

Ooh La La

John Cale

When I heard about the girls in Saint Tropez
Going topless in the sun
I practised staring every day
So I could hypnotise each one
Dominique, she owns a factory
And Brigid, she stays at the Troc
And there's a lot to be said
For those hardworking girls
That would like to walk on my Peking duck
Ooh lala

Zowie had a crush on Castro
And Camilla, she'd loved Bob Hope
However, after staring into my clear blue eyes
They both went looking for the po-po-pope
Ooh lala

Charlene adored Dom Pérignon
'Bout as much she hated caviar
She sold a brooch from Cartier
And bought a racing car
Blablabla
Ooh lala
Come on, call me up

They say it's lonely at the top
But those girls are everywhere
I try to hide behind my smile
But they seem to know me by my s-s-s-tare
Ladida, ladida
Ooh lala