

IN HIGH SPEED PURSUIT OF ROMANCE

Excuse me while I perform a bizarre, ecstatic dance
With my ankles blanketed by my fallen pants,
For I hear strange maracas. And I have ring-a-ding plans
For this hullabaloo. I mean to entrance.
Romance can't strut past me this time, that condescending heiress.
I'm going to give her electroshock right through her pantsuit.
I'm going to leave an eel in her wig.
I'm going to shoot the bull right
Between the horns and drag it around the OK Corral as long as I like,
Like one communicating cowboy
With a story more bewitching than peyote.
When she sees this suit, this tie
She will buy me drinks galore.
She will be thinking who is this guy this guy this guy
He is the walking duderanch cavalry glamour store.
My cologne alone is a whole wild west show.
I will charm her alarm her disarm her. Even underarm her.
I can do that. I'm a trendsetter.
When I ask Miss Unknowable to dance,
She'll swoon statuesque from her plaster barstool.
I'm the man who'll pour this whole sparkling city
Into his champagne glass.