

Al Stewart, Mondo sinistro

I take my troubles on a Friday night
To the heart of the bistro
Among the shadows and the low low lights
I can find a release-o
My favorite waitress will be here tonight
I love the way she wears those fish-net tights
She's so hard to resist-o
in this Mondo Sinistro
She picks a menu up and throws it my way
With a flick of her wrist-o
I'm sitting hoping that the night might take
A romantic twist-o
I order chicken and a chilled chablis
She brings me grapefruit and a cup of tea
She's a little Mephisto
In this Mondo Sinistro
I say I really love her dark brown eyes
And the way that they tease-o
I tell her everytime she passes by
I grow weak in the knees-o
I ask her would she like to come and play
She blows my candle out and walks away
I just cease to exist-o
In this Mondo Sinistro