

You Don't Have to Be a Prostitute

Flight of the Conchords

Oooohoooooh

Its a cold night, beneath the street light, there's a man whose pants are too tight

Oh no, his pants are too tight

My pants are too tight

He stands there, an empty stare, trying to make enough money for his cab fare home

He'll have to walk home tonight

Don't have enough for the ride

The streets are cruel, he tries to act cool, he goes to work with only his one tool

You can put away your tool, Jemaine

You don't have to be, a prostitute

No no no no no

You can say no, to being a man hoe

A male gigolo

You don't have to be, a prostitute

No no no no no

You can say no to being a night looker, boy hooker, rent boy, bro, hoe

He can't see his way out

I can not see my way out

He can't see his way out

Male prostitution seems to be my only option

He can't see his way out

I can not see my way out

He can't see his way out

No, no, no, no, no

He sends cheap thrills, to pay expensive bills

But check your résumé, you must have some other skills

Do you have any other skills?

Like typing?

They see him, want him to please them, want him to play them, but they don't even pay him

Oh no, they don't think he's worth it at all

Don't think I know when, he tries to bring them home, maybe that would be a way if he lived alone

Oh, you have a roommate Jemaine, don't bring them home

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