

Shivaree, Pimp

Look who's pulling up outside
With a trunk full of fun
And a European ride
Heard that you were going for away
And we are all so happy son
That we were on the way
You're a back stabbing Hollywood pimp
Microphone, silver tone, cellular phone
We know that you're working for the devil
Bitch slap, star map dinner at Jones
Stood in line to get burned
Hey baby doll
Your reservation is confirmed
Tell the boss I've got her on the way
And he said with a smile
That's the seventh one today

Chorus

How'd you get so mean and nasty
I didn't want you to come to my party anyway
He's going to play you a dream
Dress you up in chocolate
And finish you with cream
Squeeze you till you're warm and woozy
And then pop you on the saddle
Of a silver moto guzzi

Chorus