

Hey Eugene

Pink Martini

Hey Eugene! Do you remember me?
I'm that chick you danced with two times
Through the Rufus album, Friday night, at that party
On Avenue A Where your skinhead friend passed out
For several hours on the bathroom floor
And you told me, you weren't that drunk
And that I was your favorite Salsa dancer
You had ever come across in New York City Eugene, Eugene, Eugene
I said, "Hello Eugene, are you there, Eugene?" Hey Eugene, then we kissed
Once we lugged your friend into the elevator
And went to write my number on a soggy paper towel
And the car went down And when we were finished making out
We noticed that your skinhead friend was gone, long gone
And you looked into my bloodshot eyes
And said, "Is it too soon if I call you Sunday?" Eugene, Eugene, Eugene
I said, "Hello Eugene, are you there, Eugene?" I said, "Hello Eugene, Eugene, Eugene"
I said, "Hello Eugene, are you there, Eugene?"
I said, "Hello Eugene, Eugene, Eugene"
I said, "Hello Eugene, does any of this ring a bell, Eugene?"

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