

Gigolo

Coyne, Kevin

I'm honest if I think I say, baby
That I wouldn't lie for a day, no
Oh, if I had, baby, if I had your money
I don't believe I would steal, no no

If I could smell, touch and feel, yes
The crackling crispness, baby
The evil newness of your money, money, money
Of your money, money, money

I know I never stoop so low, so low
To lace your shoes, baby, lace your shoes
And brush your clothes, no
And wash your windows and make your plants grow
If I had your money, oh money, lovely money, yes, alright
Yeah, yeah come on

But you, you make it all so very clear to me
That you think, you think my postulations, dear oh
But you keep on paying, baby
And I keep on praying, baby, for your money, for your money

I have a friend who tells me daily, yeah daily
That you're a bitch, baby, and not a lady
She says you're sour and I send her flowers
With your money, with your money, oh yeah

Oh, so beware and lock your strong room
Before its existence makes you a tomb, oh, to die in baby
That's dark and chilling, that holds your meanness
Not your money, baby, not your money
Baby, not your money, baby yes