

Slave to the Rhythm

Michael Jackson

She dances for the man at work
Who works her overtime
She can't be rude as she says
Sir, "I must be home tonight"
She dances to the kitchen stove
Dinner is served by nine
He says his food's an hour late
She must be outta her mind
She's a slave to the rhythm
She's a slave to the rhythm
A a slave to the rhythm of
The rhythm of love, the rhythm of love
She's a slave to the rhythm
She's a slave to the rhythm of
She's a slave to the rhythm
A a slave to the rhythm of
The rhythm of love, the rhythm of love
She works so hard, just to make her way
For a man who just don't appreciate
And though he takes her love in vain
Still she could not stop, couldn't break his chains
She danced the night that they fell out
She swore she'd dance no more
But dance she did, he did not quit
As she ran out the door
She danced through the night in fear of her life
She danced to a beat of her own
She let out a cry and swallowed her pride
She knew she was needed back home, home
She's a slave to the rhythm
She's a slave to the rhythm of
She's a slave to the rhythm
A a slave to the rhythm of
The rhythm of love, the rhythm of love

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