

Gomez, Miles End

(One, two, three, four...)

Chinese symbols on his robe
Never gonna match up with that smile
He's wearing mostly black and gold
It's been twelve days
The longest for a while

He's been fortunate
He can't tell a lie
Redheads, blondes, brunettes
They all fall for his lines

He's been king now for so long
His days are numbered
Times have changed, so move along
The dream is over

Draped across Egyptian linen
Even Cleopatra casts an eye
A gossamer see-through zipped up tracksuit
Champagne bottle, ten o'clock on thigh

He's been fortunate
He cannot deny
Jacuzzi baronet
With soap suds in his eyes

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His days are numbered
Times have changed, so move along
The dream is over

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We've been waiting for so long
We think it's over