

# Tokyo Joe

Bryan Ferry

My girl Friday, she no square  
She like a lotus blossom in her hair  
Be-bop records and something new  
Sometimes borrowed but she's never blue  
Oh no, not Tokyo Joe  
Way past midnight, she not home  
She cut the ice down the Danger Zone  
Water-tight dresses, she don't care  
A trifle risqué, a tart? no sir!  
Oh no, sounds like Tokyo Joe  
Geisha girl show you she adore you  
Two oriental eyes implore you  
Femme fatal or ingénue?  
She very cunning, fiendish clever  
Geisha girl suffer many times a fool  
Sayonara moon  
When all the world's a stage  
Oh where are you?  
Tokyo Rose on the radio  
Or Diz an' Bird puttin' on the moan  
Tappin' out telexes to Tupelo  
Dear John, doh ray me fah so  
Let's go, call for Tokyo Joe  
Walkin' tall down the Danger Zone  
She hokey-cokey till the cows come home  
Big shot from the hip neon cool  
Say, when you've been around, what's left to do?  
Don't know? Ask Tokyo Joe  
So inscrutable her reply  
"Ask me no question and me tell you no lie"  
GI boys howlin' out for more  
VIP'S purrin', "Je t'adore"  
Ah so, that's Tokyo Joe

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