

Abby Travis, Trade

He was a living fantasy
A caramal uncut Kowalsky
The skin of his beauty was so deep
With his prize fighting fees and physique

Alone he waits for prey
A beep and he's on the way
There's always a price to pay
For one Latin god for the day

He loved to love for free
For the girl he'd go down on his knees
Such a pro, boy he knew how to please
So much taste, so much style, so much sleaze

He self destructed last week
A pinata of razors and sheiks
A dead trick, then a long trip upstream
Sometimes folks really are what they seem