

# Frankie Goes To Hollywood "One Night In Bangkok"

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Music & Lyrics : Benny Anderson - Tim Rice - Bjsrn  
Ulvaeus

THE AMERICAN:

Bangkok, Oriental setting

And the city don't know that the city is getting  
The creme de la creme of the chess world in a  
Show with everything but Yul Brynner

Time flies -- doesn't seem a minute  
Since the Tirolean spa had the chess boys in it  
All change -- don't you know that when you  
Play at this level there's no ordinary venue

It's Iceland -- or the Philippines -- or Hastings -- or --  
or this place!

COMPANY:

One night in Bangkok and the world's your oyster  
The bars are temples but the pearls ain't free  
You'll find a god in every golden cloister  
And if you're lucky then the god's a she  
I can feel an angel sliding up to me

THE AMERICAN:

One town's very like another  
When your head's down over your pieces, brother

COMPANY:

It's a drag, it's a bore, it's really such a pity  
To be looking at the board, not looking at the city

THE AMERICAN:

Whaddya mean? Ya seen one crowded, polluted,  
stinking town --

COMPANY:

Tea, girls, warm, sweet  
Some are set up in the Somerset Maugham suite

THE AMERICAN:

Get Thai'd! You're talking to a tourist

Whose every move's among the purest  
I get my kicks above the waistline, sunshine

COMPANY:

One night in Bangkok makes a hard man humble  
Not much between despair and ecstasy  
One night in Bangkok and the tough guys tumble  
Can't be too careful with your company  
I can feel the devil walking next to me

THE AMERICAN:

Siam's gonna be the witness  
To the ultimate test of cerebral fitness  
This grips me more than would a  
Muddy old river or reclining Buddha

And thank God I'm only watching the game --  
controlling it --

I don't see you guys rating  
The kind of mate I'm contemplating  
I'd let you watch, I would invite you  
But the queens we use would not excite you

So you better go back to your bars, your temples, your  
massage  
parlours --

COMPANY:

One night in Bangkok and the world's your oyster  
The bars are temples but the pearls ain't free  
You'll find a god in every golden cloister  
A little flesh, a little history  
I can feel an angel sliding up to me

One night in Bangkok makes a hard man humble  
Not much between despair and ecstasy  
One night in Bangkok and the tough guys tumble  
Can't be too careful with your company  
I can feel the devil walking next to me

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