

Triumvirat, Rien Ne Vas Plus

You're soothing and extravagant
Your sex appeal is nonchalant
Your herbal essence shampoo shine
Sends shivers down my pimpled spine
Your décollet is never loud
Your wardrobe is most talked about
You drive a new Mercedes Benz
You think in dollars, not in cents
But money won't disguise the face
You hide behind that phony grace
Your eyes are like the dying stars
They're a darker shade of Laura Mars
You trap your victims with a smile
And simply take them home a while
And they melt away like a
Cheddar cheese fondue
Hold your smile
Rien ne vas plus - it's all over
Rien ne vas plus - it's all over
Rien ne vas plus - it's all over now
You fly to have your hair restyled
You never look dressed up or wild
Your make-up is a work of art
You own a golden credit card
The way you hold a champagne glass
Is nothing but pure elegance
You always choose the right hors d'ouvres
You have more class than Cath Deneuve
But all your style is in disgrace
You start to scream and hide your face
The eyes that were like stars before
They have died -
And they will shine no more
Cos someone simply takes your arm
And you are trapped and all your charm
Is melting like a
Cheddar cheese fondue
Hold your smile
Rien ne vas plus - it's all over
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Cheddar cheese fondue
Hold your smile
Hold your smile a little while
Rien ne vas plus...