

Flying on a big jet plane.
Gonna make it in the land of milk and honey.
Called and said you're on your way.
Gonna stake your claim.
Make your money.
I'm picturing you.
With Manolos on your feet.
Strutting cool down Carnaby Street.
What a body.
What a woman.
Putty in your hand.
All your one night stands.
You just.
You gotta keep them coming.

'Cause she's in fashing.
She's chic.
She's the belle nouvelle on Boogie Street.
She's in fashion.
Le freak.
She's the belle nouvelle on Boogie Street.
And she's my queen.

More to life than sex appeal.
But sometimes it takes an angel to remember.
Oh and this lady she's the real deal.
On the cover from December to December.
Though her eyes - reveal her vanity.
She's got soul, she's got class - and originality.
She's got style and a personality.
And she wears it on her sleeve.

'Cause she's in fashion.
She's chic.
She's a belle nouvelle on Boogie Street.
She's in fashion.
La freak.
She's a belle nouvelle on Boogie Street.
She's my queen.