

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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