

The Angels

"Hot Lucy"

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(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

She's my hot Lucy, your hot Lucy too
she'll burn you up with everything she do
she's a heart scorcher, love, torture
my hot Lucy, your hot Lucy too
She'll cool you out before you count to ten
she'll put you down and pick you up again
get a temperature rise looking in her eyes
she's danger zone, her heart beats to the end
When she's loving she's a human oven
eighty bucks and magic look the age of nine
her kisses blow my mind
She'll hook you in and then you'll understand
paper money burns right in her hand
she's a hard habit, but she must have it
a painless game, you're part of her plan
Take you higher, everytime you try her
gonna paint her man red, white and blue
ain't nothing he could do
She's my hot Lucy, your hot Lucy too
she gonna burn you up with everything she do
she's a heart scorcher, love, torture
my hot Lucy, your hot Lucy too
ain't you met her? man you better!

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