

## Gold He Said

**Bow Wow Wow**

Call me Annabella  
Gold is what I hold  
No money, I don't care

Just gold in my hair  
No silver, no copper  
Cassette on my shoulder  
I am richer than Richard III  
I don't need to work

Lights go out  
I'm all alone  
Very far from home  
Then I looked  
And he was hooked  
And said to me

No more gas?  
Tough time  
What do you mean I can't go to the drugstore?  
I can't get my hair permed anymore?  
No more gas!  
Just gold, he said  
Gold on my head

My name is Annabella  
Gold is what I hold  
To get together with the seller in the supermarket  
I lost my cassette  
In the launderette  
I need one to complete my outfit  
Take my pick  
It's my favourite trick  
Before someone grabs it!

Lights go out  
Time to flirt  
So he looked up my skirt  
Then I boxed  
And he was hurt  
And said to me

No more gas?  
Tough time  
What do you mean I can't go to the drugstore?  
I can't get my hair permed anymore?  
No more gas!  
Just gold, he said  
Gold on my head

D'you love Annabella  
Gold is what I hold  
Always me and company  
I see gold as necessary  
I love gold  
And sensual crime  
It's my magic and my sign

Sticking to my hair and feet  
Radiating oral heat

Lights go out  
Be romantic  
I wanna fall in love again  
So take my gold  
And hold my head  
boyfriend.

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