

Thompson Richard

"Don't Tempt Me"

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That gorilla you're dancing with
May not have too long to live
He's putting his hands in the wrong places
Time to rearrange his face
He's gonna dance with me instead
I'm gonna tap dance on his head

Don't tempt me
I'm half-way out of my seat

He's got the looks, he's got the lolly
Driving me clean off my trolley
Doing the jitterbug, doing the jive
Doing the shimmy, snakes alive
That's not a dance, that's S-E-X
Ban that couple, certificate X!

Get yer mittens off my gal
Or you'll end up as mincemeat pal
I've got friends, mean sons
They've got knives, chains, guns
Gas, grenades, knuckle-dusters,
Lazy Susans, Blockbusters

I'm sitting here, calm as I can
While you polish the floor with another man
I'm not mad, I'm a cuddly toy
Just keep me away from laughing boy
You say he's a relative, some hope
If he's your uncle, I'm the Pope

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