

# The Heat Is On In Saigon

Jonathan Pryce

The heat is on in Saigon  
The girls are hotter 'n' hell  
One of these slits here will be Miss Saigon  
God, the tension is high, not to mention the smell  
The heat is on in Saigon  
Is there a war going on?  
Don't ask, I ain't gonna tell  
Ah, Monsieur Chris! Monsieur John!  
You've come to win Miss Saigon  
I gotta get my friend laid as a last souvenir  
I love you, pal, but your bullsh\*t  
I've had up to here  
The heat is on in Saigon  
But 'til they tell us we're gone  
I'm gonna buy you a girl  
You can buy me a beer  
See my bikini, it's just the right size  
Don't you enjoy how it rides up my thighs?  
Look from behind, it'll knock out your eyes  
I'll show you: my special trophy of war  
For a Marine, I'll show  
more  
You won't get up off the floor  
The heat is on in Saigon  
Don't tell me I'm reassigned, all that chickensh\*t sucks  
Tonight I'm out of my mind, not to mention ten bucks  
If I'm your pin-up, I'll melt all your brass  
Stuck on your wall, with a pin in my ass  
If you get me, you will travel first class  
I'll show you, we will make magic, cheri  
You buy more tickets from me  
The winner gets her for free  
The meat is cheap in Saigon  
I used to love getting stoned, waking up with some whore  
I don't know why I went dead, it's not fun anymore  
I'm seventeen, and I'm new here today  
The village I come from seems so far away  
All of the girls know much more what to say  
But I know  
I have a heart like the sea  
A million dreams are in me  
Good Jesus, John, who is she?  
The Cong is tight'n'ing the noose  
Is it a week or a day or an hour that we got?  
Tonight could be our last shot  
got to put it to use  
Tonight I bet that you and I will get along  
Forget about the threat, forget the Viet-Cong  
Mimi, Gigi, Yvette or Yvonne  
Gonna buy me a beer, and elect Miss Saigon  
Yvonne, Yvette, Mimi, Kim, Gigi  
Attention, s'il vous plait!  
By popular demand  
Miss Gigi Van Tranh  
Is elected Miss Saigon!  
The heat is on in Saigon  
And things are not going well  
But still at midnight, the party goes on  
A good-bye party in hell  
And now who wins this pussycat?  
Number 66!

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