

Tackhead

"Encore"

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Every evening, eight o'clock, the curtain's up, the band
begins to play
The mayor's there, his lovely wife's been squeezed into
the fashions of the day
You make your entrance on time
Decadent, thrilling, divine
You're hypnotic, so exotic, the audience just sighs and
melts away

Encore, show us more
Sweet Gipsy Rose-a
Encore, they shout more
Se magnifica
Such a pretty face, than of you bolding into space
So give them more, encore
Tre magnifica

Twelve o'clock, the stage is bare, the curtain's down,
the show comes to an end
Waiting in the wings, I see the silhouette of him, your
current friend
Without me, your show wouldn't be
Professional right down to a "T"
Yes, I'm the one who pulls the curtain down, yes, I'm
the one you'll never see

Encore, show them more
Sweet Gipsy Rose-a
Encore, they shout more
Se magnifica
Such a pretty face, will send me flying into space
So give them more, encore
Tre magnifica

Without me, your show wouldn't be
Professional right down to a "T"
Yes, I'm the one who pulls the curtain down, yes, I'm
the one you'll never see

Encore, show them more
Sweet Gipsy Rose-a

Encore, they shout more
Se magnifica
Such a pretty face, has got me flying up in space
So give us more, encore
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