

Just A Gigolo (Schöner Gigolo)

Peter Allen

It was in a Paris café that first I found him
He was Frenchman, a hero of the war
The war was over and his harpies had crowned him
A few cheap medals to wear and nothing more

Now every night in that same café you will find him
And as he walks by the ladies hear him say
If you admire me please hire me
The Frenchman who knew better days

Just a gigolo everywhere I go
People see the part I'm playing
Paid for every dance, selling each romance
Every night some heart betraying

There will come a day
Youth will pass away
Then what will they say about me
When the end comes I know they'll say just a gigolo
As life goes on without me

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Without me
Life goes on without me