

Mon Die Senie

Malcolm McLaren

Seeing those short hairs so close
And smelling the stale odour of scent and sweat
Yeah, I was overcome with desire for it
And reaching out with my hands
I grabbed her sweet arse
I always get a kick out of Paris

I grabbed her cute arse so close
And sank my desperate mouth
At the heavy, oily sex

Why don't they try a little harder back home
Why don't they?
It all seems so brighter here
On the rue Pigalle

Bond, James Bond!
That's what they call me
Because I'm Ecosse
Vive l'Ecosse, they say

It always seems more dirty
When I walk these streets
All I want to do is think Blue
Yeah, shocking Blue!

I pass old hotels with sexy curtains
Life, love and death gone by
A thousand times, why should I try
To change anything
I will get a kick out of Paris

Mon die senie, anyambami

Let it roll, let it roll

Who is she?
Where's the man who saw the man
Who saw the man who saw the girl
I'm going crazy
Paris does that to you
Blue, the only colour of sex
The only colour of my shirt and jacket
The only colour on the rue Saint-Jacques
She felt the seed stir at the pit of her belly
In response to my strong tonguing movement
Mon die senie, anyambami
I can't get enough
Of undoing that stuff
Satin, chiffon, silk and cotton
Just underwear
Mon die senie
Plain and simple

Who is she,
Where are the gods to listen to
Where are the gods to tell me what to do

All I want to do is think Blue
Shocking Blue, the only colour of sex

My huge hands grasped you at your hips
And your blond hair formed a pool on the dark wood
Between my feet
And I raised you to doting love

And then I let it subside, yeah
In a soft corrosion
But I always get a kick out of Paris

Mon die senie, anyambami

Let it roll, let it roll

I can't get enough
Mmmmm, of undoing that stuff
Who is she
And where's the man
Where's the man who saw the man
Who saw the man who saw the girl
I'm going crazy

Where in the world can you find such dreams
Nowhere, it seems, except Paris
Yeah, I always get a kick out of Paris
And then again, I'm not sure
But it's better than yesterday
And tomorrow is another day
And I wanna live yesterday tomorrow