

Monica and naughty Billy
Got together something silly now
Holy wars out of lusty minutes
Another Cuban cigar crisis
Honestly, do we need to know
If he really came inside her mouth?
How will all this affect me
Now and later
You know that we belong
In a presidential suite
Armed guards in the street
Waving back at crowds who greet
And when I look over
Over my shoulder
I can't see my past
It seems so far away
Found an icon that gave him a hard one
Little Boris just can't help himself
Got so hot in the decadent nineties
Pass another vodka dear
We can dance
Till the early hours of the morning catches up
Then we'll return to business
If there's any of it left!
You know that we belong
In a presidential suite
Armed guards in the street
Waving back at crowds who greet
And when I look over
Over my shoulder
I can't see my past
It seems so far away
What makes you think that
We belong in a presidential suite
Armed guards in the street
Waving back at crowds who greet?
Yes indeed
You know that when we met
There were fireworks in the sky
Sparkling like dragonflies
Spelling all bad folk must die
And when I look over
Over my shoulder
I can't see my past
It seems so far away
It seems so far away, far away