## Sheena Easton "Strut"

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He said, "Baby, what's wrong with you? Why don't you use your imagination? Nations go to war over women like you It's just a form of appreciation"

Come on over here, lay your clothes on the chair Now let the lace fall across your shoulder Standin' in the half light, you're almost like her Now, take it slow like your daddy told ya

Strut, pout, put it out, that's what you want from women Come on baby, what you takin' me for? Strut, pout, cut it out, all takin' and no givin' Watch me baby while I walk out the door

I said, "Honey, I don't like this game You make me feel like a girl for hire All this fascination with leather and lace Is just the smoke from another fire"

He said, "Honey, don't stop this speedin' train Before it reaches its destination Lie down here beside me, oh have some fun too Don't turn away from your true vocation"

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I won't be your baby doll Be your baby doll I won't be your baby doll Be your baby doll

Strut, pout, put it out, that's what you want from women Come on baby, what you takin' me for?
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