

Perry Blake

"Secret Service"

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The secret service makes me nervous
When I am dating they are waiting to observe us
When I get ready to hold steady for the kiss you plan
The secret service makes me nervous and I can't!
They're always spying, no denying
They're always peeping, gumshoe creeping,
private eying
When I'm beginning to give-inning like a maiden aunt
The secret service makes me nervous and I can't!
I've been exposed beyond control
Just like a goldfish in a bowl!
The president's daughter must drink water
No drink of scotch she might do what she hadn't
otter
When I'm ignited, so excited that I start to pant
The secret service makes me nervous
When my lamps are lit
And I say this is it! . . . the secret service makes me nervous
And I can't!
The secret service makes me nervous
Those white house dicks get all their kicks
When they observe us!
Just as I wind up, make my mind up, not to say I won't
The secret service makes me nervous and I don't!
When things look rosy they get nosy
They'll say there's tootsie playing footsie very cosy
My pulse goes higher, I'm on fire, shakin' at the knees
The secret service makes me nervous and I freeze!
Whatever I may do or say
Will be reported the next day!
They don't see clearly when I'm merely being courted
When I'm just necking simply pecking with a cary grant
They stand behind me to remind me who and what I am. . . when I don't give a ? x? x (ooh ahh ahh!)
The secret service makes me nervous and I can't!

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