

Bondage on the Boulevarde

Skyhooks

She picked me up for her bodyguard
While I was tying up business on the boulevarde
Yeah, yeah, she must be the one
Handcuffed to the bed and screamin' for fun

Ooh, ooh, she can't move
My wild Santa Monica rose
Ooh, ooh, she likes it that way
She's just ripped up all her clothes

In the heat in the heat, heat on the street
Searching for a little more rope
Today, today, we ain't going nowhere
She can't get free I hope

Ooh, ooh, she can't move
My wild Santa Monica rose
Ooh, ooh, she likes it that way
She's just ripped up all her clothes

This ain't love, this is the Marquis de Sade
I'm alive and well on the boulevarde

I'll leave you my number, I'll leave you my card
Down here on the S & M boulevarde

A chance meeting like a strange charade
The traffic's tied up on the boulevarde
Yeah, yeah, you must be the one
Handcuffed to the bed and screamin' for fun

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