

# Lola

## Moneda Dura

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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