

Sleeper, Statuesque

We should spend the night in a small hotel like this
Drinking champagne in it
We could drive your car through the east end streets to the city
And still make a day of it
Take all I have I've no secrets left to steal
What would you give me for a trip behind your steering wheel

I need high heels just to stand up
Got to carry some stairs to get near enough
I need some wheels to move you around
I've borrowed some tools to chisel you down

Tie me up and I'll confess
A thousand ways that make you statuesque

And it won't last for long better do your worst
While I'll forgive you of anything
Oh you're so rehearsed
'cos some wise guy built you pretty
So you'd get away with it

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