

# Budapest

## Spyra

I think she was a middle-distance runner  
(The translation wasn't clear)  
Could be a budding stately hero  
International competition in a year  
She was a good enough reason for a party  
(Well, you couldn't keep up on a hard track mile)  
While she ran a perfect circle and she wore a perfect smile  
In Budapest, hot night in Budapest  
We had to cozy up in the old gymnasium  
Dusting off the mandolins and checking on the gear  
She was helping out at the back-stage  
Stopping hearts and chilling beer  
Yes, and her legs went on for ever  
Like staring up at infinity  
Through a wisp of cotton panty  
Along a skin of satin sea, hot night in Budapest  
You could cut the heat, peel it back  
With the wrong side of a knife  
Feel it blowing from the side fills  
Feel like you were playing for your life  
(If not the money)  
Hot night in Budapest  
She bent down to fill the ice box  
And stuffed some more warm white wine in  
Like some weird unearthly vision  
Wearing only T-shirt, pants and skin  
You know, it rippled, just a hint of muscle  
But the boys and me were heading west  
So we left her to the late crew and a hot night in Budapest  
It was a hot night in Budapest  
She didn't speak much English language  
(She didn't speak much anyway)  
She wouldn't make love but she could make good sandwich  
And she poured sweet wine before we played  
Hey, Budapest, cha, cha, cha  
Let's watch her now  
I thought I saw her at the late night restaurant  
She would have sent blue shivers down the wall  
But she didn't grace our table  
In fact, she wasn't there at all  
Yes, and her legs went on forever  
Like staring up at infinity  
Her heart was spinning to the west-lands  
And she didn't care to be that night in Budapest  
Hot night in Budapest, hot night in Budapest  
Hot night in Budapest, hot night in Budapest

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