Cameo

Devo

He said his name was
Cameo, Cameo
He said his name was
Cameo, CameoHe said his name was Cameo
He danced a nasty, funk-style retro
He drove a bright red '67 GTO
He liked to let his Elvis-style hair growHe was a black belt loaded with skills
He spoke slow, choosing words that could kill
Honest people didn't need to fear him
But do not cross that Native AmericanCameo, Cameo
Cameo, CameoHe said his name was
Cameo, Cameo
He said his name was
Cameo, CameoHe would whisper, "White Man speak with forked tongue"
Before he was finished talking, you'd be going down
He'd repeat, "White Man speak with forked tongue"
And by that time you'd be long dead and buried in the groundCameo, Cameo
Cameo, CameoI said his name was
Cameo, Cameo
He said his name was
Cameo, CameoHe wore a white leather racing jacket
Zipped wide open so you could check out
His tanned body and his clean-shaved pecs
And the turquoise jewelry dangling from his neckHe said his name was
Cameo, Cameo
He said his name was
Cameo, CameoCameo, Cameo
Cameo, Cameo

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