

looks like a flow - er, but she stings like a bee, — like ev - 'ry girl in

F#m

his - to - ry. — She bangs, she bangs. I'm wast - ed by the way she

C#7

moves, she moves. No — one ev - er looked so fine.

F#m

*Repeat ad lib. and fade*

She re - minds me that a wom-an's got one thing on her mind. — She

(Inst. solo ad lib....)




*D.S. al Coda*

... end solo) 3. Yeah, and if

*Coda*



wom-an's got one thing on her mind... She bangs, she bangs.



Oh, ba - by, when she moves, she moves. I go cra - zy 'cause she

F#m



his - to - ry. She bangs, she bangs. I'm wast - ed by the way she

C#7



moves, she moves. No one ev - er looked so fine.

To Coda ♪ 1.

F#m



She re - minds me that a wom - an's got one thing on her mind.

|| 2.

F#m



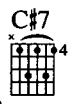
wom - an's got one thing on her mind.



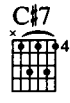
I'll let her rough me up till she knocks me out, 'cause she  
 I'll do the time with a smile on my face,

Chorus:

F#m



walks like she talks and she talks like she walks. } She bangs, she bangs.  
 think - in' of her in her leath - er and lace. }



Oh, ba - by, when she moves, she moves. I go cra - zy 'cause she

looks like a flow - er, but she stings like a bee, like ev - 'ry girl in

F#m



yeah, ba - by.      Talk to me,      tell me your sign.  
 yeah, ba - by.      Talk to me,      tell me the news.

C#7



You're switch-ing sides      like a      Gem-i - ni.  
 You'll wear me out      like a      pair of shoes.

You're play - ing games and now you're  
 We'll dance un - til the

F#m



hit - tin' my heart\_ like a drum,  
 band goes home, then you're gone,

yeah, ba - by.      Well, if  
 yeah, ba - by.      Well, if it

Bm



F#m



(1.3.) La - dy      Luck\_      gets on my      side, we're gon - na      rock this town      a - live.  
 (2.) looks like      love\_      should be a      crime, you'd bet - ter      lock me      up      for life.

# SHE BANGS

Words and Music by  
ROBI ROSA, WALTER AFANASIEFF  
and DESMOND CHILD

Fast  $\text{♩} = 142$

F#m



C#7



F#m



C#7



Verse:

1. Talk to me, — tell me your name, — You blow me off like it's  
2. Talk to me, — tell me your name, — I'm just a link in your

all the same. — You lit a fuse, and now I'm tick-in' a - way — like a bomb, —  
dai - sy chain. — Your rap sounds like a dia-mond map — to the stars, —