

Sophisticated slave trade rhythmically admired  
Give me a punctual bliss  
He's in love with a velvet glove  
Soon he'll feel the fist  
His senses are reeling  
He can't sit still  
He's got that same old feeling  
The same old thrill  
The same old thrill  
Goose flesh, giggling, stimulating scenes  
Pleasure is a means to the end  
Hedonistic high time  
He can't get enough  
Physical encounters can offend  
Drinking like a fish out of water high and dry  
When there's no tomorrow he doesn't even try  
Don't take a walk, when it's easier to run  
Don't take it easy  
No don't take it  
Don't you touch the flesh, the fragile flesh  
He's never going to get near the heart  
He can prod, he can poke but it won't get him closer  
He's only playing a part  
Across the threshold he feels his nostrils flare  
The stifling perfume is so thick in there  
Don't take a walk, when it's easier to run  
Don't take it easy, no don't take it  
Don't take it easy, Don't take it easy  
Don't take it, Don't take it  
Don't take it, Don't take it  
Don't take it, Don't take it  
Don't take it, Don't take it  
Sophisticated slave trade rhythmically admired  
Give me a punctual bliss  
He's in love with a velvet glove  
Soon he'll feel the fist  
His senses are reeling  
He can't sit still  
He's got a sort of feeling