

# Donna Summer, Bad Girls

Bad girls  
Talking about the sad girls  
Sad girls  
Talking about bad girls, yeah

See them out on the street at night, walkin'  
Picking up on all kinds of strangers  
If the price is right  
You can't score if you're pocket's tight  
But you want a good time  
You ask yourself who they are  
Like everybody else  
They come from near and far  
Bad girls, yeah

Bad girls  
Talking about the sad girls, yeah  
Sad girls  
Talking about bad girls, yeah

Friday night and the strip is hot  
Sun's gone down and they're out to trot  
Spirit's high and legs look hot  
Do you wanna get down  
Now don't you ask yourself who they are  
Like everybody else, they wanna be a star

Bad girl  
Sad girl, you're such a naughty bad girl  
Beep-Beep, uh-uh  
You bad girl you sad girl  
Your such a dirty bad girl  
Beep-Beep, uh-uh

Now you and me we're both the same  
But you call yourself by different names  
Now your mama won't like it when she finds out  
That her girl is out at night

Hey, Mister, have you got a dime  
Mister, do you want to spent some time  
Oh, yeah  
I got what you want, you got what I need  
I'll be your baby, come and spend it on me  
Hey, Mister  
I'll spend some time with you