Lola

Clara Becker

I met her in a club down in Old Soho
Where you drink champagne and it tastes just like cherry-cola
See-o-l-a cola

She walked up to me and she asked me to dance
I asked her her name and in a dark brown voice she said, Lola
L-o-l-a Lola la-la-la-la Lola

Well, I'm not the world's most physical guy
But when she squeezed me tight, she nearly broke my spine
Oh my Lola L-o-l-a Lola

And I'm not dumb but I can't understand
Why she walks like a woman and talks like a man
Lola L-o-l-a Lola la-la-la-la Lola

We drank champagne and danced all night
Under electric candlelight
She picked me up and sat me on her knee
And said, "little boy, won't you come home with me"

Well, I'm not the world's most passionate guy
But when I looked in her eyes I almost fell for my Lola
L-o-l-a Lola la-la-la-la Lola
Lola L-o-l-a Lola la-la-la-la Lola

I pushed her away
I walked to the door
I fell to the floor
I got down on my knees
Then I looked at her and she at me

Well, that's the way that I wanted to stay
And I always want it to be that way for my Lola
Lo-la Lola

Girls will be boys and boys will be girls
It's a mixed up, muddled up, shooked up world except for Lola
Lo-la la-la-la-la Lola

Well, I left home just a week ago
And I'd never kissed a woman before
But Lola smiled and took me by the hand
And said little boy I'm gonna make you a man

Well, I'm not the world's most masculine man
But I know what I am, I'm glad I'm man
And so is Lola

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