

Tango

Peggy Lee

Oh the tango is done with a thin black moustache,
a wide scarlet sash, black boots and a whip
Or the tango is done with seafaring trash,
Reeling of hash, fresh off the ship
Or the tango is done as a dangerous dance,
a treacherous step and if one should trip
The frail body breaks with a snap and a twist,
And a gold watch slips onto a thick tattooed wrist
And a gray merchant ship turns black in the sun,
as it heaves to the East when the tango is done.

Butterflies mounted on fields of black velvet
Neatly arranged in gleaming glass trays
One-eyed Etruscans play follow-the-leader
Forever around the edge of the vase

The phonograph's playing an old broken record
A tango and over and over it plays
Over it plays
Over it plays

A medieval tapestry hangs like a warning,
A needlepoint forest of dark green and brown.
The scene is the hunt, you will notice the hunter.
He takes careful aim as your eye travels down,

And finally rests upon the real victim,
Lying quite still in a silk dressing gown.
Lying quite still at the edge of the carpet.
One arm flung out for the peacocks to peck.
Blending in well with the blue and green background
Except for the bright scarlet sash round the neck

He was a collector of beautiful strangers
And life was a party right up to the end
The door always opened to love and loves dangers
Wh did it? A lover, a stranger, a friend

Butterflies mounted on fields of black velvet
Neatly arranged in gleaming glass trays
One-eyed Etruscans play follow-the-leader
Forever around the edge of the vase
The phonograph's playing an old broken record
A tango and over and over it plays
Over it plays (repeat and fade)