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