

Hazel's Hips

Chaka Khan

Hazel's hips are a concert of contours and curves
As she slips to and fro 'round the tables she serves
I buy six meals a day in my favorite cafe
'Cause they see Hazel that way

Hazel's eyes are divine and her hair is so fine

Yeah but her hips bring the tips

Hazel's hips have a rhythm so gently controlled
That her trips to the kitchen are a joy to behold
I love to just sit and gaze at the way Hazel sways
When she's carrying trays

Hazel's eyes are divine and her hair is so fine
Yeah but those hips bring the tips

Hazel takes me my soup, serves me my cup of tea
And my heart flips to see Hazels's smiling at me"
So I say "honey bunch can I have you for lunch?"
But Hazel just gives me a hunch

And says "don't hand me no line 'bout you think I'm so fine"
'Cause yes the tips
Ooh Hazel's hips