

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 that This is weird, it's weird
Very weird, fuckin' weird
I'm so mad that I don't know what to do Fighting with microphones
Freezing down to my bones
And to top it all off I'm with you Feel 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 mangling It's different with me
And you toss and you turn
'Cause her cold eyes can burn
Yet you yearn and you churn and rebound I 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 spooky Did 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 nauseous Where'd you learn to tango?
With the French Ambassador's daughter
In her dorm room at Miss Porter's and you? With Nanette Himmelfarb
The Rabbi's daughter at the
Scarsdale Jewish Community Center It's hard to do this backwards
You should try it in heels She cheated, she cheated
Maureen cheated, fuckin' cheated
I'm defeated, I should give up right now Gotta look on the bright side
With all of your might
I'd fall for her still anyhow When you're dancing her dance
You don't stand a chance
Her grip of romance makes you fall So you think, might as well
Dance a tango to hell
At least I'll have tangoed at all The 'Tango Maureen'
Gotta dance 'til your diva is through
You pretend to believe her 'cause in the end
You can't leave her But the end it will come

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

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