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 dont 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 rhthm 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 Goude: "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?"