

New York Dolls "It's Too Late"

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Got the invitation to that seventies expose
But how she ever gonna love you when she can't parlez
vous your Francais
You know that she can't stop dancin' and that's just
about to make you scream
When you where actin' so damn fine
You tryin' hard not to be so mean
And you're tryin' to tell me
Ow

That how many times I gotta tell baby it's too late
It's too too late
I told you a thousand times baby it's too late

That's when I saw your mama and she's the blonde
queen of the prom
And you're the little heiress to the kingdom from the
flesh right down to the bone
Cause I saw you last night darlin' on the midnight flight
to the stars
But you spend most your time in the powder room
where you chit chat with Diana Doors
And you tryin to tell her
Ow

That how many times I gotta tell baby it's too late
It's too too late
I told you a thousand times but baby it's too late

You invite us up to that B-trip (?) but that's nothing new
on me
That reminds me of problems back in 1933
Now you where here when they crashed on down and
the geckos (?) got smacked up
And now all of God's children,
They gettin' what they want
When they get the ticket
OW! OW!

That how many times I gotta tell baby it's too late
It's too too late
I told you a thousand times but baby it's too late

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