

Dalbello, Pretty Girls

He's triggered by the rise
Of their suburban eyes
He likes to stroke the curls
Of pretty baby girls

And he will never make it on the hit parade
Oh no...
Behind the counter selling health and beauty aids
In the name of:

CHORUS

Pretty Girls, Pretty Girls
Look good on you
Pretty Girls, Pretty Girls
Look good on you

He reserves the luxury
Of feline company
Femme fatale is all he needs
To measure his heroic deeds

Another trying day behind the canopy (madonna!)
He's nurtured by a planned well-tanned philosophy
For the love of:

CHORUS

Pretty Girls, Pretty Girls
Look good on you
Pretty Girls, Pretty Girls
Look good on you

BRIDGE

And he will never make it on the hit parade
Oh no...
Behind the counter selling health and beauty aids
In the name of:

Pretty Girls...