

Nicky

Momus

Suppose one day in Bromley, Kent
I live my nightmare and am sent
To sing for blonde suburban women
Before the wives of double-glaziers

I'd be Julio Inglesias

Doing the greats in Argentinian Suppose they Barry Manilow me

Screaming "Show me you're a man"
With legs as mottled as salami
Ladies, I'm doing the best I can
This is how Casanova's bum
becomes a lesson in virility

Set to a bossanova drum

Sung to tarts decked out like Christmas trees

Then in my dressing room I'd see
This elephant as pink as me
Drinking and singing gloomily

About the time they called me, yeah the time they called me,

About the time they called me "Nicky" If I could be him! For only an hour

If I could be him! Before his grand finale

If I could be me, if I could only be cute, cute, cute, absolutely banal! Suppose one evening in Mauritius

Entertaining high officials

High on whores and marijuana
Begging letters from celebrities

Begging "Couldn't you write songs for me?"

I'd blackmail David Bowie and the Dalai Lama

And I'd be an industrialist of song

And I could sell with a wink

The best in showbiz and in drink

Korean floorshows, whiskey from the Congo? (whiskey from the Congo)

Me, I'd have a ring on every finger

And a thumb in every stake

And every stake would be the singer's

And acknowledged, I would legislate The in my Hong Kong orchid den

Waiting for 1999

I'd spend the years of my decline

Do you remember the time they called me, yeah the time they called me,

Oh the time they called me "Nicky" If I could be him! For only an hour

If I could be him! Before his grand finale

If I could be me, if I could only be cute, cute, cute, absolutely banal! Suppose one day in paradise

I find myself to my surprise
Singing for ladies flapping swans wings
And plucking on my little harp
I'd be a beacon in the dark
And save the souls of human beings
Then Jesus Christ has hardly christened me
Son-of-the-one-in-the-directory
Between Vic and Jean-Luc Goddard
And I grow my beard and walk on water
And if I really came on strong
And started prancing and Cliff Richard-ing
I know it wouldn't be too long
Before I heard the shadows whispering
How Satan's come in from the cold
He's now the shepherd in his fold
They're shouting out requests for oldies
From the time they called me, yeah the time they called me,
Yeah the time they called me "Nicky"
If I could be him! For only an hour
If I could be him! Before his grand finale

If I could be me, if I could only be cute, cute, cute, good, absolutely banal!
He could fall asleep at night

He could fall in love all right

He could fall asleep at night
He could fall asleep at night

He could fall in love all right

He could fall asleep at night
He could fall asleep at night

He could fall in love all right

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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