

All About Eve, Let Me Entertain You

Let Me Entertain You
I used to know a band
Two boys, a girl, they didn't understand
Hung out in London bars,
With beaten up guitars
Searching for a short cut to the stars
Then they won awards
For compositions built on minor chords
The darlings of the press
Without resorting to undressing
Giving lessons to the less adored
Let me, let me entertain you
Let me cheer you up
And show you how everyone can
Have a, have a real good time
One, two, three sold-out shows
They threw a party for the powdered nose
Who never saw the stalls or any curtain calls
Now you know how many asses had to get
A kissing at the Albert Hall
Let me, let me entertain you
Let me cheer you up
And make you feel everything is
Gonna, gonna be alright....
Let me, let me entertain you
Let me cheer you up
And show you how everyone can
Have a, have a real good time