

Steve Harley, Judy Teen

Judy Teen, the queen of the scene, she's rag doll amore
Verbal slang, American twang, you dare not ignore
In from New York, prompted her to talk of superballs
Judy Teen grew sick of the scene, just bragging to fools

She took us on a carousel
She made us smile and oh, how we laughed
Together riding on a crest it was swell
We stole her face and oh, how we laughed
She made us happy

Sacral blues in various hues, she capered to draw me
Me and Yankie, all hanky panky, seldom she bored me
She's so bold and me feeling old, just stroking her face
Super troubadour, he can show you more than her lace

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Judy Teen, we know where you've been, your ego's insane
To the cabaret where you'd schlep and sway on your cane
Seeking shelter, no helter skelter's gonna betray yer
Judy Teen, the queen of the scene, is coming to slay yer

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