

The Damned, Gigolo

Some resurrection is no conclusion

Some poor pretention but no invention

In the night they become, just what they want

One imitation just like Roger Moore

Please tell us what they say

They tell us what to do

They're only fooling me and you

You know what I ain't

You know what I ain't

I ain't no gigolo aunt

You know what I ain't

You know what I ain't

I ain't no gigolo aunt

Ten secret agents, codes and deadly tricks

The prince of darkness from the horror flicks

The spiders web of intrigue a silent scream of dread

Oh where have they gone, lost in pity and despair

Please tell us what they say

They tell us what to do

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She stands there on the stair

Nobody cares we know he's there

She's making coffee for two

Who does he fool

It's me and you

Please tell us what they say

They tell us what to do

They're only fooling me and you

You know what I ain't

You know what I ain't

I ain't no gigolo aint