

Pretty Flamingo

The Queers

On our block all of the guys call her Flamingo
'Cause her hair blows like the sun
And her eyes can light the sky
When she walks she moves so fine
Like a Flamingo
Crimson dress she clings so tight
She's out of reach and out of sight
When she walks by she brightens up the neighborhood
Oh every guy would make her his he just could
If she just would
Some sweet day I'll make her mine
Pretty Flamingo
And every guy will envy me
'Cause paradise is where I'll be