

# Bananarama, Tokyo Joe

My girly Friday she's no square  
She like lotus blossom in her hair  
Be-bop records and something new  
Sometimes borrowed but she's never blue  
Oh no.....not Tokyo Joe  
Way past midnight - she's not home  
She cut the ice down the danger zone  
Water-tight suit, she don't care  
A trifle risqué, a tart, no sir.....  
Oh no.....sounds like Tokyo Joe  
Geisha girl show you she adores you  
Two oriental eyes implore you  
Femme fatale or ingenue?  
She's very cunning, fiendish clever  
Geisha girl suffer many times a fool  
Sayonara moon  
When all the world's a stage, oh where are you?  
Tokyo rose on the radio  
Or diz &n bird puttin' on the moan  
Tappin' out telexes to tupelo  
Dear John, doh ray me fah so?  
Let's go.....call for Tokyo Joe  
Walkin' tall down the danger zone  
He hokey-cokey till the cows come home  
Big shot - from the hip - neon cool  
Say, when you've been around, what's left to do?  
Don't know? ask Tokyo Joe  
So inscrutable her reply  
Ask no question and tell me no lies  
G.I girls howlin' out for more  
Vip's purrin' je t'adore.....  
Ah so.....that's Tokyo Joe