

Jet Set Roger

"The Curse"

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Young Gladys was a silky maiden
At thirteen, she was going strong, yeah.
Oh, Gladys.

Nicely filled out, fully laden,
But down below there was something wrong, yeah.
Oh, Gladys.

Nobody told her about the secrets
That ladies have to hide
Mom had no words to describe the things
That happened inside.
Need someone to help me,
I feel that there's a curse on me, oh.

Went down into the local disco,
For what used to be the one night, yeah,
Oh Gladys.

Felt a searching hand to frisk her,
Along the legs of the water line, yeah,
Oh Gladys.

Now Gladys knew she was in no condition
In no mood to play

I cracked a knee in her soft spot, nothing
Had got in her way.

I want no one to touch me,
I feel there's a curse on me, oh.

Directed down to the local drugstore
Got fixed up, now she's doing fine, yeah
Oh Gladys

Equipped with various kinds of apparatus
You know the feminine hygiene kind, yeah
Oh Gladys

Must have been a man to do these things

Who won her fall from grace
That day he programmed me
(That lady programmed me?)
You should have seen the smile on his face
He said "You'll need someone to help you
When you feel like cursing me", oh.

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