

Gigolo

Hazel O'Connor

There he goes now walking down the street
Well decked out from his head to his feet
Women meet him, women find him oh so sweet But stop, beware, that man don't care
When you need, when you bleed that man don't care He's just a gigolo-o-o
A gigolo-o-o, a gigolo Oh how he wears such a thin disguise
Look a little closer unmask his eyes
See right through him see oozing with lies

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