

## **Bobs**

### **"Valentino's"**

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I live across the street  
Across the street from Valentino's  
For every car there's valet parking  
It's my boyfriend who parks  
All the cars at Valentino's  
He's always so polite

When he's not parking cars  
He likes to wear his poodle collar  
The platform shoes make him seem taller  
Black leather, spiked hair and chains  
Make him a frightful sight  
He's always so polite

He's not like the real men  
Who take their girls to Valentino's  
He's just from the suburbs  
A wimp, a wimp -- He parks the cars at Valentino's

I want a Latin lover  
Someone to tell me who my friends are  
Who doesn't work to earn a living  
He'd never tell me what he does  
I know it's not my business  
He'd always treat me right

When we'd go out at night  
He'd always make me wear a white dress  
It's best when he makes me feel helpless  
He's not like my boyfriend  
If I say something wrong  
He makes me shut up  
He doesn't need to be polite

We'd go out in his Camaro  
And we'd drive up to Valentino's  
He'd throw the keys to my boyfriend  
The wimp, the wimp -- He parks the cars at Valentino's  
He parks the cars at Valentino's  
He parks the cars at Valentino's

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