

Sandra van Nieuwland, Venus

A goddess on the mountain top,
Was burning like a silver flame.
The summit of beauty and love,
And Venus was her name.

She's got it.
Yeah, baby, she's got it.
Well, I'm your Venus,
I'm your fire,
At your desire.
Well, I'm your Venus,
I'm your fire,
At your desire.

Her weapons were her crystal eyes,
Making every man mad.
Black as the dark night she was,
Got what no one else had.

Wow!
She's got it.
Yeah, baby, she's got it,
Well, I'm your Venus,
I'm your fire,
At your desire.
Well, I'm your Venus,
I'm your fire,
At your desire.

She's got it.
Yeah, baby, she's got it,
Well, I'm your Venus,
I'm your fire,
At your desire.
Well, I'm your Venus,
I'm your fire,
At your desire.