

Gloria Gaynor **"Casanova Brown"**

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Let me tell you 'bout that jive type
That jive type
Casanova brown

I met him at a party
He said the sweetest things when he hit on me
Wrapped up in his arms
I was blinded by his charm and I couldn't see

Like the story of little red riding hood
The big bad wolf was up to
Up to no good, woo, no

That jive type,that jive type
Casanova brown
He hit on me and he'll hit on you
That jive type,that jive type
Casanova brown

I was lonely and naive
I guess that's why I believed every word he says
It felt so good to hear
Every time he said he cared it went straight to my head

He loved me and left me
But I can't deny
His love was so doggone good
I still, I still love that guy, ooh, [oh no] hey

That jive type,that jive type
Casanova brown
He hit on me and he'll hit on you, watch out
That jive type,that jive type, ooh
Casanova brown
Let me tell you 'bout that jive type
That jive type
Casanova brown

That jive type,that jive type,
Casanova brown

I was sittin' there mindin' my business

Feelin' good, checkin' things out
Sippin' on little wine [jive type, that jive type]
Then I spotted
Super cool dude cross the room diggin' on me
I tried to pretend like I didn't even see him
But he was so fine
He took my hand and started to dancin'
I know he felt me fallin' for him
'cause he kept holdin' me tighter and tighter, ooh
Sure was nice
Girl, my head was all turned around, oh
I didn't know what I was gettin' into, ooh, ow

Up to no good, oh no

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Like the story of little red riding hood
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