

Waldemar Wiśniewski, Just a Gigolo

Just a gigolo, everywhere I go
People know the part I'm playing;
Paid for every dance, selling each romance
Every night some heart be-tray-ing.

There will come a day youth will pass away
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.