

## **The Time**

### **"Gigolos Get Lonely Too"**

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I guess you've heard of my reputation  
I've had my share of foolin' around  
But everybody needs stimulation  
And mine just happens to be all over town

It's an easy-money occupation  
A first class psychiatry  
But just once, I'd wanna make love  
Without taking off my clothes  
Just once, I wanna make love with somebody  
Who really and truly knows

Contrary to rumor, gigolos get lonely too  
All my lovers need stimulation  
But honey babe, I think that I need you

Maybe you're the kind of person  
That could turn my world around  
Won't you gimme little inspiration  
Maybe that's what I need to make me settle down

It's an easy-money occupation  
But honey one thing understand  
I've got more money than you could imagine in your  
wildest dreams  
But honey, money don't make no happy man

Contrary to rumor, gigolos get lonely too  
All my lovers need stimulation  
But honey babe, I think that I need you

Just once, I wanna love without takin' off my clothes  
Just once, I wanna love with somebody who knows  
That I got more money than you could ever see  
But honey, money won't get me up off my knees

Gigolos get lonely too  
All my lovers need stimulation  
But honey babe, I think that I need you

Contrary to rumor, gigolos get lonely too  
All my lovers need stimulation

But honey babe, I think that I need you

Whatcha gonna do, baby?

Oh, whatcha, whatcha gonna do?

Whatcha gonna do, baby?

Oh, whatcha, whatcha gonna do?

Ah, do you think we could have dinner sometimes,  
baby?

Well, how about to night, baby?

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