

Ladies and Gentlemen: Miss Grace Jones

Grace Jones

Slave to the rhythm
Uh, baby
I'm just playing around, baby
Work all day as men who know
Wheels must turn to keep the flow
Build on up, don't break the chain,
Sparks will fly when the whistle blows
Never stop the action
Keep it up, keep it up, sing
Never stop the action
Keep it up, keep it up
Work to the rhythm
Live to the rhythm
Love to the rhythm
Slave to the rhythm
Axe to wood in ancient times
Man machine, power line
Fires burn, hearts beat strong
Sing out loud, the chain gang song
Never stop the action, oh
Keep it up, keep it up
Never stop the action
Come on, keep it up
Breathe to the rhythm
Dance to the rhythm
Work to the rhythm
Live to the rhythm
Love to the rhythm
You slave to the rhythm
Uh, baby, uh huh
Don't cry, it's only the rhythm
"I've opened myself now, and I've accepted it finally,
that this is all of me and all these sides make up what
I am and either I live with it or I don't live with it
whether I like it or not"
Live to the rhythm
And you work to the rhythm
Love to the rhythm
Slave to the rhythm
And now, ladies and gentlemen, here's Grace!
Slave to the rhythm
To the rhythm
To the rhythm
To the rhythm, to the rhythm
Slave to the rhythm
Slave to the rhythm
To the rhythm, to the rhythm
Oh!
Paul Cooke: "I'm sure a lot of people expect you to be
very intimidating, but I think you're great fun. Thank
you very much, Grace."
Grace Jones: "Thank you, thank you. Thanks Paul."
Paul Cooke: "Best of luck with things."
Jean-Paul Goudé: "Maybe we should kill her. And then we
write - we do a film about the life of Grace Jones."
Paul Morley: "So are you, are you saying in a way that
the only reality for you is you?"

Grace Jones: "I'm not sure I wanna answer that one"
Paul Morley: "Why not, is it too true or too banal?"
Grace Jones: "Well..."
Paul Morley: "Well do you know what I mean? Is it, for
you.. are you the centre of the universe? Is that what
you're saying?"
Grace Jones: "Yes.. yes.. Mhm. I'd say so... And you?"