

Yello, Ocean Club

My name is norman -- lou norman.
I've been in this business for fifteen years.
If people have a problem and don't want talk to the police, they want talk to me.
So, this friday afternoon I got a phone call,
Young lady asked me to go downtown.

What the hell is a girl like mandy cooper doing at the lower manhattan ocean club?
Looking like a taxi [texan?] model
And with a voice like mahalia jackson.
She don't need to work in slots like this.
She got the pair of blue eyes that look green to me.
And then she approached me.
Oh boy

Miss cooper, I suppose?
Let's stop playing games.
I'm on the job here, let's come to terms.
She tried to wind me up with some nonsense about an ex-boyfriend who was giving her a hard time
I said listen honey, we all know you can help yourself.
If you want me to work on your case, let's get things straight -- and now.
Oh boy

Nobody is ever gonna damage your career.
With a voice like this and a pair of eyes, you're gonna be huge in any business.
You still don't smoke?
I need a drink.
And maybe you'll join me.
Looks better for the chappy over there
Looks like old friends
Meeting after a hard night's work.

I walked to the corner slowly,
Wanted to ask mr. big here for a light.
He turned around.

I put a quarter into the jukebox and played a beautiful ave maria
When I turned around, miss cooper had gone.