Peek-a-boo

The Stylistics

Creeping up the backstairs
Slinking into dark stalls
Shapeless and slumped in bath chairs
Furtive eyes peep out of holesShe has many guises
She'll do what you want her to
Playing dead and sweet submission
Cracks the whip deadpan on cuePeek-a-boo, peek-a-boo
Peek-a-boo, peek-a-booReeking like a pig sty
Peeling back and gagging free
Flaccid ego in your hand
Chokes on dry tears, can you understand?She's jeering at the shadows
Sneering behind a smile
Lunge and thrust to pout and pucker
Into the face of the beguiledPeek-a-boo, peek-a-boo
Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo
(Golly jeepers, where'd you get those peepers?)
Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo
(Peepshow, creepshow, where did you get those eyes?)Strobe lights pump and flicker
Dry lips crack out for more
Come bite on this rag doll, baby
Well, that's right, now hit the floor'They're sneaking out the back door
She gets up from all fours
Rhinestone fools and silver dollars
Curdle into bitter tearsPeek-a-boo, peek-a-boo
Peek-a-boo, peek-a-booPeek-a-boo, peek-a-boo
(Golly jeepers, where'd you get those peepers?)
Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo
(Peepshow, creepshow, where did you get those eyes?)Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo
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Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo
(Peepshow, creepshow, were did you get those eyes?)Where did you get those eyes?
Where did you get those eyes?

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