

Cameo

Devo

He said his name was
Cameo, Cameo
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Cameo, Cameo

He said his name was Cameo
He danced a nasty, funk-style retro
He drove a bright red '67 GTO
He liked to let his Elvis-style hair grow

He was a black belt loaded with skills
He spoke slow, choosing words that could kill
Honest people didn't need to fear him
But do not cross that Native American

Cameo, Cameo
Cameo, Cameo

He said his name was
Cameo, Cameo
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Cameo, Cameo

He would whisper, "White Man speak with forked tongue"
Before he was finished talking, you'd be going down
He'd repeat, "White Man speak with forked tongue"
And by that time you'd be long dead and buried in the ground

Cameo, Cameo
Cameo, Cameo

I said his name was
Cameo, Cameo
He said his name was
Cameo, Cameo

He wore a white leather racing jacket
Zipped wide open so you could check out
His tanned body and his clean-shaved pecs
And the turquoise jewelry dangling from his neck

He said his name was
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