Oh, do you see him standing in the street?

Mmm, he looks so neat
I've seen him before
Running round with all the boys
All that's right

Mmm, big thighs

Creepy, creepy in the dark Shiny, shiny Joan of Arc When the moonlight starts its glow Cold heart Helen, Queen of Troy

She's got charisma, got thunderstorms Like a baby, never, never been balled She's got mad men, murmuring in the skies She's the cause of her rise

Oh, Helen of Troy

Oh, look at him, isn't he gorgeous Such Big thighs all oiled and mine Oh listen, he's got to go, I want him in my arms to stay

Big fat mama done me wrong
Left me hanging all alone
But that bitch is as old, is as old, is as old
I said that dirty old pro right out, there is the foe

Oh, Helen of Troy

Mercy, mercy me
I'm so scared, please comfort me
I don't wanna be, don't wanna be your back street boy
Take back the House of joy

Oh, Helen of Troy

Standing there under the lights Your eyes shining bright I want you all of the time Soon your body and all of you, mine

Oh fill with awe, I get so jealous Lubricate me, don't hate me But you are swimming