

Jimmy Luxury "Cha Cha Cha"

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Don't ya know that I love ya. Always thinking of ya.
Won't ya come on be my lady. Your cha cha cha drives
me crazy. The big band possesses me from inside out.
He's got class, real clout the kind they talk about on the
front page of the New York Times. He's got the gift of
gab in rhyme. Hear his name blow in the wind chimes
of his Palm Springs patio. Have a Martini, maybe one,
two or three. Watch a couple westerns on my color TV. I
wear a robe to the packy in the morning to get the
paper, The brain behind the caper. Kid don't bother
stealing the hubcaps, steal the whole car. Half
measures never ail us never got us so far. Sipping bath
tub gin outa jars. Is it wrong to gamble or just to lose on
this pleasure cruise? Sitting in the pool hall, watching
all the cool girls. Who's the brain who concocted such
hairball schemes? I'm living on cloud nine in
champagne dreams. I'm spending thousands,
carousing, 100 bucks you wanna bet me? I'm dumping
plates of spaghetti on my new tuxedo. This cat took a
leak in the back of my limo. Nobody knows me like my
Yiddish sister Michelle Jacoby. Down at Vegas Night, at
the Lion's Club im going for broke. I'm the kinda guy
when i move ya better watch my smoke. When I'm not
shaking hands or kissing babies, I'm down at the senior
citizens home doing a couple numbers for the old
ladies

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