

# You Don't Have to Be a Prostitute

## Flight of the Conchords

It's a cold night  
Beneath the street lights  
There's a man whose pants are too tight  
Oh no, his pants are too tight  
My pants are too tight He stands there, an empty stare  
Trying to make enough money  
For his cab fare home  
He'll have to walk home tonight  
Don't have enough for the ride The streets are cruel  
He tries to act cool  
He goes to work with only his one tool  
You can put away your tool, Jermaine You don't have to be a prostitute  
No, no, no, no, no  
You can say no to being a man ho  
A male gigolo You don't have to be a prostitute  
No, no, no, no, no  
You can say no to being a night looker  
Boy hooker, rent boy, bro ho He can't see his way out  
I cannot my way out  
He can't see his way out  
Male prostitution seems to be my only option He can't see his way out  
I cannot see my way out  
He can't see his way out  
No, no, no, no, no He's selling cheap thrills  
To pay expensive bills  
But check your resume  
You must have some other skills  
Do you have any other skills  
Like typing? They see him, wanting to please them  
Wanting to play him  
But they don't even pay him  
Oh no, no  
They don't think he's worth it at all Though they are no one  
He tries to bring them home  
Maybe it'd be okay if he lived alone  
Ooh, you have a roommate, Jermaine  
Don't bring them home You don't have to be a prostitute  
No, no, no, no, no  
You can say no to being a man ho

A male gigolo You don't have to be a prostitute

No, no, no, no, no

You can say no to being a night looker

Boy hooker, rent boy, bro pro

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