

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)