

Neil Innes "Topless-A-Go-Go"

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Slick Willie was a shoeshine boy
Workin' downtown, 42nd Street
He had a little racket dealin' out some packets
That no one ever saw him eat
Well Rita was a go-go dancer
In a bar just across the street
While Willie shined shoes Rita swung her boobs
To a hunky, funky, junkier beat
Topless-A-Go-Go
Put a little shine on your shoes
Dress up nice, 'cause you're in paradise
And you chase away the mean ol' blues
Well Willie knew Rita danced topless
And Rita knew Willie shined shoe
Because very night among the flashing lights
They'd come out 'n' say "How do you do?"
There each went about their business
Until the break of day
Then they count out the bucks while the garbage trucks
Tow the rest of the night away
Topless-A-Go-Go
Put a little shine on your shoes
Dress up nice, 'cause you're in paradise
And you chase away the mean ol' blues
Dooby doop doo
Doobly doobly doo
Waah waah
Dooby doop doo
Oooh oooh
Well Willie was found in an alley
And Rita got stabbed by a drunk
A telephone call replaced "The Belle of the Ball"
And there was someone else dealin' out junk
Well if you can't see the moral of this story
Well then you can't see the trees for the wood
Because the things that are done in the name of fun
Can cost a whole lot more than they should
Topless-A-Go-Go
Put a little shine on your shoes
Dress up nice, 'cause you're in paradise
And you chase away the mean ol'...
Topless-A-Go-Go

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Dress up nice, 'cause you're in paradise
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