

Smoke City, Mister Gorgeous

Cool and calm, mr gorgeous
Walks up to the bar and orders and
As he passes by, they all sigh - ah...
When he moves just like a panther,
The fins obeys, the bones etch

You won't get a smile
'cause it's really not his style
At all

Aie, aie, aie, aie, aie
Aie, aie, aie, aie, aie

She's so slick and so curvaceous
The way she walks is quite contagious
Eager eyes follow her thighs and go, hmmm

The way she moves strikes a chord and
Hits the groove
But she ignores the

Hopefully advances
No, she don't give no chances at all

Aie, aie, aie, aie, aie
Aie, aie, aie, aie, aie
All alone our miss curvaceous
Back at her place finds her bed too spacious
And as she passes her own reflection, sighs
Ooh..

Mr gorgeous is feeling lonely
He wishes that if he could only
Smile, once a while, ah
So lonely, poor thing

Aie, aie, aie, aie, aie
Aie, aie, aie, aie, aie

So while you are shaking your hips, keep your lips turned up