

Cha Cha Cha

Jimmy Luxury & The Tommy Rome Orchestra

Cha Cha Cha
Don't ya know that I love ya.
Always thinking of ya.
Won't ya come on be my lady.
Your cha cha cha drives me crazy.
The big band possesses me from inside out.
He's got class, real clout the kind they talk about
on the front page of the New York Times.
He's got the gift of gab in rhyme.
Hear his name blow in the wind chimes of his Palm Springs patio.
Have a Martini, maybe one, two or three.
Watch a couple westerns on my color TV.
I wear a robe to the packy in the morning to get the paper
The brain behind the caper.
Kid don't bother stealing the hubcaps, steal the whole car.
Half measures never ail us never got us so far.
Sipping bath tub gin outa jars.
Is it wrong to gamble or just to lose on this pleasure cruise?
Sitting in the pool hall, watching all the cool girls.
Who's the brain who concocted such hairball schemes?
I'm living on cloud nine in champagne dreams.
I'm spending thousands, carousing, 100 bucks you wanna bet me?
I'm dumping plates of spaghetti on my new tuxedo.
This cat took a leak in the back of my limo.
Nobody knows me like my Yiddish sister Michelle Jacoby.
Down at Vegas Night, at the Lion's Club im going for broke.
I'm the kinda guy when i move ya better watch my smoke.
When I'm not shaking hands or kissing babies
I'm down at the senior citizens home
doing a couple numbers for the old ladies.

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