

Grace Jones "Jones The Rhythm"

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{Rhythm is both the song's maniacal and it's demonic charge

It is the original breath, it is the whisper of unremitting demand

What do you still want to be said the singer?

What do you think you can still draw from my lips?}

{Exact presence that no fantasy can represent

Purveyor of the old secret

Alive with the blood that boils again

And is pulsing where the rhythm is torn apart}

{How your singer's blood is incensed at the depth of sound

Lacerations echo in the mouth's open erotic sky where dance together

The lost trenches of rhythm and an imploring immobility

Ladies and gentlemen Miss Grace Jones, Jones the Rhythm}

Slave, slave

Slave to the rhythm, dance to the rhythm

Axe to wood in ancient times, man machine production line

The fire burns with heart beats strong

Sing out loud 'The Chain Gang' song

Never stop the action

Keep it up, keep it up

Never stop the action

Keep it up, keep it up

Slave to the rhythm

Dance to the rhythm

The rhythm master, never stop

Never stop the action

Keep it up

Never stop the action

Keep it up, keep it up

Slave to the rhythm, work to the rhythm
Dance to the rhythm, live to the rhythm
Slave to the rhythm

Dance to the rhythm, live to the rhythm
Slave to the rhythm, work to the rhythm
To the rhythm, work to the rhythm, to the rhythm

Slave
To the rhythm
To the rhythm
To the rhythm

{Grace, Oh that's weird }

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