

# The Stud

Amanda Lear

He's too young to die  
too old to cry  
if he talks of love  
people might laugh  
he's too lough for love  
too butch to cry  
he's a stud, a stud, a stud, a stud

One and only friend  
his motorbike  
speedin' on the road  
wind in his eyes  
beatin' up the old  
too shy to fight  
he's a stud, a stud, a stud, a stud

He's too proud to jerk  
too pretty to work  
standin' in a street  
trousers too tight  
he's sellin' himself  
to make a few bucks  
he's a stud, a stud, a stud, a stud

Sure, he lies, he cheats  
whenever we meet  
he has no finesse  
just a pretty face  
he's so good  
I can't send him away  
he's a stud, a stud, a stud, a stud

A stud, a stud  
a 50 dollar-leather-trouserred-stud!