

M People, Bohemia

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The one-eyed tattoo artist
arrives at a sushi sunset.
Walks right on over to my spot
says listen girl one hot sec.
Mmm java jive man alive
gotta keep on climbing 'til I get real high
poets in my head, Prada on my feet
this aint your average tourist, know what I mean.

Global salsa.
Love and laughter.
Gonna have to
get on down to Bohemia.
Global salsa.
Love and laughter.
Gonna hafta
Take you down to Bohemia.

I walk into the Boneyard
an Angel looks up to me
says get up off your island
or you aint in my movie.
Mmm charcoal black, blood on the tracks
I hitched a ride on a love train, I aint comin back
I walk through streets of fire, no shoes on my feet.
A walk on the wildside, know what I mean.

Global salsa.
Love and laughter.
Gonna have to
get on down to Bohemia.
Global salsa.
Love and laughter.
Morning after
Another night in Bohemia