

Roxanne

Golden Earring

Lolita Roxanne, needs a man
Lolita Roxanne, needs a man
She's comin' home, there's been an affair
Abandoned by all her friends
Critisizin', analyzin', got her in an empty bed again
Gossip in the city all night at her front door
She don't give the way she used to give before
She can't understand it, she's always been so candid, Roxanne
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Get into your jumpsuit, baby

Lolita Roxanne, needs a man
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One day she'll get hurt, I'll circle 'round
And she can stick all her troubles in the safe-and-sound
From her radio, in stereo
Anything that gets her off the ground
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