

The Manhattan Transfer, 10 Minutes Till The Sav

Spiked heels and porkpie hat -
Have you on the mend
in no time flat
A shimmy and a shake,
a pitter and pat
Hey there sugar -
Take a look at that!

Don't you despair 'cause your
fantasy life is nowhere
Under my care you'll be
back in the pink
Drunk without a drink

Tunnel down in soft silk and satin
Loosen up and roll to the
rumble of the drum
Make believe it's midnite
in Manhattan
10 minutes till the savages come

Come here and don't look back -
Meet me at the end
of the cul-de-sac
Come on! Stand up at attention
and I'll do the same
Hey there tiger,
now don't you be ashamed

Life has a way of destroying our
sense of child's play

But under my wing you'll be
back in the pink
Drunk without a drink

Tunnel down in soft silk and satin
Let your backbone roll to the
rumble of the drum
Make believe it's midnite
in Manhattan
10 minutes till the savages come

Sigmund Freud himself
Wouldn't have needed to worry
If his hands were tied by me
There's no neurosis that this
doctor can't diagnose
I'll find the monster and
deliver a lethal dose

Life has a way of destroying
our sense of child's play
But under my wing you'll be
back in the pink
Drunk without a drink

(Repeat 1st Chorus)
(Repeat 1st Verse)