

Gino (The Manager)

Hall & Oates

You've got Sicilian imagination
Second generation
And a long way from the family crime
But you've got your own way
Sign on the line, sign on the line, on the line

You're a patent leather lover
With you're Gucci-Pucci pointed shoes
And you're swearing on your mother
That "all this could be yours"
Sign on the line, sign on the line, on the line

Remember hard work means something
Live fast, die laughing
No hurt in asking
Nothing for nothing

Gino no no no no no no no no no no
No no no no no no no no no no no
No no no no no no no no no no no!

You've got Contractual Agitation
Transcendental meditation works fine
But now you're paying off the Guru
Get to Heaven "on time"
Sign on the line, sign on the line, on the line

Remember hard work means something
Live fast, die laughing
No hurt in asking
Nothing for nothing

You couldn't live without little Gino, no
That's what he tells me, little Gino, no
You couldn't live without little Gino, no
That's what he tells me, little Gino, no no