

# 10Cc "Blackmail"

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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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