

Gigolos Get Lonely Too

The Time

I guess you've heard of my reputation
I've had my share of foolin' around
But everybody needs stimulation
And mine just happens to be all over town

It's an easy-money occupation
A first class psychiatry
But just once, I'd wanna make love
Without taking off my clothes
Just once, I wanna make love with somebody
Who really and truly knows

Contrary to rumor, gigolos get lonely too
All my lovers need stimulation
But honey babe, I think that I need you

Maybe you're the kind of person
That could turn my world around
Won't you gimme little inspiration
Maybe that's what I need to make me settle down

It's an easy-money occupation
But honey one thing understand
I've got more money than you could imagine in your wildest dreams
But honey, money don't make no happy man

Contrary to rumor, gigolos get lonely too
All my lovers need stimulation
But honey babe, I think that I need you

Just once, I wanna love without takin' off my clothes
Just once, I wanna love with somebody who knows
That I got more money than you could ever see
But honey, money won't get me up off my knees

Gigolos get lonely too
All my lovers need stimulation
But honey babe, I think that I need you

Contrary to rumor, gigolos get lonely too
All my lovers need stimulation
But honey babe, I think that I need you

Whatcha gonna do, baby?
Oh, whatcha, whatcha gonna do?
Whatcha gonna do, baby?
Oh, whatcha, whatcha gonna do?

Ah, do you think we could have dinner sometimes, baby?
Well, how about to night, baby?