

## City Boy

### "Heavy Breathing"

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He's not the type of guy that you'd recognise

There's nothing to suggest that he's a prize winner

His only claim to fame is a plaque above his bed says

he's a good boy.

He's not the sort of man you could easily like

You can't exactly say that he's a nice guy

His only one delight is to see her late at night before  
the

curtains are drawn.

Chorus

Ooh heavy breathing he's out of control

Ooh heavy breathing he'd sell you his soul.

You'll find him in the waiting room just wasting time

Fumbling in his pockets for some loose change

His shoes are even older than the chip upon his  
shoulder

You'll find him easily bribed.

He really feels that detante is a dirty word

He'd gladly throw a spanner in the skoda

You've got to catch this guy before he reaches

Chou-En-Lai

That's him succinctly described.

Chorus

Ooh heavy breathing he's out of control

Ooh heavy breathing he'd sell you his soul

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