

Heat Of The Street

Strawbs

There's a cafe on the corner where the Latin lovers meet
They're dancing to the rhythm of the night and the heat of the street.

There's a glow of expectation, the narcotic of the beat
They're dancing to the rhythm of the night and the heat of the street.

Rhythm of the night, heat of the street.
Rhythm of the night and the heat of the street.

There's a girl in every alley trying to whip you off your feet
They're dancing to the rhythm of the night and the heat of the street.

They play it tough
They play it cool
They play to win
They drink the pool
They play it by the golden rule
Lady Luck is no-one's fool.

There are roly poly mamas, electric slippers on their feet
They're dancing to the rhythm of the night and the heat of the street.

When they offer you the menu, try the rack of spicy meat
They're dancing to the rhythm of the night and the heat of the street.