

J.K. is charming up his hand-wash love affairs
Softly cruising among the empty faces they wear
Each night it's easy to get a love
Alright get get get
And as I sit and I watch as he passes my way
Loving just one of his fourhundredeleven fiancées
Licking all his spacy fantasies
He's the ballroom blitz, honey

So I think of all my flic-flacs
And I wonder why I come here every night
To watch the osmosis of creepers of art and design
But another southern comfort
has to comfort that old jumping heart of mine
Sensational flight now
Just in a Roxy night
And the all-time black suited gambling boy
Is playing cards
And he's got to give his Mustang away
to my manager
He's got black cards
The Ramones upon the juke box're simply doping the guys
While the gypsy boys are painting my senses
Red hot blood
Stitch Stitch
Don't let the chick
With these stiletto heels walk by
She's got the nerve to share my vicious side
And the leather kid from behind the bar
He jumps right into the fight
Precious moments
Just another Roxy night
So come on all you doormen
Kiss my vertical smile
Ruff me up if you want
That's your stupid way to get high
When your mind is low
So
I'm knocking out a monster telling me I should go
He's a weekend casanova, a Travolta or so
What?
I don't know - tell me
The last thing on my mind
Is slow motion of what I desire
A silly kind of Kubrik
A clockwork that's out of time
And I end up in collapsing
on the bartender under champagne on ice
With Freddy and her numbers
All in a Roxy night