Rufus Wainwright, In With The Ladies

Get me new faces, new faces, I'm tired of the old ones
Played aces, lost cases, my place is fine, let the bulls run
There's one--little Lord Bosie cut from the daisy chain
Plain to see little Lord Bosie and to suppose he's headed for Hades
I know the way--birds and the bees
No need to say, please
Because I'm in with the ladies

First must get Mustang
Just dust won't go bang!--with a Grand Am
Dang! I've a Mustang
Aw shucks! Now you're in with the old gang
Sunset Boulevard, Bosie, and Santa Monica

Let's get some silver screen, baby
Sunset always seems sweeter
After you've traveled far

Bosie, relax you're a winner, and I am a star
Who knows the way
Birds and the bees,
No need to say please
Because I'm in with the ladies

Please--now in with the ladies:

Now that you're in with the ladies nothin' that you can't do
My, how you're in with the ladies drinking from that one's shoe
Man, how your dan choco baby's bewitching the whole swarming crew
And how the macho brigade is now wishin' and wantin' some, too.

Get me new faces, new faces, I'm tired of the old ones.
There's one--little Lord Bosie cut from the daisy chain
Plain to see little Lord Bosie
Is ringing up rosies and pocketing posies.
??? he's not spoon-fed on wheaties
No longer Euphrates'--Tigris's baby
And oh how the rainbows
Are heading for Hades

Because I'm in with the ladies