

Jet Set Roger

"Paradise Steakhouse"

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I'd like to take you to the edge of every morning
On a magic eiderdown to a window chair.
In the Paradise Steakhouse where there's a cup of
silver coffee,
Steaming chrome reflections from the mist in your hair.

Try not to watch me (Try not to watch me)
Just call me after darkfall (Call me after darkfall)
I'll bring a whip to sow, my seed on your land.
In the Paradise Steakhouse there's a cup of silver
coffee

A sheath of steel so you may hold my sword in your
hand
I'll cut you, divide you into tender pieces
No wings to fly away upon my dear.

In the Paradise Steakhouse on a plate upon a table
I will carve your name with care to last the years.

I'd like to eat you (I'd like to eat you)
All fire will consume you (Fire will consume you)
Roast on the spit of love on this arrow true.
In the Paradise Steakhouse I'll taste every finger
Baking in the ashes 'til the flames rise anew

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