

# Waldemar Wiśniewski, Just a Gigolo

Just a gigolo, everywhere I go  
People know the part I'm playing;  
Paid for every dance, selling each romance  
Every night some heart be-tray-ing.

There will come a day youth will pass away  
Then what will they say about me?  
When the end comes, I know, they'll say, "Just a gigolo"  
As life goes on without me.