

# Pet Shop Boys, Dont Drop Bombs

The man, who's escorting Don Juan to his bride  
Knows he is courting an impudent pride  
Think of his jealousy, oh, where will he hide?  
The man, who's escorting Don Juan to his bride  
The man, who will cover for Don Juan's old soothsayer  
Films for a Warner brother or Mister Goldwyn-Meyer  
Think of his starlet, how much will he pay her?  
The man, who will cover for Don Juan's old soothsayer  
An emphasis has been reached with the teacher of the rich  
To quit would be discrete and swift  
But you know that I can't do that  
It would be a disaster  
It would be a disaster  
I've got this sinking feeling, I'm not dreaming  
We'll be sorry soon  
(Hahahahaha)  
At the end of the day, when everyone's resigned  
To the heart of the matter and the measures in mind  
King Zog's back from holiday, Mary Lupescu's grey  
And King Alexander is dead in Marseille  
An emphasis has been reached with the teacher of the rich,  
To quit would be discrete and swift  
But you know that I can't do that  
It would be a disaster  
It would be a disaster  
I've got this sinking feeling, I'm not dreaming  
We'll be sorry soon.  
(Hahahahaha)