

Bananarama, Tokyo Joe

My girly Friday she's no square
She like lotus blossom in her hair
Be-bop records and something new
Sometimes borrowed but she's never blue
Oh no.....not Tokyo Joe
Way past midnight - she's not home
She cut the ice down the danger zone
Water-tight suit, she don't care
A trifle risqué, a tart, no sir.....
Oh no.....sounds like Tokyo Joe
Geisha girl show you she adores you
Two oriental eyes implore you
Femme fatale or ingenue?
She's very cunning, fiendish clever
Geisha girl suffer many times a fool
Sayonara moon
When all the world's a stage, oh where are you?
Tokyo rose on the radio
Or diz & n bird puttin' on the moan
Tappin' out telexes to tupelo
Dear John, doh ray me fah so?
Let's go.....call for Tokyo Joe
Walkin' tall down the danger zone
He hokey-cokey till the cows come home
Big shot - from the hip - neon cool
Say, when you've been around, what's left to do?
Don't know? ask Tokyo Joe
So inscrutable her reply
Ask no question and tell me no lies
G.I girls howlin' out for more
Vip's purrin' je t'adore.....
Ah so.....that's Tokyo Joe