

## Cameo

Devo

He said his name was  
Cameo, Cameo  
He said his name was  
Cameo, Cameo

He said his name was Cameo  
He danced a nasty, funk-style retro  
He drove a bright red '67 GTO  
He liked to let his Elvis-style hair grow

He was a black belt loaded with skills  
He spoke slow, choosing words that could kill  
Honest people didn't need to fear him  
But do not cross that Native American

Cameo, Cameo  
Cameo, Cameo

He said his name was  
Cameo, Cameo  
He said his name was  
Cameo, Cameo

He would whisper, "White Man speak with forked tongue"  
Before he was finished talking, you'd be going down  
He'd repeat, "White Man speak with forked tongue"  
And by that time you'd be long dead and buried in the ground

Cameo, Cameo  
Cameo, Cameo

I said his name was  
Cameo, Cameo  
He said his name was  
Cameo, Cameo

He wore a white leather racing jacket  
Zipped wide open so you could check out  
His tanned body and his clean-shaved pecs  
And the turquoise jewelry dangling from his neck

He said his name was  
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