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 yearShe 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 BudapestWe 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 beerYes, 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 BudapestYou 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 BudapestShe 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 skinYou 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 BudapestShe 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 playedHey, 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 wallBut 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 infinityHer 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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