Smoke City, Mr-Gorgeous

Cool and calm, Mr Gorgeous
Walks up to the bar and orders and
As he passes by, they all sigh - ah...

When he moves just like a panther
He feels your gaze, but won't look at ya

He won't dare a smile
'Cause it's really not his style
Oh

Aie, aie, aie, aie, aie
Aie, aie, aie, aie, aie...

She's so slick and so curvaceous
The way she walks is quite contagious
Eager eyes follow her thighs and go, hmmm

The way she moves strikes a chord
Hits the groove
But she ignores the
Hopeful advances
No, she won't give no chances at all

Aie, aie, aie, aie, aie
Aie, aie, aie, aie, aie...

All alone our Miss Curvaceous
Back at her place finds her bed too spacious
And as she passes her own reflection, sighs
Ooh...

Mr Gorgeous is feeling lonely
He wishes that if he could only
Smile, once a while, ah
So lonely, poor thing

Aie, aie, aie, aie, aie
Aie, aie, aie, aie, aie...

So while you are shaking your hips
Keep your lips turned up