

# Blackmail

10cc

She doesn't need money.  
She doesn't need diamonds.  
She's lookin' for pretty things.  
She doesn't want romance.  
She doesn't need finance.  
She's looking for rendezvous  
But every time she's going down  
She never looks around  
I'll wait and watch her with my  
lens until she brings the curtain down  
'There behind the keyhole'  
with my fisheye  
I'm back in the darkroom  
I'm covered in fixer  
I'm making a photograph  
I'll send her some postcards  
In glorious colour  
I'm keeping the negatives  
I'll form a letter from the news  
With different type from different lines.  
I'll tell the world about her  
I'll mail the People and the Times  
'Oo it'll be so scandalous  
For the both of them  
But mainly her'.  
She showed them her husband  
He ordered a dozen  
He thought they were fabulous  
The one with the \_\_\_\_\_  
The two of the \_\_\_\_\_  
And three of the \_\_\_\_\_ He sold her to Hefner  
Who put her in Playboy,  
He gave her a centre-fold.  
I made a real blunder.  
She made it in movies.  
I made her a superstar.

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