

# Damned, Gigolo

Some resurrection is no conclusion  
Some poor pretention but no invention  
In the night they become, just what they want  
One imitation just like Roger Moore  
Please tell us what they say  
They tell us what to do  
They're only fooling me and you

You know what I ain't  
You know what I ain't  
I ain't no gigolo aunt  
You know what I ain't  
You know what I ain't  
I ain't no gigolo aunt

Ten secret agents, codes and deadly tricks  
The prince of darkness from the horror flicks  
The spiders web of intrigue a silent scream of dread  
Oh where have they gone lost in pity and despair  
Please tell us what they say  
They tell us what to do  
They're only fooling me and you

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She stands there on the stair  
Nobody cares we know he's there  
She's making coffee for two  
Who does he fool  
It's me and you  
Please tell us what they say  
They tell us what to do  
They're only fooling me and you

You know what I ain't  
You know what I ain't  
I ain't no gigolo aunt