



Venus

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A goddess on a mountain top,
was burning like a silver flame.
The summit of beauty she was,
and Venus was her name.

She's got it, Yeah baby she's got it.
Well, I'm your Venus, I'm your fire at you desire.
Well, I'm your Venus, I'm your fire at you desire.

Her weapon were her crystal eyes,
making every man a man.
Black as a darknight she was,
got what no one else had.

She's got it, Yeah baby she's got it.
Well, I'm your Venus, I'm your fire at you desire.
Well, I'm your Venus, I'm your fire at you desire.

Instrumental

She's got it, Yeah baby she's got it.
Well, I'm your Venus, I'm your fire at you desire.
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