

Perfect Hustler

John Martyn

The man who taught you how to dance
He was a perfect hustler
The man who taught you how to dance
He had a sense of style
The man who taught you how to dance
I believe he had gold teeth in
I believe the man who taught you how to dance
He had some style

I want to know, I need to know
I want your information
My curiosity is as great
As is your implication
I must confess, I've been impressed
The way you move around
I thought you got that kind of form
Back in the lost and found

Oh, please, won't you tell me your name
Won't you just tell me, who you are
Please, won't you tell me your name
Won't you just please give yourself away

The man who taught you how to dance
I believe he had gold teeth
The man who taught you how to dance
He had a sense of style
The man who taught you how to dance
I believe he had some motion
The man who taught you how to dance
I believe it took a while

I have a lust
A sudden expectation
Got the inkling
Of an inclination
Got the kind of shape
Make a blind man see
Make a lame man run
You're safe with me
My lips are sealed
They will never be undone

Ah, you've got to tell me your name
Just tell me who you are, who are you, who are you
Won't you tell me your name
Won't you just give yourself away?

The man who taught you how to dance
He was a perfect hustler
The man who taught you how to dance
I believe he had some style
The man who taught you how to dance
He was the perfect hustler
The man who taught you how to dance
He must have took a while

My interest has been aroused by your perpetual motion
My approach is not in the least concerned with high brow notions
You've got the name, you've got the style
You've got a sense of fashion
Underneath that cool lover's eye... your passion

Won't you please tell me your name, tell me your name
Tell me, just tell me, who are you?
Won't you please just tell me, tell me your name
Won't you tell me who you are

The man who taught you how to dance
He had a sense of fashion
The man who taught you how to dance
He had a sense of style
Ah, the man who taught you how to dance
He walked the royal mansions
The man who taught you how to dance
He walked the royal mile, uphill!
On his knees!
Through his teeth, of his nose, of his nose, of his nose, of his nose
He taught you how to dance
The can can, cha cha
But you give him the big E

Give him the elbow
Then the body swerve
Give him the rubber ear
Give him the rubber ear
Give him the body swerve
Give him the rubber ear
Body swerve