

Gentleman

Emma Louise

Can I tell you about a man on Albion Street?
By nature this man is very neat
He owns a row of houses
With matching beds and flowers
He tells me that he loves me in his sleep

Oh when I wind him up he goes and goes
Well he's a real man's man
And a poet behind closed doors
Oh well he's a gentleman
He's a gentleman that's for sure

Oh when he spins me round the kitchen
Pirouette pulls me to him and I'm
Bending like a flower in the sun
And when he goes I'm gonna miss him
And I'm staring at the ceiling
And I keep on coming down, I'm coming down

Can I tell you about a man that doesn't say much
Doesn't speak with his words
But he speaks with his touch
Oh and when he spins me round
I keep on spinning round
When I get so high and I keep on coming down
Oh he's a gentleman
He's a gentleman that's for sure

Oh when he spins me round the kitchen
Pirouette pulls me to him and I'm
Bending like a flower in the sun
And when he goes I'm gonna miss him
And I'm staring at the ceiling
And I keep on coming down, I'm coming down

So shut the door and call the station
Go and tell them that we're missing
While we're dancing in our private world
When he's spinning me round
He's a gentleman that's for sure

He's my gentleman
He's my gentleman
Oh, oh, oh
He's me gentleman
Ohhh...
He's my gentleman