Anything Goes

John Barrowman

In olden days a glimpse of stocking
Was looked on as something shocking
But now, God knows
Anything goesGood authors too
Who once knew better words
Now only use four letter words
Writing prose, anything goesThe world has gone mad today
And good's bad today
And black's white today
And day's night todayAnd most guys today
That women prize today
Are just silly gigolosAnd though I'm not a great romancer
I know that you're bound to answer
When I propose, anything goesWhen Grand mama whose age is eighty
In night clubs is getting matey with gigolos
Anything goesWhen mothers pack and leave poor father
Because they decide they'd rather be tennis pros
Anything goesIf driving fast cars you like
If low bars you like
If old hymns you like
If bare limbs you likeIf Mae West you like
Or me undressed you like
Why, nobody will oppose!
When every night, the set that's smartIs indulging in Torchwwod parties in studios
Anything goes
Anything, anything, anything
Anything goesAnything goes, whoo
Torchwood, yeah

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