

Marc Almond, Exotica Rose

Exotica Rose
Works the shows in the evening
Exotica Rose
Works for dollars and dimes
Exotica Rose
Nobody knows her secret
Wherever she goes men shout
"Hey Rose got the time?"

Exotica Rose
Dances in beads and in satin
Tall and bejeweled
Don't be fooled by her mystery and spice
Her Tangos fandangos
Her grace unmistakingly Latin
You can buy her a drink
But don't think she's a girl with a price

Exotica Rose
Exotica Rose
Nobody knows
Nobody knows
When she powders her nose
Nobody knows
She's not Exotica Rose

And after her dance
In a dressing room dusty and dirty
She squints in the mirror
And tells herself never again
She's pushing an age that hits on the wrong side of thirty
She pulls off her wig
But the stain of the make-up remains

Exotica Rose
Lives in a rented apartment
She's working all hours
To meet all the bills and demands
She's a girl with a difference
Or two in every department
life isn't easy
With a wife and two kids on her hands

Exotica Rose
Exotica Rose
Nobody knows
Nobody knows
When she powders her nose
Nobody knows
It's not Exotica Rose