

# Triumvirat, Roxy

J.K. is charming up his hand-wash love affairs  
Softly cruising among the empty faces they wear  
Each night it's easy to get a love  
Alright get get get  
And as I sit and I watch as he passes my way  
Loving just one of his fourhundredeleven fiances  
Licking all his spacy fantasies  
He's the ballroom blitz, honey

So I think of all my flic-flacs  
And I wonder why I come here every night  
To watch the osmosis of creepers of art and design  
But another southern comfort  
has to comfort that old jumping heart of mine  
Sensational flight now  
Just in a Roxy night  
And the all-time black suited gambling boy  
Is playing cards  
And he's got to give his Mustang away  
to my manager  
He's got black cards  
The Ramones upon the juke boxre simply doping the guys  
While the gypsy boys are painting my senses  
Red hot blood  
Stitch Stitch  
Don't let the chick  
With these stiletto heels walk by  
She's got the nerve to share my vicious side  
And the leather kid from behind the bar  
He jumps right into the fight  
Precious moments  
Just another Roxy night  
So come on all you doormen  
Kiss my vertical smile  
Ruff me up if you want  
That's your stupid way to get high  
When your mind is low  
So  
I'm knocking out a monster telling me I should go  
He's a weekend casanova, a Travolta or so  
What?  
I don't know - tell me  
The last thing on my mind  
Is slow motion of what I desire  
A silly kind of Kubrik  
A clockwork that's out of time  
And I end up in collapsing  
on the bartender under champaigne on ice  
With Freddy and her numbers  
All in a Roxy night