Joey Demento

Marc Almond

The cops had the boys
Up against the car
Down Santa Monica Boulevard
Baby food for the rich and sick
Thank LA for spawning itHigh piled hair
Low slung breasts
The big hung boy
The deep cut dressRan a chicken ranch
For a guy named Tex
I didn't know who Tex
Would bring home next
One from a slum
One who was a bum
One on the run
Somebody's son
One whose mother was in on the kick
Baby food for the rich and sickThere's cops at the hatch
But she doesn't even hear
She's too busy practising Santeria
Oh Chango Chango
Oh Chango Chango
Chango Chango won't you bring me luck
Plenty of money
Oh yes! And a little bit of loveTrussed up tight
On a mattress of thorns
Four limbs tied to the corners of the bed
Mummy's goodbyes ringing in my head
Mummy's goodbyes ringing in my head
Goodbye, GoodbyeThere's someone on the till
And someone at the tools
Hot brand iron
And a collar of steel
Somebody put my name on a runaway list
I never thought I'd get caught like thisShe's down below at a coconut shrine
Cryin' Chango Chango won't you bring me a man
Chango Chango won't you bring me a man
A man who is clean
Who never acts mean
And you know where he's been

Someone from a dream that is
Someone who'll take me away from here
ME! The finest Madame in Mexico City
Being Den Mother in a nurseryI'd like to put them out of their misery
But a gun to the temple doesn't quite seem like me
I'd like to put them out of their misery
But a gun to the temple doesn't quite seem like meChango Chango
Chango Chango
Chango Chango

Songwriters
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