

# Slave to the Rhythm (Original Version)

Michael Jackson

She dances for the man at work  
Who works her overtime  
She can't be rude as she says  
Sir, "I must be home tonight"  
She dances to the kitchen stove  
Dinner is served by nine  
He says his food's an hour late  
She must be outta her mind  
She's a slave to the rhythm  
She's a slave to the rhythm of  
She's a slave to the rhythm  
A a slave to the rhythm of  
The rhythm of love, the rhythm of love  
She's a slave to the rhythm  
She's a slave to the rhythm of  
She's a slave to the rhythm  
A a slave to the rhythm of  
The rhythm of love, the rhythm of love  
She works so hard, just to make her way  
For a man who just don't appreciate  
And though he takes her love in vain  
Still she could not stop, couldn't break his chains  
She danced the night that they fell out  
She swore she'd dance no more  
But dance she did, he did not quit  
As she ran out the door  
She danced through the night in fear of her life  
She danced to a beat of her own  
She let out a cry and swallowed her pride  
She knew she was needed back home, home  
She's a slave to the rhythm  
She's a slave to the rhythm of  
She's a slave to the rhythm  
A a slave to the rhythm of  
The rhythm of love, the rhythm of love

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