

# 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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