

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