

Brown Jennifer **"Chico"**

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In the middle of the night she struts around.
A yellow taxi to the heart of downtown.
Black stockings and a cocktail-dress.
Purple eyeshadow.

It's so hard for her to meet a man,
with a secret they won't understand.
Her emotions are much deeper than...
the underground freakshow.

CHORUS

Now if a man feels like a woman,
does that make him less a man,
if he hides the truth inside his painted hands?

No esta una chica.

Un Chico Un chico.

No esta una chica.

Un Chico Un chico, claro.

After hours under candlelight,
she pulled a vision in a suit and tie.

Masculine with a willing smile,
they went home together.

You know I'm different than you think I am.

He leaned over by the bedside stand.

The suit and tie had a gun in his hand.

An affair to remember...

(CHORUS)

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