

Tiny Tim

"Just A Gigolo"

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'Twas in a Paris cafe where first I found him
He was a Frenchman, a hero of the war
But war was over, and here that piece that crowned him
He had medals to wear and nothing more

Every night in the same cafe he strove by
And as he strove by, ladies hear him say
"If you admire me, hire me,
A gigolo who knew a better day, oh"

Just a gigolo
Everywhere I go, ho ho ho
People know the part
I'm playing, ha

Why, I paid for every dance
Selling each romance
Every night some heart
Betraying

Look here!

There will come a day
Youth will pass away
Then, then what will they say
About me?

When the end comes I know
They'll say just a gigolo
As life goes on
Without me

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