

Look who's pulling up outside  
With a trunk full of fun and a European ride  
Heard that you were going far away  
And we are all so happy son  
That we were on the way

You're a back stabbing Hollywood pimp  
Microphone, silver tone, cellular phone  
We know that you're working for the devil  
Bitch slap, star map dinner at Jones

Stood in line to get burned  
Hey baby doll  
Your reservation is confirmed  
Tell the boss I've got her on the way  
And he said with a smile  
That's the seventh one today

You're a back stabbing Hollywood pimp  
Microphone, silver tone, cellular phone  
We know that you're working for the devil  
Bitch slap, star map dinner at Jones

How'd you get so mean and nasty  
I didn't want you to come to my party anyway

He's going to play you a dream  
Dress you up in chocolate  
And finish you with cream  
Squeeze you till you're warm and woozy  
And then pop you on the saddle of a silver moto guzzi

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