

Suppose one day in Bromley, Kent  
I live my nightmare and am sent  
To sing for blonde suburban women  
Before the wives of double-glazers  
I'd be Julio Inglesias  
Doing the greats in Argentinian

Suppose they Barry Manilow me  
Screaming "Show me you're a man"  
With legs as mottled as salami  
Ladies, I'm doing the best I can  
This is how Casanova's bum  
Becomes a lesson in virility  
Set to a bossanova drum  
Sung to tarts decked out like Christmas trees

Then in my dressing room I'd see  
This elephant as pink as me  
Drinking and singing gloomily  
About the time they called me, yeah the time the called  
Me,  
About the time they called me "Nicky"

If I could be him! For only an hour  
If I could be him! Before his grand finale  
If I could be me, if I could only be cute, cute, cute,  
Absolutely banal!

Suppose one evening in Mauritius  
Entertaining high officials  
High on whores and marijuana  
Begging letters from celebrities  
Begging "Couldn't you write songs for me?"  
I'd blackmail David Bowie and the Dalai Lama

And I'd be an industrialist of song  
And I could sell with a wink  
The best in showbiz and in drink  
Korean floorshows, whiskey from the Congo? (whiskey  
From the Congo)  
Me, I'd have a ring on every finger  
And a thumb in every stake  
And every stake would be the singer's  
And acknowledged, I would legislate

The in my Hong Kong orchid den  
Waiting for 1999  
I'd spend the years of my decline

Do you remember the time they called me, yeah the time  
They called me,  
Oh the time they called me "Nicky"

If I could be him! For only an hour  
If I could be him! Before his grand finale  
If I could be me, if I could only be cute, cute, cute,  
Absolutely banal!

Suppose one day in paradise  
I find myself to my surprise  
Singing for ladies flapping swans wings  
And plucking on my little harp  
I'd be a beacon in the dark  
And save the souls of human beings

Then Jesus Christ has hardly christened me  
Son-of-the-one-in-the-directory  
Between Vic and Jean-Luc Goddard  
And I grow my beard and walk on water  
And if I really came on strong  
And started prancing and Cliff Richard-ing  
I know it wouldn't be too long  
Before I heard the shadows whispering

How Satan's come in from the cold  
He's now the shepherd in his fold  
They're shouting out requests for oldies  
From the time they called me, yeah the time they called  
Me,  
Yeah the time they called me "Nicky"

If I could be him! For only an hour  
If I could be him! Before his grand finale  
If I could be me, if I could only be cute, cute, cute,  
Good, absolutely banal!

He could fall asleep at night  
He could fall in love all right  
He could fall asleep at night

He could fall asleep at night  
He could fall in love all right  
He could fall asleep at night

He could fall asleep at night  
He could fall in love all right