

Who's Afraid

Steve Harley

My French model's an old-fashioned lover
This babe of the night, wonderful sight
She moves in the way of a tigress
And the beauty of this is both bitch and bliss

Oh she shines like a ravishing diamond
She captivates me with a delicacy
That can only be His own creation
And she fixes her eye deep in the night and purrs

Who's afraid? Who's afraid of me?
Who's afraid? Who's afraid of me?

Oh she snakes her tongue in a circle
So sensuously, she's haunting poor me
Then she asks: 'Will I stay forever?'
And it's easy to see she's getting to me

So I plead for some time to consider
But she screams: 'No chance' - in a sinister glance
Then she weaves in the dance of the devil
Her tormenting eyes got me hypnotized and she says:

Who's afraid? Who's afraid of me?
Who's afraid? Who's afraid of me?

Oh she's a woman of some understanding
And she promises me if I just wait and see
That all of this boy's missing answers
Will manifest in the ultimate test and she purrs

Who's afraid? Who's afraid of me?
Who's afraid? Who's afraid of me?

She whispers: 'Who's afraid of me?'
And she purrs: 'Who's afraid of me?'
She whispers: 'Who's afraid of me?'
And she purrs: 'Who's afraid of me?'
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