

Jones the Rhythm

Grace Jones

Rhythm is both the song's manical and it's demonic charge.
It is the original breath , it is the whisper of unremitting demand.
What do you still want to be said of the singer?
What do you think you can still draw from my lips?
Exact presence that no fantasy can represent.
Purveyor of the old secret, alive with the blood that boils again,
And is pulsing where the rhythm is torn apart.
How your singer's blood is incensed at the depth of sound.
Lacerations echo in the mouth's open erotic sky where dance together,
The lost trenches of rhythm and an imploring immobility...
Ladies and gentlemen... Miss Grace Jones... Jones the rhythm.

Slave!!

Slave to the rhythm, dance to the rhythm,
Axe to wood in ancient times, man machine production line,
The fire burns, with heart beats strong,
Sing out loud, the chaing gang song.

Never stop the action, keep it up, keep it up,
Never stop the action, keep it up, keep it up.

Slave to the rhythm, dance to the rhythm,
The rhythm... master... master.

Never stop the action, keep it up,
Never stop the action, keep it up, keep it up.

Slave to the rhythm, work to the rhythm,
Dance to the rhythm, live to the rhythm.
Slave to the rhythm,
Dance to the rhythm, live to the rhythm,
Slave to the rhythm, work... to the rhythm,
To the rhythm, work to the rhythm, to the rhythm.

Slave, slave,
To the rhythm, to the rhythm, to the rhythm.