

Warm Leatherette

Grace Jones

Warm leatherette,
See the breaking glass,
Beneath the underpass.

Warm leatherette,
Feel the crushing steel,
Feel the steering wheel.

Warm leatherette melts,
On your burning flesh,
You can see your reflection,
On the luminescent dash.

Warm leatherette,
A tear of petrol,
Is in your eye,
The hand brake,
Penetrates your thigh.

A tear of petrol,
Is in your eye,
Quick let's make love,
Before we die.

On warm leatherette,
Join the carcrash set