

The Damned "Gigolo"

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Some resurrection is no conclusion
Some poor pretention but no invention
In the night they become, just what they want
One imitation just like Roger Moore
Please tell us what they say
They tell us what to do
They're only fooling me and you
You know what I ain't
You know what I ain't
I ain't no gigolo aunt
You know what I ain't
You know what I ain't
I ain't no gigolo aunt
Ten secret agents, codes and deadly tricks
The prince of darkness from the horror flicks
The spiders web of intrigue a silent scream of dread
Oh where have they gone, lost in pity and despair
Please tell us what they say
They tell us what to do
They're only fooling me and you
You know what I ain't
You know what I ain't
I ain't no gigolo aunt

You know what I ain't

You know what I ain't

I ain't no gigolo aunt
She stands there on the stair

Nobody cares we know he's there

She's making coffee for two

Who does he fool

It's me and you

Please tell us what they say

They tell us what to do

They're only fooling me and you
You know what I ain't

You know what I ain't

I ain't no gigolo aunt

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