

# Ludo, Roxy

Oh Roxy, don't you love me?  
Is it because I'm American?  
Maybe it's because I don't grope you and your friends  
Like the fool behind you now dancing halfway down your pants

Somewhere near the border of Spain and France  
A bottle of bad red wine in my head  
Sixty francs to look like a fool and dance  
Mechanics understand not what I said  
Thinkin' bout the time that I had, how sad  
Her one-word shirt describes my plight in red  
And her name is a reoccurring theme

Start a move that everyone knows, the awkward pose  
And in the meantime, her eyes finding me  
Reluctantly I start the approach, her eyes, they glow  
But it's not glee, it's fear - that's why she flees  
Sing of girls I wish that I knew  
Her eyes rung true, her one-word shirt now stabbing sparkling blue  
And her name is a barely flickering flame

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Roxy's spinnin' around, or is it me that's down?  
How many fingers do I see? Is it three by now?  
Stands on top of the stairs and screams for who? Who cares?  
All that matters now is my eyes like Apollo's, become clear

Somewhere near the border of pain and romance  
Her name is undetermined as of yet  
Potential for a Roxy again has always been  
The hardest part to get out of my head  
Comes full circle all in the end, I hope  
Could one-word shirts in songs be just a joke?  
And her name is a never-ever-ending game

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Oh Roxy, don't you love me?  
Why do I gotta be American?  
Maybe it's because I don't grope you and your friends  
Like the fool behind you now dancing halfway down your pants