That's right I aim to please
I'm acting like some kind of Victorian serf child
I have considered the possibility of trading fluids
On the platform of the underground station
But I have watched and I have seen
And I have counted all the passers-by
You see, me and my friend here we have been engaged
In a search for some months now
For hotels and highlights, experienced midwives
For money to turn into medicine
And what do we find? (3 times)
A shocking lack thereof, But wait

(Wear your moonboots, 'cause they suit you)
And move like Elvis Presley on the booze.
Believe that you have everything to lose
That's right I aim to please
That's right I aim to please
Pay a visit to the nurse to have your head deloused
Talk for hours about the politics of Mickey Mouse
You know how it is
Nighttimes, gotta get out the house

My life is for pleasure, a wiggle in flesh
I'm soaked and in malice, I'm all in distress
And as I was promised my life is for rage
My guide is a drunk and a female bouquet
I realize what they were talking about, for a change
My life's been mistaken for garbage and gold
My life is in private, I gotta move on 'till I'm old

That's right I aim to please 'till I'm gone