justa, justa to have you here by me

Because

In the midnight hour she cried- "more, more, more"

With a rebel yell she cried- "more, more, more"

In the midnight hour babe- "more, more, more"

With a rebel yell she cried "more, more, more"

More, more, more.

Oh yeah little baby

she want more

More, more, more, more, more.

Oh yeah little baby

she want more

More, more, more, more.