

Blackmail

10cc

She doesn't need money
She doesn't need diamonds
She's lookin' for pretty things
She doesn't want romance
She doesn't need finance
She's looking for rendezvous
But every time she's going down
She never looks around
I'll wait and watch her with my
lens until she brings the curtain down
'There behind the keyhole'
with my fisheye
I'm back in the darkroom
I'm covered in fixer
I'm making a photograph
I'll send her some postcards
In glorious colour
I'm keeping the negatives
I'll form a letter from the news
With different type from different lines
I'll tell the world about her
I'll mail the People and the Times
'Oo it'll be so scandalous
For the both of them
But mainly her'
She showed them her husband
He ordered a dozen
He thought they were fabulous
The one with the --
The two of the --
And three of the --

He sold her to Hefner
Who put her in Playboy
He gave her a centre-fold
I made a real blunder
She made it in movies
I made her a superstar