

Bryan Ferry **"Tokyo Joe"**

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My girl Friday, she no square
She like a lotus blossom in her hair
Be-bop records and something new
Sometimes borrowed but she's never blue

Oh no, not Tokyo Joe

Way past midnight, she not home
She cut the ice down the Danger Zone
Water-tight dresses, she don't care
A trifle risque, a tart, no sir

Oh no, sounds like Tokyo Joe

Geisha girl show you she adore you
Two oriental eyes implore you
Femme fatal or ingenuous?
She's very cunning, fiendish clever
Geisha girl suffer many times a fool

Sayonara moon
When all the world's a stage
Oh where are you?

Tokyo Rose on the radio
Or Diz an' Bird puttin' on the moan
Tappin' out telexes to Tupelo
Dear John, doh ray me fah so?

Let's go, call for Tokyo Joe

Walkin' tall down the Danger Zone
She hokey-cokey till the cows come home
Big shot from the hip neon cool
Say, when you've been around, what's left to do?

Don't know? Ask Tokyo Joe

So inscrutable her reply
"Ask me no question, I will tell you no lie"
GL boys howlin' out for more
VIP'S purrin', "Je t'adore"

Ah so, that's Tokyo Joe

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