

## Strawbs

### "Heat Of The Street"

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Strawbs - Heat Of The Street

There's a cafe on the corner where the Latin lovers  
meet  
They're dancing to the rhythm of the night and the heat  
of the street.  
There's a glow of expectation, the narcotic of the beat  
They're dancing to the rhythm of the night and the heat  
of the street.

Rhythm of the night, heat of the street.  
Rhythm of the night and the heat of the street.

There's a girl in every alley trying to whip you off your  
feet  
They're dancing to the rhythm of the night and the heat  
of the street.

They play it tough  
They play it cool  
They play to win  
They drink the pool  
They play it by the golden rule  
Lady Luck is no-one's fool.

There are roly poly mamas, electric slippers on their  
feet  
They're dancing to the rhythm of the night and the heat  
of the street.

When they offer you the menu, try the rack of spicy  
meat  
They're dancing to the rhythm of the night and the heat  
of the street.

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