

Be-Bop Deluxe, Third Floor Heaven

He's been saving, selling everything he didn't need
Such a shy boy, with a secret up his sleeve
He's a strange one, never bothers with the girls
Heard him swear once, at least I thought I heard him curse
Someone had called him queer
Yes, one of those my dear
They're all the same, one hand lovers
But he's finally saved enough to pay another call
To the middle aged angel on the third floor
She can do him twice nightly
And an encore kicks him in the head
Oh, how he screams for more
Third floor heaven, call at seven
Leave your money on the shelf, pretend you're someone else
She will do you in, she will stand you up
She will really lay it down, she will break your heart