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Abby Travis "Trade"

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He was a living fantasy A caramal uncut Kowalsky The skin of his beauty was so deep With his prize fighting fees and physique

Alone he waits for prey A beep and he's on the way There's always a price to pay For one Latin god for the day

He loved to love for free For the girl he'd go down on his knees Such a pro, boy he knew how to please So much taste, so much style, so much sleaze

He self destructed last week A pinata of razors and sheiks A dead trick, then a long trip upstream Sometimes folks really are what they seem

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