

# Tina Turner, Foreign Affair

A one in a million chance  
You know the moment that you crossed over the line  
A casual glance  
No one has to read between the lines  
In the south of France it was spring time  
Special feelings come alive  
There's romance in the air, so they say  
Love could be a small cafe away

Love is a piece of cake  
And making love is all there is to eat  
It's a heart out of a lamb  
When you start to feel forever in a kiss  
But you must remember there's no point of refuge  
You only have a part in a lover's play  
And you could be the one left in the dark  
If someone takes a shortcut to your heart

All too soon you're touching for the last time  
No one has to tell you how it is  
It's just a memory two people share  
File it under foreign affair