

## Third Floor Heaven

Be Bop Deluxe

He's been saving, selling everything he didn't need  
Such a shy boy, with a secret up his sleeve  
He's a strange one, never bothers with the girls  
Heard him swear once, at least I thought I heard him curse

Someone had called him queer  
Yes, one of those my dear  
They're all the same, one hand lovers  
But he's finally saved enough to pay another call

To the middle aged angel on the third floor  
She can do him twice nightly  
And an encore kicks him in the head  
Oh, how he screams for more

Third floor heaven, call at seven  
Leave your money on the shelf, pretend you're someone else  
She will do you in, she will stand you up  
She will really lay it down, she will break your heart