

You Don't Have To Be A Prostitute

Flight Of The Conchords

It's a cold night
Beneath the street lights
There's a man whose pants are too tight
Oh no, his pants are too tight
My pants are too tight
He stands there, an empty stare
Trying to make enough money
For his cab fare home
He'll have to walk home tonight
Don't have enough for the ride
The streets are cruel
He tries to act cool
He goes to work with only his one tool
You can put away your tool, Jermaine
You don't have to be a prostitute
No, no, no, no, no
You can say no to being a man ho
A male gigolo
You don't have to be a prostitute
No, no, no, no, no
You can say no to being a night looker
Boy hooker, rent boy, bro ho
He can't see his way out
I cannot my way out
He can't see his way out
Male prostitution seems to be my only option
He can't see his way out
I cannot see my way out
He can't see his way out
No, no, no, no, no
He's selling cheap thrills
To pay expensive bills
But check your resume
You must have some other skills
Do you have any other skills
Like typing?
They see him, wanting to please them
Wanting to play him
But they don't even pay him

Oh no, no
They don't think he's worth it at all
Though they are no one
He tries to bring them home
Maybe it'd be okay if he lived alone
Ooh, you have a roommate, Jermaine
Don't bring them home
You don't have to be a prostitute
No, no, no, no, no
You can say no to being a man ho
A male gigolo
You don't have to be a prostitute
No, no, no, no, no
You can say no to being a night looker
Boy hooker, rent boy, bro pro

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