

You Belong In Rock & Roll

Tin Machine

Just the twinkling lights of heaven
Two reflections on the sparkling water
Hand in hand in love with love, uh-huh
I love the cheap things that you say-a-say

You belong in rock & roll
You belong in rock & roll
You belong in rock & roll
Well, so do I

I love how she moves me
It makes me feel alright, alright
Alright, alright

I'm a hurt, I'm a hurt, I'm a hurting
I'm a man with a beat in my pocket
I'm going down to the rhythm of love
I love a bad look that you bring

You belong in rock & roll
You belong in rock & roll
You belong in rock & roll
Well, so do I

Alone on a mean street
It makes me feel on fire, on fire
On fire, on fire, on fire
On fire, on fire, on fire, on fire, on fire

I love the cheap street in your walk, uh-huh

You belong in rock & roll
You belong in rock & roll
Well, so do I

I love how she moves me
It makes me feel alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright, oh-oh