Cupid's Toy

Squeeze

He stalks the club with cupid's toy
Foremost in his mind
Jacks his body into shape
And leaves the rest behind
He has a pea for a brain
A spud for a heart
A scar on his cheek
And a rubber duck in his bath
This boy doesn't give love
This boy doesn't get love

He stalks the club with eagle eyes
Springing on his heels
Likes to throw a hand of dice
Then hang them in his wheels
He has a crease in his jeans
A frown on his face
The scent of a man
Who thinks he has taste

She smiles as he buys her a drink
Standing at the end of the bar
He feels helpless when she looks in his eyes
Suddenly there's love in his heart

He stalks the club with such a smile
Forever on the move
He takes pride in looking smart
And knowing when to groove
He has a heart on a chain
His picture inside
A ring in one ear
Dark glasses at night

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