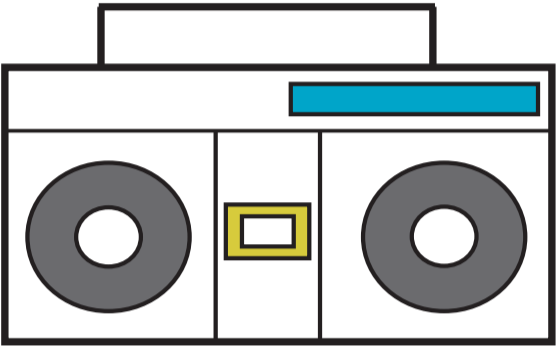


Guilty feet have got no rhythm.

My fear is fading fast.

The way I danced with you.

1980



Gonna give you all my love, boy.

