

Ian Hunter, Never Trust A Blonde

(Darrell Bath)

(Transcribed by Colin Ford)

A thousand pin-up girls to Stepney to Bombay
Take me to fancy restaurants to be amongst the (?)
And all the blue-eyed gals of 6 foot 3
Are gonna leave you broken down on your knees
Cause in the golden locks and fluttering lashes
You say, "I told you", all day long

Never (never) trust a blonde
Yeah, never (never) trust a blonde
Just when you thought it was safe to get it on
Watch out for their teeth boys you never trust a blonde

I been dreaming of clinches
(?) flinches
The start of Hollywood (?)
Too many girls and ham-fisted moves and blaming it on the wine
Now your best bet's, succour(?), love and caress
Make it quick boys cause I ain't got long
Never turn your back on the girl in black
You never trust a blonde

Never (never) trust a blonde
Yeah, never (never) trust a blonde
Forget all that stuff about ad-men, like my own father
My daddy said, "Rocky, don't even trust your mom"!

They all queue in line, they wanna see me hung, drawn and quartered
Sure not on a moon shine, a recipe that leaves me (?)
Stormy weather, the smell and a lousy hotel
One line from a fair blues song
I'm telling you mate, I'll get slayed
You cannot trust a blonde

Never (never) trust a blonde
Yeah, never (never) trust a blonde
You think you can hide behind peroxide, then you got it wrong, so wrong
Watch out for their teeth boys, never trust a blonde

Here comes another, never trust a blonde
She could be a mother, never trust a blonde
England and China, never trust a blonde
She played me a blinder, never trust a blonde
Never, ever Russian, never trust a blonde
Expect a bum's rushian(?), never trust a blonde
Explode with good luck, never trust a blonde
Squeeze in another, never trust a blonde