

Sinitta

"G.T.O"

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He stays up all night
giving all his time
to his G.T.O.
I don't know why I hang around,
I guess I love him so
We go on the strip,
everybody stares
as we cruise the line
It's such fun to be hip,
but I want more from
this guy of mine
But he won't talk about
making me happy
but what can I do?

He's got a big red G.T.O.
everywhere we go
the G.T.O. must go ...
But I wonder if he'll ever know
if he loves me or just his G.T.O.

He's in love alright, no one else
touches his pride and joy
Though it hurts inside I'm gonna keep
holding on to that boy
But he won't talk about
going steady,
he's in love already!

I'd never think about leaving my baby,
'cause I'm not a fool
he's got a big red G.T.O.,
everywhere we go
the G.T.O. must go
But I wonder if
he'll ever know
if he loves me, does he love me
Does he love me or just his G.T.O.?

