

THE BOO DEVILS

· WIRE MOUTH GIRL ·

Para Loreto

(Letra y Música: J.M. Mora)

Belle de jour, breathless glamour
Walking a dalmatian along Fifth Avenue
All handsome men will break their necks
The way she walks is a reason to be mad about her
And she knows she could be a straight way to hell

Zebra skins, silky mink furs
Pearls and laces, hi-heel shoes
She catches the eye from all points of view
But she doesn't seem to be able to get a young man
And she knows but she does not say a word

And she's my beautiful wire mouth girl
I just wanna smack that metallic taste
I love her blushing pretty brace face
I'm not one of those men running scared

And she's my beautiful wire mouth girl
I just wanna date that brown-eyed girl
I know the little things she loves and hates
She's the kind of lady to be my mate

Low cut dress, italian bun
Lipstick and rouge, dark make up line
She use to carry a mother-of-pearl spanish fan
People are delighted with her gentle ways charming and polite
And she knows but she pretends not to understand

Belle de nuit so perfumed and sweet
Taking a cocktail at a tiki lounge drinks
She hides her smile below an umbrella and a straw
'Cause she doesn't dare to open her mouth showing her teeth
And she knows she could be the Uptown Queen

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