

Cyndi Lauper, Lady Marmelade

He met marmelade down at old moulin rouge
Struttin' her stuff on the street
She said hello hey jo wanna give it a go

Gouchi gouchi ya ya, da da
Gouchi gouchi ya ya here
Mocha chocalata ya ya, creo lady marmelade

Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, ce soir.
Voulez-vous coucher avec moi.

Sat in her boudoir while she freshened up,
That boy drank all that magnolia wine.
On the black satin sheets where he started to freak.

Gouchi gouchi ya ya, da da
Gouchi gouchi ya ya here
Mocha chocalata ya ya, creo lady marmelade

Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, ce soir.
Voulez-vous coucher avec moi.

He came through in with the money in the garden bags
Let them know we got the cake steaigt out the gate
Some women say that is for whores
But why spend mine when I can spend yours
So this is agreed for you I'm sorry
I'm gonna keep playing those cats for all that money
High heel shoes getting love from the blues
For the bad ass chicks from the roulin rouge
Hey sister, sow sister, better get that dough sister
I drink wine with dimands in the glass
By the case, thets the meaning of expensive taste

Gouchi gouchi ya ya
Mocha chocalata, creo lady marmelade

Marmelade, marmelade, marmelade