

Marc Almond, Prelude

There's a colour TV in the pink shack
But the paint's peelin' off the walls
Take a sneaky photo by the pink shack
In a pair of muddy overalls
Pay a ragged dollar for my snapshot mister
Put a big grin on my face
Call "Hey, Sonny!" from your door, Chiquita
If the colour isn't to your taste
She's callin' out to me
Now she's bawlin' out to me
And she's singin' right out of key
"Oh, lover man where can you be?"
Lost little orphans on the roadside
On the steps of the Roach Motel
Little faces flicker in the go-go neon
Seems they've got something to sell
Take my photograph for a dollar mister
Up against the pink shack wall
Call "Hey, Sonny!" from your door Chiquita
Throw tequila kisses to us all
She's callin' out to me
And it's only half past three
She's callin' out to me
"Lover man where can you be?"
She's callin' out to me
Now she's bawlin' out to me
And she's singin' right out of key
"Oh, lover man where can you be?"
There's room enough for two in the pink shack
With a black rat on my knee
Backroom tequila in the bathroom
And a soapbox colour TV
Cockroaches crawlin' round the pink shack
But please don't crawl on me
Five in a bed in the pink shack
But there's really only room for three
She's callin' out to me
And it's only half past three
And she's singin' right out of key
"Oh, lover man where can you be?"
She's calling out to me
And she's bawling out to me
And she's singing right out of key
"Oh, lover man where can you be?"
"Oh, lover man where can you be?"