Burlesque

Bain Wolfkind

When you walked out to the stage
I should have walked right out
You were doing that Cuban grind
And streetwalker pounce
Zippin' down one black glove
Just to show the boys
Just how much
There was to zip
A sweat drenched night
Like a thousand other nights
Just waiting to score
Pumpin' that ass from cheek to floor
From floor to cheek from cheek to floor
From floor to cheek from cheek to floor
From floor to cheek from thigh to hip

Just like them good old days when burlesque was still burlesque
And I was still the funniest man in town
And still that same old tune kept clangin' in my brain
Like the knockout bell on the final count to remind me of my pain

Just like them good old days when burlesque was still burlesque
And I was still the funniest man in town
Just like them good old days when burlesque was still burlesque
And I was still the funniest man in town
And still that same old tune kept clangin' in my brain
Like the knockout bell on the final count to remind me of my pain
Oh yeah

When you walked out of the club
I followed you out
You were doing that Cuban grind
And streetwalker pounce
I slipped on one black glove
With a knife in my fist
I followed you down a dark street alley
In the smog and the mist
And still that same old tune was clangin' in my brain
It sounded mighty like a woman's screams

A woman's screams of pain
And as the rain fell down
Fell down upon the land
Your blood and guts spewed forth
Like cards from the dealer's hand

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And still that same old tune kept clangin' in my brain
Like the knockout bell on the final count to remind me of my pain
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Like the knockout bell on the final count to remind me of my pain
Oh yeah

Lyrics submitted by Evan Sell.

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