

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