

# Solo Adultos

Marc Almond

The cops had the boys  
Up against the car  
Down Santa Monica Boulevard  
Baby food for the rich and sick  
Thank LA for spawning it  
High pile hair  
Low slung breasts  
The big hung boy  
The deep cut dress  
Ran a chicken ranch  
For a guy named Tex  
Didn't know who Tex  
Would bring home next  
One from a slum  
One who was a bum  
One on the run  
And somebody's son  
One whose mother was in on the kick  
Baby food for the rich and sick  
There's cops at the hatch  
But she doesn't even hear  
She's too busy practising Santeria  
Oh Chango Chango  
Oh Chango Chango  
Chango Chango won't you bring me luck  
Plenty of money  
Oh yes! And a little bit of love  
Trussed up tight  
On a mattress of thorns  
Four limbs tied to the corner of the bed  
Mummy's goodbyes ringing in my head  
Mummy's goodbyes ringing in my head  
Goodbye, Goodbye  
There's someone at the till  
And someone at the tools  
Hot brand iron  
And a collar of steel  
Somebody put my name on a runaway list  
I never thought I'd get caught like this  
She's down below at a coconut shrine  
Cryin' Chango Chango won't you bring me a man  
A man who is clean  
Who never acts mean  
And you know where he's been  
Someone from a dream that is  
Someone who'll take me away from here  
ME! The finest Madame in Mexico City  
Being Den Mother in a nursery  
I'd like to put them out of their misery  
But a gun to the temple don't seem like me  
I'd like to put them out of their misery  
But a gun to the temple don't seem like me