

Agans Craig, Isadora

Heads are turnin' sidewaysley as she walks up to the stage
dressed in black, hair blazin' red, gold slippers on her feet
She's got a company of boys, she keeps as her slaves in tow
But when the night is done, none of them follow where she goes..
The room is a little smokey, in a half filled kind of way
as she takes an extra minute to put her last drink away
And the big band's growing anxious, they're outside shaving all their
heads
And the boss has put his foot down and you know the bosses foots' made
out of lead..
So she grabs the introduction back, and throws it in his face
then she starts to wail and shatter every window in the place
Her band is a computer, but it hasn't got any glitch
It asks her for the next song, and she knows exactly which..
The crowd has stopped its' chatter long enough to catch its' breath
When she hits the opening note and says, ".. here's a song about sex.."
and then she wraps it all around me the way most good women do
I try to call the waiter, but he's all wrapped up in her too..
Then her song is over, and it's time to take a bow
"My name is Isadora," she said, if it even matters now
I saw her by a car as I was walking out the door
Her boys had loaded most of the things, but they still needed to load a
little more..
So I stopped a minute to tell her that I really like her voice
Then she smiled, thanking me, telling me that I really had no choice
So now I'm sitting here deciding how this song is supposed to end
And I guess I'll just have to wait until I see Isadora again..
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