

## Just A Gigolo

Tiny Tim

'Twas in a Paris cafe where first I found him  
He was a Frenchman, a hero of the war  
But war was over, and here's how peace had crowned him  
He had medals to wear and nothing more

Every night in the same cafe he strolls by  
And as he strolls by ladies hear him say  
"If you admire me, hire me"  
A gigolo who knew a better day

Just a gigolo  
Everywhere I go  
People know the part  
I'm playing

Paid for every dance  
Selling each romance  
Every night some hearts betraying

There will come day  
Youth will pass away  
And what will they say  
About me?

When the end comes I know  
They'll say just a gigolo  
As life goes on  
Without me, oh

Just a gigolo  
Everywhere I go  
People know the part  
I'm playing

Why, I'm paid for every dance  
Selling each romance  
Every night some hearts betraying

Look here, there will come day  
Youth will pass away  
Then, 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