

Laurent Voulzy "Smooth Operator"

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Diamond life, lover boy.
We move in space with minimum waste and maximum
joy.
City lights and business nights.
When you require streetcar desire for higher heights.

No place for beginners or sensitive hearts
When sentiment is left to chance.
No place to be ending but somewhere to start.

No need to ask.
He's a smooth operator,
smooth operator,
smooth operator,
smooth operator.

Coast to coast, LA to Chicago, western male.
Across the north and south, to Key Largo, love for sale.

Face to face, each classic case.
We shadow box and double cross,
Yet need the chase.

A license to love, insurance to hold.
Melts all your memories and change into gold.
His eyes are like angels but his heart is cold.

No need to ask.
She's a smooth operator,
smooth operator,
smooth operator,
smooth operator.

Coast to coast, LA to Chicago, western male.
Across the north and south, to Key Largo, love for sale.

Smooth operator,
smooth operator,
smooth operator,
smooth operator,
smooth operator...

(Merci ? Bertrand pour cettes paroles)

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