

L'Esqualita

Soft Cell

Oh I would believe that she's a real diva
As she tugs at the reins
Of a hundred Chihuahuas
She'll live a few years
But she'll have some adventures
Then sing off her sequins
With tears and with traumas

A fistful of love
With Raoul Kowalski
He's only a slob of a Corsican junkie
Hoods, Heroin, Hot Janes
Those fingers of finesse
Salo aftershave
Spend the rent on a new dress

Chi Chi at the bar
Dressed à L'Esqualita
Talks of Johns and Joans
And tomorrow's rhinestones
I'm so sick in my spare time
Humouring thugs
We could go out for dinner
But we're always on drugs

Conchita piqueur
She will take on the whole floor
This Carmen in cling film
Will bathe in your applause
She pads out the glamour
With warmth from your dollars
Squeeze out your breath
With the strength from her shoulders
OK so it's ham
But she means every word
In a ten minute ballad
Of despair and blood
With one hand to the bosom
Paid for by the ballad
But somewhere in there
Is a deep love for love

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