Montreal

Adam Ant

Lay him down inside the car
Boston en route, not too far
Down another bleak highway
Soothes the morning pain away
What had passed the night before
Room 1206 on the floor
Beautiful, his Bardot and though he's spoiled
She likes him so
He's just a joker flash and cheap
And not to fussy where he sleeps
Before he starts to complain
She wants him to be bad again
So the couple lying there
Teach each other how to swear
Could this be a dirty night?
It could if they're doing it right

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