

## Stephen Simmonds "Get Down"

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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, watch her get down  
(Sweet Lord, oh no)  
And she don't stop  
She rock until your eyes are sore

Watch her get down, watch her get down  
(Sweet Lord, 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

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