

Fans (Nessun dorma)

Malcolm McLaren

Five Minutes, Five Minutes
Final Call, Final Call Dear Peter,
I am one of your biggest Fans
I sleep with your picture under my pillow
(gotta have something to believe in)
(five minutes stage left sir)
I have every record that you've ever made
(get on stage so I can kiss him)
All of your posters I got 'em out of the magazine
They cover my entire room
And every time that you're in town
I'm sitting in the front row
Screaming and yelling with the crowd
Do you ever see me?
I'm sure you have
I'm the girl with the long black hair
That's always sitting to the left of you What I want I must have
so I make myself go mad
when I scream, I scream so bad
feels so good cause good is bad At every concert I pick out my favorite white satin dress
It shows all of my curves
And you look at me as I switch from right to left
I know that there's a lot of look a likes around
But I know the real you What we want we can't have
So it makes us fans go mad
ooooh ooooh
because because
ooooh ooooh Please don't ever get married
Because if you do It would break my heart in two
And I plan on waiting for you for ever and ever and a day P.S.
What I want I must have
so I make myself go mad
when I scream, I scream so bad
feels so good cause good is bad Don't ever throw this letter away
It took me 3 hours to write
Just to say that I really and truly love you Love Always
Yours Truly
Aww that don't sound so good
I think I'll start all over again Find a way introduce us

Spend the night just the two of us
Oooh because we are your fans

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