

Lordi

"The Dude"

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New York, 3 o'clock at night. No sleep. God I must be
tired
Weird thoughts running through my brain
My blood is pumping through my veins
And there she sits, she looks at me
Her skin is pale, her mind is free
She smiles and says: how do you do?
Come with me or should I go with you?
Hey baby, you'd better watch out
You don't know what you're doing
When you're out and about
Hey baby, now listen to me
Things are never ever quite as they seem
She asks me for a cigarette
Her eyes are bright, her hair is red
Dressed like a whore, but one with style
A fantasy, I realise
This is no fiction, it's insane
Her make-up shows she knows the game
And who am I to tell her no
So I grab her coat and say let's go
Hey baby, you'd better watch out
You don't know what you're doing
When you're out and about
Hey baby, now listen to me
Things are never ever quite as they seem
She takes me to her penthouse bed
To relax my body and feed my head
With stories I never heard before
I'm waiting 'cause I know there's more
She takes off all her clothes and see
This girl has hairy legs like me
This may sound a little rude
I want sex but not with a dude
Hey baby, you'd better watch out
You don't know what you're doing
When you're out and about
Hey baby, now listen to me
Things are never ever quite as they seem (x2)

