

# Helen Of Troy

John Cale

Oh, do you see him standing in the street?  
Mmm, he looks so neat  
I've seen him before  
Running round with all the boys  
All that's right  
Mmm, big thighs

Creepy, creepy in the dark  
Shiny, shiny Joan of Arc  
When the moonlight starts its glow  
Cold heart Helen, Queen of Troy

She's got charisma, got thunderstorms  
Like a baby, never, never been balled  
She's got mad men, murmuring in the skies  
She's the cause of her rise

Oh, Helen of Troy

Oh, look at him, isn't he gorgeous  
Such Big thighs all oiled and mine  
Oh listen, he's got to go, I want him in my arms to stay

Big fat mama done me wrong  
Left me hanging all alone  
But that bitch is as old, is as old, is as old  
I said that dirty old pro right out, there is the foe

Oh, Helen of Troy

Mercy, mercy, mercy me  
I'm so scared, please comfort me  
I don't wanna be, don't wanna be your back street boy  
Take back the House of joy

Oh, Helen of Troy

Standing there under the lights  
Your eyes shining bright  
I want you all of the time  
Soon your body and all of you, mine

Oh fill with awe, I get so jealous  
Lubricate me, don't hate me  
But you are swimming