

## Mondo Sinistro

Al Stewart

I take my troubles on a Friday night  
To the heart of the bistro  
Among the shadows and the low low lights  
I can find a release-o

My favorite waitress will be here tonight  
I love the way she wears those fish-net tights  
She's so hard to resist-o  
in this Mondo Sinistro

She picks a menu up and throws it my way  
With a flick of her wrist-o  
I'm sitting hoping that the night might take  
A romantic twist-o

I order chicken and a chilled chablis  
She brings me grapefruit and a cup of tea  
She's a little Mephisto  
In this Mondo Sinistro

I say I really love her dark brown eyes  
And the way that they tease-o  
I tell her everytime she passes by  
I grow weak in the knees-o

I ask her would she like to come and play  
She blows my candle out and walks away  
I just cease to exist-o  
In this Mondo Sinistro