

# Casanova Brown

Gloria Gaynor

Let me tell you 'bout that jive type  
That jive type  
Casanova brown

I met him at a party  
He said the sweetest things when he hit on me  
Wrapped up in his arms  
I was blinded by his charm and I couldn't see

Like the story of little red riding hood  
The big bad wolf was up to  
Up to no good, woo, no

That jive type,that jive type  
Casanova brown  
He hit on me and he'll hit on you  
That jive type,that jive type  
Casanova brown

I was lonely and naive  
I guess that's why I believed every word he says  
It felt so good to hear  
Every time he said he cared it went straight to my head

He loved me and left me  
But I can't deny  
His love was so doggone good  
I still, I still love that guy, ooh, [oh no] hey

That jive type,that jive type  
Casanova brown  
He hit on me and he'll hit on you, watch out  
That jive type,that jive type, ooh  
Casanova brown  
Let me tell you 'bout that jive type  
That jive type  
Casanova brown  
That jive type,that jive type,  
Casanova brown

I was sittin' there mindin' my business  
Feelin' good, checkin' things out  
Sippin' on little wine [jive type, that jive type]  
Then I spotted  
Super cool dude cross the room diggin' on me  
I tried to pretend like I didn't even see him  
But he was so fine  
He took my hand and started to dancin'  
I know he felt me fallin' for him  
'cause he kept holdin' me tighter and tighter, ooh  
Sure was nice  
Girl, my head was all turned around, oh  
I didn't know what I was gettin' into, ooh, ow

Up to no good, oh no

That jive type,that jive type

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