

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!