Tango: Maureen

Tracie Thoms/Anthony Rapp

The samples won't delay but the cable
There's another way, say something, anything
Test, one, two, three, anything but thatThis is weird, it's weird
Very weird, fuckin' weird
I'm so mad that I don't know what to doFighting with microphones
Freezing down to my bones
And to top it all off I'm with youFeel like going insane?
Got a fire in your brain?
And you're thinking of drinking gasoline?As a matter of fact, honey, I know this act
It's called the 'Tango Maureen'The 'Tango Maureen'
It's a dark, dizzy merry-go-round
As she keeps you dangling
You're wrong, you're heart she is manglingIt's different with me
And you toss and you turn
'Cause her cold eyes can burn
Yet you yearn and you churn and reboundI think I know what you mean
The 'Tango Maureen'Has she ever pouted her lips
And called you 'Pookie'?
Never, have you ever doubted a kiss or two?
This is spookyDid you swoon when she walked through the door?
Every time, so be cautious
Did she moon over other boys?
More than moon, I'm getting nauseousWhere'd you learn to tango?
With the French Ambassador's daughter
In her dorm room at Miss Porter's and you?With Nanetter Himmelfarb
The Rabbi's daughter at the
Scarsdale Jewish Community CenterIt's hard to do this backwards
You should try it in heelsShe cheated, she cheated
Maureen cheated, fuckin' cheated
I'm defeated, I should give up right nowGotta look on the bright side
With all of your might
I'd fall for her still anyhowWhen you're dancing her dance
You don't stand a chance
Her grip of romance makes you fallSo you think, might as well
Dance a tango to hell
At least I'll have tangoed at allThe 'Tango Maureen'
Gotta dance 'til your diva is through
You pretend to believe her 'cause in the end
You can't leave herBut the end it will come

Still you have to play dumb
'Til you're glum and you bum
And turn blueWhy do we love when she's mean?
And she can be so obscene
My Maureen, the 'Tango Maureen'

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