

# Hazel O'Connor, Gigolo

There he goes now walking down the street  
Well decked out from his head to his feet  
Women meet him, women find him oh so sweet

But stop, beware, that man don't care  
When you need, when you bleed that man don't care

He's just a gigolo-o-o  
A gigolo-o-o, a gigolo

Oh how he wears such a thin disguise  
Look a little closer unmask his eyes  
See right through him see oozing with lies

He's just a gigolo-o-o  
A gigolo-o-o, a gigolo